



CHAPTER 1¹

The great County of Aroostook is yet in the morning of its day: located as it is geographically, it is destined to become the cornerstone of this great Republic. As the northeast corner of King Solomon's temple became the most important angle of that vast building so will Aroostook be to the United States.

No wonder it is called the "New Northeast" for Aroostook County has an area of 6500 square miles; it is much larger than any county in the State, larger than the State of Connecticut and contains almost as much territory as the State of Massachusetts. There is in the county 100 townships of wild land heavily covered with virgin forests of valuable timber; underneath this primeval wilderness is a deep rich soil awaiting husbandman. It is hard to compute in dollars today the value of the Aroostook forests. Cedar, that durable wood, grows abundantly on the low lands. More shingles and railroad ties are shipped from Aroostook annually than all the rest of New England produces. It is estimated that Aroostook contains cedar enough to lay ties for a broad gauge railroad around the globe and then have enough left to set a line of telegraph poles beside it.

Spruce, the king of all trees now growing in the East grows abundantly all over the county; so rapid is the growth of the spruce, that a seed dropped in an old pasture will become a

¹ http://marshall.advantage.preservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19091223_english_8&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

tree a foot in diameter in 20 years. The hard wood growth on the ridges, so called, is very heavy; nowhere else in the east do trees grow so large; the giant birches, beech and sugar maples grow tall and straight and are free rifted, while the ash and elm are unsurpassed in any land. The giant pumpkin pines—most of them are gone now, grew so tall that they seemed to reach the sky, but of these we will speak later. The hard woods of Aroostook are among the most valuable in the world; for carriage and cabinet work they have no equal. A carriage made of seasoned Aroostook lumber will weigh a third more than one made of the same kind of wood from one of the western states. Ax shelves or peavy stocks made of Aroostook rock maple will stand a much greater strain than those made from the same wood in Michigan, New York or Vermont. Altogether the forests of Aroostook are a valuable asset—worth more than the mines of Colorado or Pennsylvania on the same amount of territory.

Today these woods are swarming with countless numbers of deer, great droves of moose, bears, beaver, lynx and scores of other valuable fur bearing animals. The beautiful lakes are alive with the gamy trout, salmon and other freshwater fish and a variety of game birds make their home around the lakes and in the woods. The big woods of Maine is now about the only big forest left in the United States and more than half of it is in Aroostook county. It is the game preserve of the nation today and will be for years to come. Besides the one hundred townships of wild land mentioned above Aroostook has 44 organized or incorporated towns and 26 plantations. Each township contains 36 square miles. The population at the close of the so-called Aroostook war in 1840 was 9413, in 1900 it was 60,744, in that year there were 3843 polls in the county. In 1906 the county had 16,732 polls. If the population now bears the same ratio to polls as it did. In 1900 the population today is over 80,000, a gain of about 20 percent in the last six years. The towns and plantations that are settled are nearly all on the northeastern and eastern border of the county extending from the St. Francis river on the north to Orient in the southern part of the county, a distance of nearly 200 miles. We will tell later on how this happened.

Aroostook County is bounded on the North and East by the Canadian province of New Brunswick, on the West by the Province of Quebec and on the South by Somerset, Piscataquis, Penobscot and Washington counties. Underneath is a solid bed of limestone and above Heaven.

In 1900 the largest towns in the county were Caribou, with a population of 4,768, Houlton 4680, Fort Fairfield 4,181, Presque Isle 3,804, Fort Kent 2,528, Van Buren 1,878, Madawaska 1,698.

Some 15 other towns then had a population of over 1000. Some of the small towns have doubled their population since 1900. The total valuation of the organized towns, and plantations in the county in 1905 was \$16,023,984.

The valuation today is estimated at more than \$20,000,000. This vast sum would not count much with some of the multi millionaires of the great cities, but means everything to the thrifty citizens of Aroostook and they soon intend to double the valuation.

Rivers, Streams and Lakes.

The watershed of this vast territory, rich timber resources, sloped toward the St. John river, one of the big rivers: of the continent. In years that have passed billions of feet 6' logs and millions of tons of pine timber have been cut on , 'Aroostook soil and floated down the St. John river.

An unjust law allows the Aroostook logs to be manufactured into lumber in New Brunswick mills and returned to this country duty free to compete with the lumber from our own mills. Since the advent of the Bangor and Aroostook railroad, however, a large percent of the lumber is manufactured on our own soil. The watershed of this section runs nearly east and west across the county and across the State. There are miles of the St. John river in Maine and nearly all of this is in Aroostook; it leaves the county just above the Grand Falls and becomes Canadian water under the British flag. From the mouth of the St. Francis river to the southeast corner of Hamlin Plantation it forms the boundary line between the United States and Canada, a distance of over 50 miles. Beside the St. John, which flows across the entire northern part of the county, there are over 1500 other rivers and streams. The Aroostook, Allagash and Fish Rivers are the largest of these, but the Presque Isle of the St. John, the Presque Isle of the Aroostook, the Madawaska, Munsungun, Meduxnekeag, Umculcus, St. Croix, Squa Pan, Machiap, Beaver; Little Aroostook, Black, Passagotue and Cabobscoose would be called big rivers in a small county. Next to St. John in size comes the Aroostook; it rises in Piscataquis and flows in. an easterly direction across the entire county, The distance as the crow flies is about 90 miles, but to follow the river one must travel at least 150 miles. To illustrate its windings, Presque Isle is 10 miles from Fort Fairfield by the road but 21 miles by the river. The county is named for this river; it drains one of the most fertile valleys on earth and runs across the great potato belt of Maine. The large and thriving villages of Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Washburn, Ashland and Masardis lie scattered along its banks, besides smaller towns. The country through which it flows is comparatively level; there is very little waste land; the rich well tilled farms with large commodious farm buildings lay side by side on each side of the river, under summer sun and winter snows for a distance of 60 miles; farms, towns and hills rest on a solid bed of limestone and above all floats the Star Spangled Banner and the citizens are proud that it is so. How the river got its name we do not know. There is a legend that it was named for an Indian chief, a son of the great chieftain Woolloostook, Woolastook, who once held sway on the upper St. John. Others say it is an Indian word and simply signifies, "crooked river." The musical name will, however, remain and the river continue to flow through the valley of Health, Wealth and Beauty till time shall be no more.

The Allagash comes next in size. It springs from a chain of lakes in Piscataquis county, flows North and enters Aroostook county at Umsaskis Lake; from there it flows Northeast and joins hands with the St. John about 20 miles Southwest of the Canadian line. It is a twin to the St John and runs parallel to it for a distance of 50 miles. It lies entirely in a dense forest.

Maine Forest Commissioner Hon. E. E. Ring in his report for the year 1902 says: "Upon the upper St John and the Allagash rivers, there are great tracts of virgin spruce which the woodman's axe have never known." It is said that valuable mines of lead, copper, iron and even gold are known to exist along this river. It is the home of big game and owing to the great number of lakes and ponds along its shores where the lily pads grow in abundance, and the long distance from civilization, is the greatest moose country in the world. The toot of mill whistle or locomotive have never been heard on the Allagash. Fish swarm in the pure crystal lakes and will take any bait from a shoestring to a bit of red flannel. It is the most popular canoe route in New England. The brooks at its source mingle with those of the Penobscot, and to go up the Penobscot and down the Allagash into the St John is getting to be quite a fad. Those who take this trip by canoe may get homesick or lonesome but they never die with tuberculosis. On some of the townships through which it flows is still to be found groves of valuable pine; about all of any value left in the State. The ridges are covered with a growth of sugar maple and other hardwood trees that grow in a northern clime, but spruce predominates, although there are large tracts of cedar. Near the Allagash mountains is a large grove of white birch trees, known to the Indians as the "canoe tree grove". For a century the Indians of different tribes have visited this place in the month of June and secured bark to build large canoes; the trees are large, some of them three feet in diameter, tall and straight and in summer when every bush and shrub and branch is dressed in green, the tall white trunks look like marble pillars. Several years ago the writer went with some Tobique Indians to this beautiful grove; he expected to see a tract of land covered with white birch, many of the trees scrubby and crooked as they grow in many places where once the fire killed the other timber. But he found an original growth of trees as old as the surrounding forest, the genuine canoe tree of North America. As I was a boy at the time I was allowed to strip my feet and climb a selected tree as big as a barrel and as straight as an arrow; when 20 feet from the ground I was directed to open a sharp knife I had in my pocket, stick it in the bark and slide down drawing the knife through the bark in a straight line. As it was near the full of the June moon when the bark is in prime condition and peels easily, then it opened behind the knife with a soft crackling sound and stood out from the tree six or eight inches. Old Squirrel Bear then made some blunt wooden wedges and artfully removed it from the tree. The great blanket of bark was carefully rolled and tied up with withes and deposited in the spring near where we camped and the next morning Mr. Bear and his wife, son and daughter began work on a canoe such as his forefathers used to make.

We went to a swale and cut some cedar; branches of every sort and angle were cut, peeled, scraped and dried in the sun. Birch bark was cut into strips to sew it into switches and birds' eggs were gathered to glue the seams and hemlock and alder bark were steeped to dye it with. It took a whole week to finish the boat but as Squirrel had no regard for the game law we had plenty of food: While the canoe was drying in the sun, four white ash paddles were made. The canoe he carried to a nearby Brook and launched and a day later we were floating on the bosom of the Allagash through the grand old forest with moose, deer and lynx peeking at us from the thickets and wild ducks with their young broods, scampering and diving out of the way. But the time is close at hand when railroad trains will go thundering along the beautiful river, mills will shriek and clatter as they eat up the products of the surrounding forest, towns and villages will spring up along its banks; cattle, sheep and horses will graze on the hill sides,

the lakes will resound with the chug, chug of the steam and motorboats, church spires will point to the clouds, school bells will ring and civilization hold sway, but the wild animals that now roam in such numbers beneath the towering trees will follow the Indian to the Happy Hunting Ground. The Allagash flows Northward or nearly so. There used to be a superstition among the Indians that whoever drank of the waters of the Allagash would die in bed with his moccasins off. Allagash is said to be an Indian word meaning "North Flowing water." Fish river is made up of a long chain of lakes and is the most remarkable river in New England. Its two main branches spread far away from each other and come together at the foot of Eagle lake like a V. A few miles below, at Wallagrass, it leaves the lakes behind and rushes away due North to Fort Kent where it joins the St. John. The most important lakes on this remarkable river are Long lake, Mude lake, Cross lake, Square lake and Eagle lake on the East branch; St Froid lake, Portage lake and Fish lake on the West branch.

The above mentioned are large important bodies of water; there are scores of smaller lakes and ponds. The lakes and streams of the Fish river system are found in 30 townships. Sometimes the two great wings of the river are called the North and South branches but in following either branch in the maze of lakes one travels every point of the compass; the stranger who goes boating on those lakes should secure a good guide for there is no place on earth a person will get lost any quicker than among the Fish River lakes. While the country in this section is practically a wilderness, the hardy French Acadians from the St. John valley have settled to some extent around these lakes. There are many ridges of good farming land mostly covered with a heavy growth of rock maple. For years the Indians made maple sugar in those groves and now the French settlers do a thriving sugar business every spring; the country is also rich in timber especially spruce and cedar. Heavy lumbering operations are carried on in this locality every winter.

The logs that were once floated down the St John to Fredericton N. B. are now mostly manufactured by mills on Aroostook soil and the products shipped to market over the B&A railroad. Up to 1902 the Fish river country had no transportation facilities but the river; this led to Fort Kent and the New Brunswick Markets; growth and progress was slow. In 1902 the B&A extended its Ashland branch through to Fort Kent, The road struck the Fish river water at Portage lake and followed rivers and lakes to Fort Kent the most northern town in Maine and for aught I know in the United States. Since the advent of the railroad, progress has exceeded the most sanguine expectation and lumber towns have sprung up all along the route and the opportunities for agricultural and manufacturing growth in that section are greater today than ever before. The Van Buren branch of the B&A runs to the East of the chain of lakes on the East branch and some day in the near future the railroad system will connect those two branches with a road along those beautiful lakes. The Fish river lakes are the greatest fresh water fishing grounds in Maine with the possible exception of the Rangeley system. The speckled trout, square tail, togue and salmon make their home in these waters; schools of white fish rush through the thoroughfares in such droyes that they crowd each other above water; those fish will not take the hook and as it is against the law to net or spear them they do not afford much sport for the average angler, but the hardy French settlers always manage to lay in a few barrels for winter use regardless of law or game wardens. Waterfowl are abundant; great numbers of

ducks, snipes, meadow hens, loons, herons and stake drivers come to these waters every summer. The stake driver or shitepoke is a mysterious bird; long legged, long necked, grey and homely he haunts those lakes during the summer months. On a cloudy day the tourist or angler paddling along those lakes will hear sharp distinct blows like someone driving stakes with an ax or maul; edging in toward the shore he will notice a flock of these birds with their long necks down in the mud and water searching food but the noise still continues; in fact the concussion is never heard when the bird's head is above water. Whether the stake driver breeds in these latitudes or not I do not know, but it is said their nests have never been found here. These vulgar birds must not be confused with the graceful blue heron.

Smugglers. At one time, and perhaps to this day, a band of well organized smugglers had a hiding place among the tangle of lakes on the east branch. Between upper Madawaska and Grand Isle, brooks from Long Lake come almost to the St John river. Across the river lies New Brunswick and the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The country bordering the river on the American side is thinly settled. The nearest regular customs officer is stationed at Van Buren or Fort Kent. Silks and woolen goods and many other things are much cheaper in Canada than in Maine, whiskey and gin always sell well in a prohibition State while tobacco and cotton goods sell well in Canada. Our Canadians are noted canoe men; they are at home with a paddle or an oar. Long Lake leads into Mud Lake and from Mud Lake to the Aroostook river is a good but lonely road. A French pony harnessed to a buckboard can, and has, travelled from Mud Lake to Caribou in a single night. In all the Aroostook villages are a large colony of Acadians, and the traveler from up country never goes to a hotel but puts up among his kinsmen. It is not a difficult task to sell a suit of clothes for \$10 that will cost \$20 at a local store. Customs officials will not like this talk and to illustrate I will tell a story.

CHAPTER 2 ²

A minister and a deacon once started to a back settlement to hold a meeting and while on the road the minister suggested that each make a verse of poetry to pass away the time.

"Go ahead" said the deacon, and the good man slowly recited the following:

"I, the Reverend John Sylvester, once on a time did kiss your sister."

"Good" said the deacon. " I, deacon Jones, kissed your wife last night."

"That's not poetry" said the minister.

"Can't help it, it's true just the same" said the deacon.

Fort Kent is located at the mouth of the river where it joins the St. John. It was founded at the time of the Aroostook War and named for Gov. Edward Kent who was governor of Maine in 1841, Through the agency of the late Major Dicky, known all over Maine as the "Duke of Fort Kent", an appropriation was secured from the Maine legislature to repair and preserve one of the blockhouses. At the junction of the two rivers on a beautiful but strategic point of land, the tourist today may see the frowning relic of the border troubles of 1839, between Maine and New Brunswick, or strictly speaking between Great Britain and the United States. It is built of heavy pine timber and the only fortification standing on Aroostook soil today.

Major Dicky went to the Maine legislature more terms than any other man in the State; although he was a democrat, all parties supported him and his election was generally unanimous. He did great things for his native town and the northern part of the State and laid the foundation for a city at Fort Kent.

About the year 1790, Great Britain sent agents to the Aroostook territory to explore the country; these agents went all through the country and put a broad arrow on all the big straight pine trees. Those trees were held in reserve to make masts for the warships of the British navy and the penalty for cutting or destroying one of those great trees was three months in prison. To the Fish river country was sent a man named Fish. If tradition is correct this Englishman was not only a surveyor and engineer but a great naturalist. His was the first English face the simple Acadians had seen since they had fled from their homes in the basin of Minas and taken refuge in the forest hundreds of miles away. Of these people we will speak later. Fish gathered flowers, and berries, and leaves, and branches, and bird's eggs, and shot and mounted a specimen of all animals in the woods from the tiny white throated mouse to the head of the giant moose, and

² http://marshall.advantage.preservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19091230_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

all the birds, in the woods and fishes in the lakes and streams. He explored lakes from Long lake to Fish lake and was the first white man to discover that they all belonged to one system and emptied into one river. He made friends of the Indians and French squatters who had here before looked upon every Englishman as their foe. He visited the Grand Falls and took measurements and discovered Madawaska lake on Aroostook waters. When he left he had a long fleet of canoes laden with the spoils of the lake and forest. Without doubt the river was named for this gentleman and he probably renamed the lakes, but the writer has met people who say that Fish river was so named because its waters were swarming with fish. It was called by the Indians "the land of lakes."

St. Francis River

Among the Aroostook rivers I suppose we have a right to enumerate the St. Francis. It belongs as much to us as to anybody. Strictly speaking the province of Quebec forms a part of the North and West boundary of Aroostook county. Take a map and you will see that Maine has two horns or peaks running up into Canadian territory. The peak on the West runs the farthest North and with one exception is the most northern point of land in the United States. The St. Francis river rises just over the Canadian border and runs from West to East between the extreme northern point of Maine and Canada for about 10 miles forming the boundary between the two nations. At this point it is very crooked and to follow it in a canoe one must paddle at least 40 miles; it then turns to the South and after zigzagging a few miles farther it broadens out into a lake, or rather a chain of lakes, until it gets almost to the St. John, with which it unites. It runs between Maine for a distance of about 30 miles as the crow flies. Its principal lakes are St. Francis and Pettiguaggamas, or Glazier lake. The principal tributaries from the American side are Fall or Cascade brook, Glazier brook and Dead stream; those streams are dotted with small lakes and swarming with speckled trout. There is a French settlement on the American side of the St. John opposite the mouth of the St. Francis. As this little hamlet is on the extreme frontier it is noted as a depot for lumbering supplies and a refuge for poachers, smugglers and other law breakers from both countries. For many years this wild river winding among the hills and the long chain of lakes with their rocky islands, was the home of the St. Francis Indians, always the friend of the French and the foe of the English. It was this tribe that taught the early French settlers in the St. John Valley to tap the maples and cultivate the wild buckwheat; to cure and smoke the white fish, and trap the bear and beaver; to snare the deer and run down the giant moose when the snow was deep and crust covered; to evade the timber wolves and panthers; to tan hides and make clothes and moccasins. Without the aid and assistance of those hardy sons of the forest, the feeble colony would not have existed a year.

This tribe had a trail leading to the St. Lawrence and a trail to the Kennebec; a trail to the Androscoggin and a broad trail to the Aroostook and from there across to the St. John. They were great travelers, hunters, fighters and robbers. Many captives from the settlements of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have been carried to the St. Francis or the Aroostook river, then and for years after they are considered a part of Canada. Those unfortunate captives who were held for a ransom, were generally taken to the St. Lawrence river, but those who were held

for torture and death were driven across the highlands to some village on soil now in Aroostook County. We can only assume that many an English captive has died a horrid death when the cruel chief, Pettiguaggamer, held sway from the St. Lawrence to the St. John. Long after the English ascended the Kennebec and slew Father Rasle and his Indian allies at Norridgewock, did the St. Francis Indians defy the English. Long after General Wolf died and the red crossed flag of Britain waved over the citadel of Quebec and all Canada fell into the hands of the English, did the French and Indians from our own Aroostook soil send out war parties to kill and capture the English; and even after an armed body of English soldiers crossed the forests of Maine over the deep snows in the month of March on snowshoes from Quebec to Meductic Fort on the St. John river and massacred by the light of the burning wigwams every Indian and their French allies, the St. Francis warriors retired to their rock bound forts among the island and dared the English to come.

After the death of the old chief, I am told, the British government bought from them their old hunting grounds and gave them a large tract of land on the north side of the St. Lawrence river and the leading men left the country soon after the close of the American Revolution. Large colonies of English Tories were at that time settling along the St. John river and the removal of this warlike tribe was to promote peace and avoid bloodshed.

The St. Francis River was named by Jesuit missionaries who visited every Indian tribe on the St. John and its tributaries before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, or about the year. Of this I will speak later. I might say that the first permanent French settlement in America was at Port Royal, NS, on the Bay of Fundy, nearly opposite the mouth of the St. John river. It was founded in 1605. This was three years before there was a cabin built in Canada, and two years before the James river in Virginia was discovered. The early priests and traders made their headquarters with this colony and explored the St. John and all its branches before there was a permanent English colony on the continent.

The Lakes of Aroostook

In the St. John basin in Maine are 206 lakes and twice as many ponds. The greater part of these are in Aroostook County. Some of them have water enough at all times to float a battleship; others are shallow and marshy; many of them lie in chains linked together by thoroughfares. They are found from the St. Francis river to the St. Croix, among the hills covered with hardwood growth, and in the swamps fish swarm in their depths and in summer wild game wade along the shores. Many of them are gems of beauty. Some of these lakes back in the forest have hardly been thoroughly explored. The day is not far distant when thousands from the crowded cities will build cottages along their banks and dwell there during the summer.

Aroostook cannot boast much about its mountains. While the face of the country is undulating, and in some sections quite hilly, there is nothing that can properly be called mountains, but there are a few elevations that we call mountains and they are really big hills. They are covered with a heavy forest growth, or at least have been. In some of the settled sections the lumberman's ax and forest fires have partly shorn them of their verdure, but it takes

nature but a few years to again clothe them with a new growth. As far as I can learn those elevations have never been correctly measured and it would be useless to attempt in this little work to give the exact height above sea level, and to use a slang phrase of the day they are not high enough to "cut any ice" anyway.

In Range 10, in Townships 12 and 13 W. E. L. S. running north and south for a distance of about 10 miles, is a chain of high hills known as the Allagash mts. They are broken and craggy, cover quite a large territory and are said to contain copper and lead in large quantities, but they are not very high. They are chiefly noted at the present day as being a good place for the lumberman and hunter to get lost in. As they are located far from civilization and as there are no large streams there to float away the lumber, they are seldom visited except by trappers, and criminals hiding from the law. It is said that when the early French voyagers and traders came up the river they found that the Indians had many implements and vessels made of lead and copper; when asked where they got them they pointed toward the Allagash hills. When the English traders came they could always sell the Indians firearms and gunpowder for a fabulous price, but always found them well supplied with lead. In Township 10, Range 9, W. E. L. S., we find a high dump of hills known as the Aroostook mountains. It is claimed that this is the highest land in the County. They are heavily covered with a growth of king spruce, and as a branch of the Machias river runs close to them they will soon be stripped of their wealth; in fact the stripping process has already begun. In Castle Hill Plantation we find Haystack mountain, a sharp little peak and said by scientists to be an extinct volcano. Its sides are very steep and it ends at the top in a small flat space so narrow that timid tourists are sometimes afraid of falling off. Last summer a pleasure party, enroute for SquaPan Lake, stopped at the foot of the peak to eat a picnic dinner; after a hasty meal a young couple took the winding path and climbed to the top. Their chaperone, a somewhat fleshy old girl, soon missed them, and, on being informed of the direction they had taken, scrambled up after them. With much difficulty she climbed the steep rugged path and arrived at the summit breathless, with face and clothes scratched and torn by thorns and bushes. Seated on a rock near the edge of the steep bluff she discovered the lovers. She went toward them and began to scold, but as she glanced over the steep precipice her anger turned to wailing and she begged her young friends to do something with her to keep her from falling off. So the young man, a kind tender hearted fellow, gently strapped the trembling guardian to a small tree with his belt, and to keep her from looking over the frowning side of the cliff, he bound his handkerchief about her eyes and the young people strolled leisurely down the mountain in search of help. An Indian trail from the St. John to the St. Lawrence rivers once crossed the state just south of Haystack mountain, and there is a legend that a great battle was once fought near this peak by the MicMac Malecite Indians, in which the latter were nearly all slain.

On the cultivated land around this hill Indian relics, such as flint arrowheads and stone implements, are often plowed from the soil. All agree that the vicinity was once a great resort for the Red men. A well kept road from Presque Isle to Ashland runs close to the base of the hill. Squa Pan lake, pure and clear as a dew drop, lies nearby on the southern side. Many citizens of Presque Isle village and some other places have summer cottages on the margin of this beautiful sheet of water. Trout and salmon are abundant and the surrounding woods are full of

game. Haystack mountain, so called, sits on a high plateau; the official map of the state gives its height as 1625 feet above sea level. It is said the late Col. John Goddard named it Haystack because it looked so much like a stack of hay. On the old maps it was called Sugar Loaf mountain, and the Indians called it Wee Wooppoo; the word is said to signify "fire mountain." It would seem that the Indians regarded the elevation as a former volcano, or else called it "Eire mountain, because it was a convenient place to display smoke and fire signals.

In the southwestern part of Presque Isle Township stands a miniature mountain called by the Indians "Quaguajo." It rises abruptly from the surrounding plain and is very steep; fine fertile farms are spread out on the north and east side of it while the woods of Maine come up to the foot of the mountain on the south west. The native settlers call it Quaggy Joe. The view from the top on a summer day is delightful; like a map spread out at one's feet, lies woodland, lake, village and farms of fruitful sun kissed Aroostook. It is about 1000 feet high. The Indian word "Quaguajo" means dividing line or boundary. Perhaps I may as well tell the story here as anywhere.

According to the late Newell Bear, Presque Isle is a French word meaning almost an island. The Aroostook river formed the northern part of this island, the St. John the east, the Presque Isle river of the Aroostook the west and the Presque Isle of the St John, (sometimes called Presteel and Prestitey the southern boundary. The sources of the two Presque Isle rivers do not quite come together, consequently an island is not quite formed now, according to Mr. Bear.

Many, many years ago, before the palefaces crossed the seas in their big winged canoes, there was a civil war among a big tribe of Indians that resided on the waters of the Woolloostook, or upper St. John. After many moons of savage war the rebellious factions of the tribe were conquered and transported to the territory enclosed by the above mentioned rivers. Quaguajo was the sentinel by which no brave squaw or papoose must pass under penalty of death. Look at a map and you will see Quaguajo mountain stand among the branches of the two Presque Isle rivers on the isthmus that prevents the territory from being an island.

The vanquished section of the tribe were sentenced to remain on this reservation for 1200 moons, but at the end of 400 moons the pale faced medicine men came with the good book and the tomahawk was buried, the peace pipe was smoked and all became brothers and friends again. The Indian and the pious missionaries have passed away but Quaguajo still stands and frowns upon another face of beings.

Some other important elevations on Aroostook soil are Bald mountains on Letter D., range 2; Hedgehog mountain, a long bristling ridge near SquaPan lake; the Reach mountains in Maysville, now a part of Presque Isle, named for a reach in Aroostook river, and Green Ridge in Eaton Grant, named for a colony of green yankees that settled around it in 1859. Eaton Grant is now a part of Caribou. Mars Hill is the most important mountain in Aroostook County. It was visited by white men before Katahdin or Mt. Washington was discovered and long before white men gazed on the Alleghanys. Before the pilgrims built their cabins in the new world the cross of

Christ and the flag of France were planted on its summit. Geologists believe it to be the first, or one of the first hills to appear on the continent and the beginning of the Appalachian mountain system. While the molten planet seethed, and bubbled, acid sputtered and steamed, and hot gases and vapors blanketed the sun and there was no form of life anywhere on earth, there was a rumbling, thundering sound from the depths below and Mars Hill emerged from the boiling mass of matter and began to cool and harden. And it is not unreasonable to assume that the first life, the first primordial reptiles that spraddled and crawled on this section of the globe appeared first on the summit of Mars Hill and watched the steaming ocean receded and the dry land appeared. Of course it was much higher then, than it is today. Situated as it is in the midst of a plain it can be seen for a long distance from every side, and became an important landmark and signal station among the Aborigines before Europeans came to disturb and destroy. At the time of the border unpleasantness between Great Britain and the United States, known as the Aroostook war, the British settled on Mars Hill as a cornerstone, so to speak, of the disputed territory; their original claim was down to the 45th parallel of latitude, the southern limit of Old Acadia. This would include all of the province of Maine north of the northern line of New Hampshire and Vermont and down to where the city of Oldtown now stands, But a little diplomatic reasoning regarding the stability of the old French grants and claims caused them to relinquish all claims on the strip of territory south of Mars Hill, but on this elevation they planted their corner stone and dug up proofs that the line should run due east and west from the summit of this hill to the St. Lawrence River. Later in this work in an account of the Aroostook war we shall see how they succeeded. When the line was finally run from the monument at the source of the St Croix River, northward, it left Mars Hill wholly in Maine.

CHAPTER 3. Mars Hill Mountain³

At the time of the border troubles from 1838 to 1840, Mars Hill was covered with a heavy growth of spruce and pine and was surrounded by tangled dismal forest. A few timber makers had plundered the surrounding woods in places and made some of the Mammoth pine butts into timber and hauled them away to the St. John river, but generally, speaking, the forest in this section was primeval. It is true that Indians had left but the white man had not yet come; the thousands of acres of hardwood forests that surrounded the mountain were considered worthless. Little did the white man dream when he hurried across those maple groves, that he was treading on the most fertile soil in all New England. Little did he dream that the time was close at hand, when the forest would be cleared away and a thousand happy, and prosperous homes would lie around the base of the mountain. Little did he care, for his god was pine timber and nothing else. He despised the stately maple and sturdy birch; he cursed spruce, cedar and hemlock, and wondered why the Lord allowed such culch to cumber the face of the earth. If he could succeed in getting some of the choice pine he was willing to turn the forest over to wild beasts and Indians; he could chop, and shoot and hew, but he could not plow or hoe and did not want to learn.

Remember, this state of affairs existed as late as the year of our Lord 1840. In that year a man on the top of Mars Hill could see around him a wild and shaggy wilderness; no road, no town, no cabin, no farm. To the south and west and north all was dreariness and gloom. To the east a few scattered clearings were seen on the big river. Haystack Mt and Quaggy Jo stood like sentinels away to the northwest and the occasional gleam of lake and river could be seen in the dark forest. Why should men fight and slay each other for the possession of this desolate country? And the great groves of towering pines answered in a whisper "it's for our bodies." That is the story in a nutshell. Had it not been for the value of the pine trees Aroostook might have been all wilderness today.

Let us climb the mountain once more at the close of the year 1909. Look! Behold the change that a few short years have made. The forest around the mountain has vanished and the hum of industry is heard on every side; broad fertile farms are scattered on every hand; the whistle of the locomotive and mill are heard where once the scream of the lynx and panther echoed. Long trains of cars are passing to and fro laden with the products of the farm. Two busy towns lie in the shadow of the mountain which will someday merge into one and become a great inland city. Later we shall give a more extended account of the twin towns and fertile garden land around Mars Hill.

This historic little mountain in northern Maine has two distinct peaks; it is something over a mile in length and lays parallel with, and about a mile from the border line. Different authorities

³ http://marshall.advantage.preservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100106_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

give its height above sea level at 1540 to 2480 feet We are told that one of the surveyors who was employed on the resurvey of the boundary line in 1908, measured the highest peak and called it 2500 feet high. We are unable to find any official statement. Mr. Snow, in his history of Mars Hill, says the mount was named for a man named Mars who once lived near it; others say it was named by the early French explorers. What the name signifies we cannot tell, unless it means peace, plenty and prosperity for all who make their homes near it.

Water Power of Aroostook⁴

Aroostook County as far as known, contains no coal but in its water power, sometimes called "white coal", it has as much or more power than any country of its size in America. If the rivers and streams of Aroostook were harnessed and utilized they would develop electric power enough to turn every mill wheel, move every train and light every dwelling in Maine. There is power enough running to waste each day to furnish light and heat for a million, and then there would be enough left to do the work of a hundred thousand men. This is big talk but look it up and see for yourself. When a single pen stock in the Aroostook river will produce 2500 horsepower, what power would be produced if all the swift flowing streams and rivers in the county were arrested and made to pay toll before they were allowed to continue their journey to the sea? The amount of that subtle unseen power that men have learned to use, but do not understand, can hardly be estimated. Of course we understand that very little of this power can be captured and harnessed as readily and cheaply as that at Aroostook Falls, but there are many, very many cataracts, rapids and waterfalls in our great north woods that can be easily and cheaply developed. In a land like this where rushing rivers fed by lakes and bubbling springs are abundant, what care we for the black coal of commerce? Let them sing of the dusky diamonds that lie beneath the ground; let them dig and delve and smother in the fuel mines; let the coal dust pinch and grind those who' cannot help themselves, for in Aroostook, Providence has scattered with a lavish hand abundant material for warmth, power and light, and the time is drawing near, when the rushing trains, the rumbling mills and factories, and much of the heavy work on the farms will be done by electric power. Even today in many of the towns and villages, storage batteries are being put in, and electricity lights the streets, bridges, stores and homes; turns the wheels of mills and printing presses, saws the wood and grinds the coffee and does a hundred other things. As far as Aroostook is concerned we can soon say "go away back steam power and sit down.". Prehistoric Aroostook Beautiful Aroostook! So old and yet so new. The land of promise! The garden of Maine! Pine clad Aroostook! Once the home and hunting grounds of Indians and Acadians, now designated as the new northeast of this great Republic. Let us see what we can find of its early history.

At the beginning let us look at the location. Aroostook lies between 45° 30' to 47° 15' north latitude, the greater part of it being between the 46 and 47 parallel, consequently the winters are long and severe, and at times the snow lies deep in the great north woods. But the story that has got abroad that polar bears and Eskimos are found here is an exaggeration. In another chapter I will tell of the climate, soil and wild animals; and we will now see who were its

dwellers and owners in the past. Early in the 17th century, Champlain, the great French explorer, crossed the Atlantic in two little ships in which a crazy man would hardly risk his life in between Boston and New York today. He was looking for the St Lawrence river, but storms had blown his frail barks to the south, and the first land he sighted was a wild and rocky shore with many bays and rocky islets. Without attempting to land he sailed northward along this bold coast and named the land "Maine" after a province in his native France. Sailing north he entered the Bay of Fundy, thinking it was the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He went up as far as the mouth of the St. John river, but the tide being out he supposed the river to be unnavigable, as the water was a seething cataract where it entered the bay. Crossing the bay he sailed back along the Nova Scotia coast and there discovered a beautiful land. It was June; the birds were singing in the trees, the fish were leaping in the water, fawns gambled beside their dams, and the smoke from the Indian Wigwams curled upward toward the blue sky. He steered his little ships, into a magnificent harbor, landed and explored the surrounding country, planted the banner of France on the shore, named the new land "Acadia" and reluctantly sailed away. And soon after ascended the St. Lawrence, he returned to France. However, he didn't forget the beautiful land he had visited in the new world but gave such a glowing account of it that a French nobleman named DeMontes became so interested that he decided to found a colony in the New Land. When he applied for a charter he was given a grant of all the territory between the 44th and 48th parallels from the Atlantic to the St Lawrence river. This grant included all of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, all the adjacent islands, the greater part of Maine and of course Aroostook. So as early as 1604 Aroostook became a part of ancient Acadia.

In the spring of 1605 Champlain again sailed for the New world accompanied by DeMonts and 60 families and a month later Port Royal N. S. was founded, the first permanent French colony on the continent; DeMonts stayed with his colony and explored his great farm, but Champlain sailed away. DeMonts soon gained the friendship of all the Indian tribes from the bay of Fundy to the St. Lawrence and also learned their language.

Soon after, the little band of shivering French men had got settled; they were reinforced by some 30 Jesuit priests. These pious men came to convert the Indians and were soon at work among every tribe in the territory. French traders and voyagers soon followed and the artless Red men were converted and cheated to their heart's content. Let us return to Aroostook territory. Here the missionaries found the country swarming with Indians; great villages were found along the Fish river lakes, on the upper St. John and on the Aroostook. Of the 200,000 Aborigines estimated at that time to dwell east of the Mississippi river, tradition says 75,000 of them dwelt on what is now Aroostook territory. Then, as now it was a land of plenty; the rivers and lakes were swarming with fish, big game such as moose, deer and caribou were abundant; bears, beaver, lynx and wolves could be persuaded with knife or tomahawk to give up their pelts for clothing and wild buckwheat (our own buckwheat) grew all around without cultivating. Indians that would not come here to live didn't know much. In the Spring of 1607, after the ice had run out of the rivers, one Father LeBrun accompanied by a small party of French and Indians ascended the St John river in canoes. They visited Mars Hill mountain and planted a cross and a flag on its summit. Capt. Newport and his English colony had not at that time arrived at their destination on the James river in Virginia. A week later LeBrun discovered the Grand Falls. All

this great cataract blocked his way, and the Indians who were with him were afraid of those that were encamped beside the great waterfall. The party returned and ascended the Aroostook. Other priests soon followed and penetrated the wilderness in every direction and the powerful Indian tribes that held sway from the Grand Pre to the St Lawrence, from that time began to dissolve and decay.

The Indian tribes in this area belonged to the mighty Algonquin nation. The Gaspelan Tribe then resided in the upper St. John Country. The Abenaki occupied the Aroostook waters. The MicMacs were in northern New Brunswick and along the Tobique waters. The Melecites held sway in Nova Scotia and around the bay of Fundy. A hundred years later however these tribes appeared to have all changed places. A hundred years after that the remnant of those once powerful tribes were rounded up in a squalid little village at the mouth of the Tobique River with a pulled sword pointing at their hearts and the foot of a conquering white man upon their necks. And there they are today, a dejected, miserable, drunken, consumptive remnant of a great nation. Each year their numbers grow less and it is only a question of a little time when the last dusky body will be lowered in the graveyard behind the little chapel and the plows of the White man will be turning the soil above their last resting place.

Father LeBrun found the Aroostook Indians a remarkably intelligent race of people. They were tall, strong and handsome and could endure much physical fatigue. They had no horses or other domestic animals except dogs. That they often made long journeys was quite evident for among them he found salt that came from the coast; flint rock from Mt Kineo, whetstone from the headwaters of the Tobique and steel knives and hatchets, but no firearms. It is true that they built no roads nor bridges, no churches or cities, no ships or schoolhouses and could neither read, or write, but they could make artistic baskets and canoes, carve fancy paddles and arrows and the fancy needle work on some of their clothing would rival that of the civilized ladies in Europe. While they were cruel and barbarous to their enemies, they had many good traits and appeared to know nothing about lying or stealing. They believed in a Great Spirit and a life beyond the grave. Their religion did not extend beyond the golden rule. They had none of the white man's diseases and lived to a great age. As a rule the men were lazy and made the squaws do all the drudgery but the Europeans themselves did not have a very high regard for females at that day, and the poor squaw was often sold to the French trader for a handful of beads or a jug of firewater and the priest sanctioned the trade. According to tradition and a few scraps of history it was no easy job to convert the Indian tribes of Acadia. They claimed their own religion, if it may be called such, was better than that of the white man. They soon mastered the French language and learned how to use firearms, how to swear, gamble, lie, drink and steal but were slow to learn how to pray. But the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone. The good priests kept pegging away, the French kept coming and marrying Indian maidens and after a few decades the Indians by the command of their sachems embraced the Catholic religion; also consumption, measles, mumps, jim jams, dyspepsia and itch, and all was harmony and peace.

The Frenchmen and their red brothers seldom quarrelled. The French were not like the haughty overbearing English man who came upon the scene later. They used the Indians as

their equals and endeavored to do with them as they promised. They hunted, fished, danced, sang, smoked, ate, drank and slept together. Often when the evening service was over in the big bear skin tent, the rugs would be cleared away and priests and traders joined hands in the merry Indian dance. At feasts and weddings it is said that the noble DeMonts, scholar, soldier, chevalier and scion of French nobility, a peer of the realm of France would join in the circle and dance till midnight to the music of the Indian torn torn and the French horn. Think of an English gentleman such as Sir Walter Raleigh dancing, or even eating with an Indian. The Indians, like many of our own people of today enjoyed being swindled; they would readily give a bear skin for a red handkerchief or a brass ring, and a ten penny nail to fasten in the end of an arrow would bring an armful of beaver skins; but he did not know the value of his wares and was contented as long as the white brother was his friend. A story had reached the Aroostook tribes that the crew of an English trading vessel had visited the coast of Maine years before and looted an Indian village and carried away a lot of the Indian girls as captives. The French would not do this; if they wanted an Indian maiden they would either buy or marry her, so the seeds of hatred against the English were sown in Acadia as early as the beginning of the 17th century.

The Acadian colony was never very prosperous. Two years after the first cabins were built at Port Royal, part of the colony moved across the bay and settled at the mouth of the St. John river. Soon after a large strip was clipped off the western part of the grant and given to some colonists in Canada. Hard winters followed with sickness and famine, and the great bulk of the French emigrants were going up the St. Lawrence and to the great lakes. So we find that at the beginning of the year 1790 there were scarcely 20,000 white people in all Acadia and probably not a dozen in all Aroostook county. Other troubles had come; bands of English traders with their long whiskers and blue eyes, and armed to the teeth, were constantly coming up the river. They hated the docile French and their religion but they loved the Indian as long as they could make a shilling out of him. In this time the Indians had decreased in numbers, too. The great Gaspesian tribe had moved northward to the St. Lawrence, the Abenakis had moved south and afterwards became the Passamaquoddies and the MicMacs occupied Aroostook territory.

In the territory, however, were left a large number of French half breeds who had formerly affiliated with former tribes. To make matters worse France and England went to war and their colonies in the New World were soon in deadly strife. 'Twas then that the half breeds and MicMacs strapped on their snowshoes and with the Canadian Indians made long marches in the dead of winter to the unprotected settlements on the New York and New England frontier. They went, many of them with knives and tomahawks, and returned with muskets and powder horns, scalps and captives. Once over the highlands and into the valleys of the Aroostook and Tobique there was only one way the hated English could reach them and that was up the river.

To guard against this the forts at Port Royal were strengthened, block houses were built at the mouth of the St. John and Fort Easejour was built on the present site of Fredericton. It seems as though shortly after Columbus discovered America, John Cabot, an English navigator sailed along the New England coast. One morning he landed and after taking a few drinks of brandy, stuck the English flag up in the sand, waved his sword North, South and West and cried in a loud voice that all the land at the right and the left and behind him, as far up as Heaven and

as far down as hell, belonged to the English crown forever and forever. His men then shot a few wild turkeys, captured a dozen squaws, burned the Indian village and sailed for "merry England." On these grounds England, or rather the English colonies now claimed Acadia. In the spring of 1695 if I recollect rightly, to attack Canada and Acadia, a fleet under Sir Win. Phipps of Maine, then Governor of Massachusetts, and by the way an old sea dog, sailed to the bay of Fundy. He soon destroyed Port Royal and battered down every French fort in the bay of Fundy including Easejour. Then he plundered every house, shop, mill, ship, man, woman and child. Not satisfied with this he killed all the horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and sailed back to the mouth of the Kennebec, but the other expedition that sailed around to take Quebec met with utter failure and the troops that were sent to the North woods against the Indians were nearly all killed or captured and English scalps were again plenty in the Mi'kmaq wigwams. Phipps planted the English flag on the demolished forts and claimed all Acadia for the English. The cowed and stricken settlements were helpless and soon large parties of English hunters and trappers came en route for the St. John river, this being the only way to approach the up river Indians, the simple Acadians were beaten and robbed and daughters insulted and maltreated; boats and provisions were taken, and when their tormentors disappeared they fled to the interior and hid themselves in the woods.

CHAPTER4* **Fighters**⁵

In the interior of the great state of New York there lived at that time several tribes of warlike Indians. Indians known as the Iriquois or Erie Nations. These savage Red men were always friendly to the English. At the time the New England hunters and trappers ascended the St. John. They had about 100 of these New York Indians enlisted as scouts and guides. Altogether about 400 men went up the river, not altogether but in small parties. They were all seasoned Indian fighters and expected to scalp every MicMac and Mellecite between St. Francis and Fredrickton but they didn't. The English and Mohawks were cunning and well armed, but in a strange country they were no match for the French Acadian half breeds and the MicMacs. Phipps had been appointed governor of Acadia and expressed the determination to exterminate every Indian and Frenchman in the territory. When the English and their Mohawk allies had fought their way to the mouth of the Presque Isle river of the St John they rowed up that stream and left their boats and supplies under a strong guard and struck boldly out on the broad trail toward Haystack mountain and the Aroostook. They had hardly got started, however, when the scouting Mohawks discovered Indian signs, and a few minutes later; a volley of bullets and arrows came from the hills on both sides of the trail and many of the English fell. They sprang into the woods however and fought the French and Indians hand to hand driving them back toward Haystack. At noon the Indians fled leaving thirty dead warriors, most of whom had been killed in hand to hand conflicts with knives. In this mode of warfare the English appeared to be masters. History nor tradition does not tell us how many the English lost in this battle on the Presque Isle.

⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100113_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

Scalps and Plunder

After the Mohawks had scalped and mutilated the dead MicMacs and half breeds, they returned to the boat landing with their wounded and held a counsel of war. It was decided to break up into small bands and travel west through the woods, avoiding the trail and the big body of warriors awaiting them. Orders were given to destroy every village and show no quarters to men, women or children. A rude map was consulted and a meeting place selected at the mouth of the St. Francis river a month later.

By this time they hoped to have the Indians exterminated and secure their canoes and float down the river laden with scalps and plunder but they didn't. They did however strike the Aroostook Valley unmolested; here commenced a fierce guerrilla warfare that lasted all summer. From Munsurjgun lake. To the Aroostook Falls it was shoot and stab, and burn and plunder. One night the English would turn over a, bunch of captives to the Mohawks and they would be tied to small trees with green withes; the warriors would have their tongues cut out and a sharp stick stuck in each eye, and then dry brush would be piled around them and kindled and the victim would be slowly cooked to a crisp. The next night, perhaps, the MicMacs would, lead in a few of the English and perhaps a Mohawk and have a toasting bee of their own, The victim, after being securely lashed to a tree, would have his. gcalp, nose, fingers and:tees removed with a dull knife, and then the squaws and papooses would stick the bare body full of sharp sticks made from pitch. pine and light them. When the victim commenced to get stupid a fire would be kindled at his feet and the entertainment as far as the man went would soon be over.

Innocent Girls Hanged

And this is the way that the first Englishmen were entertained when they came to visit Aroostook. This war on our own soil occurred in the summer of 1692. It was cruel and hellish, but at the same time down in Salem, Mass., the, civilised Christian's were burning witches; tender mothers were dragged from their children and hanged, and innocent young girls who had never done anything worse than look at themselves in a mirror on Sunday, were dragged out and hanged for witches. And yet we find people that tell us the world is growing worse instead of better.

The English and their Mohawk friends soon discovered they were greatly outnumbered, and that they could never get to the place agreed upon at the mouth of the St Francis River.

War Whoops and Scalps

Two months had passed instead of one, and the war parties were still near the Aroostook fighting for their very existence. They were in danger of starving, shooting small game, but their powder was almost gone while their enemies appeared to be well supplied with

ammunition. The half breed who had seemed to have kept in the background during the first of the fighting now appeared with long muskets that they had secured on their former raid on the English Settlements, and were picking the white hunters off wherever they got a chance. Three of the English parties had gotten together and built a little fort near the mouth of the Presque Isle of the Aroostook. Six more parties were absent. Five of them were supposed to be to the west and one to the east toward the mouth of the river. The Mohawks were given what little ammunition that remained and sent out to hunt up the missing parties. They took their lives in their hands and they knew it. A few days later of the 3 Mohawks that had been sent down the river returned; his comrades had been captured. The country was swarming with Indians but no white men were seen. Forty years later it was learned that this party was ambushed in a gulch near the Aroostook Falls, and nearly all were killed. A few escaped to the St. John river, but we have no account that they ever reached civilization.

Making the Dash

At the little fort some twenty hardy English colonists and a Mohawk brave, waited days and weeks for the return of their comrades, and when a month had rolled away Capt. Strong decided to make a dash for the landing on the Presque Isle where they had left their boats and supplies. The guards were instructed that if they did not return at the end of two months to move down the river with the boats to the St. John and there wait the coming of the main party down the big river; but they were to leave a cache of supplies at a place agreed upon in case any of the party should return. So one bright September morning the half famished ragged band set forth. No indians had been seen for days, and the white men hoped they had moved west to combat the upriver parties; but before the sun had reached the meridian as they were ascending a hill, they saw a thick white smoke ascending from the summit of Quaguajo; soon an answering column shot up from Haystack 10 miles away. A halt was called and the doomed men looked at each other. They knew what it meant. "The white men are going towards the river. Come and help us surround them!" Those white men were not afraid of death; they were trained Indian fighters, and had they been properly equipped and fed, they would have gloried in their chance to cut their way through a hundred indians; but here they stood under the spreading maples with nothing but hunting knives to defend themselves with. All hopes of reaching the cache were given up. After a hasty parley it was decided that every man should strike out for himself and skulk towards the big river. A few weeks later the leaves fell and covered their bones that had been gnawed white and clean by wolf and wild cat, and the raid against the MicMac Indians was over. One white man and the Indians escaped from that party to tell the tale.

The men who took up the river route, at first had better luck. There were more of them and they met less resistance. The stratagem of breaking up into several parties seemed to mislead and confuse the Indians and they kept most of their warriors near the big trail. At the mouth of the Machias the white men destroyed an Indian village and moved on. Two parties going toward Portage Lake (to be plain I am using names as they are today) and the others up the river. Those who went up the river were never heard from again. Those who went toward the

Fish river lakes were half of them killed by bullets and arrows, but the Indians suffered worse than the whites and were driven back every time they made an attack. But there were twenty MicMacs to one of the English party, and all the English and Mohawks would have left their bones in the Aroostook wilderness, but an unforeseen event happened.

Built Stone Forts

Sometime previous to the time I am writing about, a powerful tribe of Indians came from somewhere and occupied the old Gaspesian hunting grounds. Where those Indians came from is not definitely known, but probably from Prince Edward Island. The Jesuit priests had done their work in Acadia and followed up the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes in search of other fields. They had named the St Francis river and as this tribe had their headquarters on this river they were called by the French and English the St. Francis Indians. They were pagans and practiced polygamy at this time. They were not so tall and supple as the MicMacs but stout and sturdy and appeared to be of a darker color with a different cast of features. Instead of living in Wigwams altogether, some of them built log huts and on many rocky hillsides and islands they had built stone forts, and it is said that some of them would compare favorably with the masonry of the white men of that day. They were well armed and their guns, knives and hatchets were of French make instead of English. Some of them spoke broken French or English thus showing they had been in contact with the white trader. Their language was entirely different from any other Indian tribe in Acadia. They appeared to be progressive; they had tamed the caribou or American Reindeer and utilized him as a beast of burden. They also had tame moose and when the rivers were frozen they would harness them to well made sledges and have moose races on the ice. They could make boats of basket work so tight that when they were well smeared with pitch and tallow, they would not leak. We shall have more to say of this intelligent tribe later on. At all events they were inclined to be neutral in the strife that was raging south of them. Had they been treated decently by the English they probably would have remained so through the long and bloody wars that followed.

Grouty and Sullen

At any rate at this time the MicMacs and half breed leaders appeared to be a little afraid of them. Some of the white men actually reached the rendezvous at the mouth of the St. Francis. There was a large village there then and for a few years after, occupied by St. Francis Indians. They appeared grouty and sullen but did not offer to molest the white men. One who could speak a little English asked if they were "Yanges" (Yankees) and being informed that they were, a short consultation was held among the leaders of the tribe and they were informed that they might stay there three days. The white men now held a council; they decided it was useless to try to return the way they came. The Mohawks thought that they could lead them over the hills to the headwaters of the Connecticut river which they might descend to home and safety. They were however aware that the country through which they must pass was swarming with hostile Red men. While they were preparing to start two of the Mohawk Indians crawled into

camp. One of them had his nose cut off and his scalp removed and the other had been deprived of his fingers and toes. They had been tortured and mutilated by their enemies and turned loose to seek their friends. It was a challenge to come back and fight, but the white men did not heed it. We shall see though what happened later in the game. This bit of amusement cost the MicMacs many lives. This handful of white hunters started for home about a month before their companions left their fort on the Presque Isle. That some of them got home is quite evident as events that followed after will show.

Killed Whole Families

When the winter again came, the Aroostook Indians, burning with hate and revenge, and assisted by the Norridgewock and Tarrintines again attacked the frontier settlements. The two previous years had learned many of the settlers a lesson, and they had left their homes and moved into the towns. They were none too safe there and the men and boys carried guns with them whenever they ventured away from the palisade. Some of the pioneers, however, thinking that the crushing blow that the French had received at Fort Royal would discourage the Indians, they decided to fortify their houses and remain on their farms. Vain Hope! The warriors came in the night in the dead of winter, battered down the palisades, killed or captured whole families, burned the buildings, and drove off the cattle. The frontier of Maine suffered greatly that winter. Many captives were taken and carried to Aroostook. This was done for two reasons. They were safe from pursuit in the Aroostook valley, and the English had agents on the St. John, sent on purpose to ransom captives. The MicMacs on account of the war were running short on gunpowder, and they would now exchange captives for nothing else. A party of English redeeming captives were safe even in an Indian village. It was an unwritten law of the tribes not to molest them. Average captives were exchanged at that time for a keg of powder each; the kegs of that day held about 10 pounds.

The English considered some of the Indians in Acadia the most bold and fierce in New England. At the breakout of the so-called King William War the Acadian Indians had no powder horns. When a white man was killed by an Indian, the victor was supposed to wear the victim's powderhorn and the Indian who was able to slay one of the trained white hunters was considered a bad, bold, powerful red devil.

\$5.00 for Each Scalp

In the spring of 1694 the general court of Massachusetts, with the consent and approval of Gov. Phipp, offered a reward of one pound sterling for every Acadian or Canadian Indian scalp, and two pounds (\$10.00) for a scalp and powderhorn providing it could be proven they were taken in Acadia. As every tribe wore different scalp locks an expert could easily tell where the scalps came from; but how about the horns? Had it been today a party of scalp hunters would have started one man out buying or making powder horns while they were out lifting hair and would have soon "busted" the Massachusetts treasury. But men were innocent and good in those days; if a man wanted to take a bushel of corn to to mill he would put a big rock in one

end of the bag and the corn in the other, and if he had a horse then he would lay the burden across the nag's back; if he had no horse he would take it on his own shoulder and waddle to the mill perhaps 10 miles away, singing a Psalm or muttering a prayer. It is said that at that time in a large settlement in Vermont they had a round smooth rock that weighed about 50 pounds that was known as the "mill rock". It was used by all the farmers in the settlement and locked up nights to keep it from being stolen. One morning Deacon Abraham Parsons wanted to go to the mill and he sent his boy Jonathan, to a neighbor a mile away to get the stone, but it had been loaned to a man in another neighborhood and the boy had to return without it. But on the way home he happened to think that perhaps a bushel of corn in the other end of the bag would take the place of the stone. He came home and told his father of the scheme and the deacon "vummed" he would try it; it worked and a great discovery was made.

Chapter 5⁶

An English pound was a lot of money in those days; these were the days when an able bodied man would work all day for a shilling; so an Indian scalp represented 20 days of work. In a month's time our Aroostook woods were swarming with thugs, cut throats and hunters, and the Indians and half breeds were again dodging and fighting for their lives. Perhaps a more hardened set of villains never lived than those that came to the Aroostook that summer to hunt scalps and powder horns. The scalps of squaws and half breeds were worthless, but all that fell into the hands of the white hunters, many of them ex pirates, were tortured and burned. I will relate a little incident of this cruel warfare.

The winter before one Martin Trudo, a young french half breed, went with a war party on a raid to the Androscoggin Valley. The family of one Andrew Mullen were surprised and dragged from their beds at midnight and carried away as captives by the light of their burning buildings. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mullen and five children. Other captives were soon added to the party and as the snowshoe trail over which the Indians had come down was frozen hard, the party made good progress on their return trip. But the weather was cold and Mary Mullen, a beautiful girl of 17 years, froze her feet and it became difficult for her to walk. That night young Trudo heard the sub chief tell two of the Indians to fall behind with the young girl and tomahawk and scalp her. Trudo then went to the chief and begged so hard for her life that he was told to take her but that she would probably be overtaken and killed. But Trudo took the chances. He wrapped the girl's feet in soft buckskin and carried her in his arms til the moon went down and the party stopped to rest and sleep. While the others slept he made her a pair of otterskin moccasins and buckskin leggings, and when morning came and the march was taken up she was able to walk beside her friend and protector. In a few days they crossed the watershed and entered the Aroostook Valley and the captives were taken to an Indian town near the site of the present village of Washburn. The best of care was taken of the captives, for while the colony was paying a bounty for scalps, they also reluctantly gave a keg of powder for each returned

⁶ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100120_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

captive. When the ice went out of the river the Mullen family were ransomed and returned to their friends. Mary had been given to Martin Trudo and the boy hoped that sometime she would consent to marry him. But when the summer came she grew melancholy and homesick and begged of him to return with her to her friends. Martin knew that the beautiful creature was grateful to him and he was not sure but that she loved him, but he also knew that as a Catholic Acadian half breed, his life would not be worth anything among her English friends. He might have exchanged her for a keg of powder and run no risk, but this he would not do. After Phipp destroyed Port Royal the English came up the river and built a blockhouse at the mouth of the Meduxnekeag (Woodstock). Martin heroically decided to give her up, conduct her to the big river and if possible find her some Acadian and get him to take her to the English at the Fort. So one June morning they set out toward the rising sun over the big trail. The birds were chirping and the squirrels running, while Mars Hill mountain looked like a big bank of indigo away to the east. The lovers walked hand in hand, but their hearts were like lead. He had told her the night before what he intended to do. Her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears, but she did not speak. In Silence, they walked along. Suddenly a tall man sprang into the trail before them and pointed his musket at Martin's breast. Others sprang from behind trees and a moment later they were surrounded by a dozen English hunters scalp hunters. Martin Trudo was seized and after a fierce struggle was twisted off his feet. He was quickly relieved of his knife, musket, and powderhorn and bound to a tree. Then one of the noble christian white hunters caught the struggling terrified girl in his arms and kissed her. After a few minutes consultation it was decided to shoot Trudo and draw lots to see who would get the girl. On her knees she begged for the life of her friend, and that they might be allowed to proceed on their journey to Meductic Fort. Her pleas were answered with sneers, and when one of the party cocked his musket and stepped back to shoot the fettered half breed, she ran to him and throwing her arms around his neck shielded him from harm with her own body. But rude strong hands hauled her away, and the tall, evil faced hunter that had insulted her drove his hunting knife into the breast of the bound and helpless man. Mary Mullen sprang to her feet with a wail and snatched the bloody knife from the man's hand, plunged it into her own side and fell at her lover's feet and their life blood mingled together on the fallen leaves. The white men then hurried away and soon after some squaws found the bodies and buried them. One of the Indian ladies, however, could not resist the temptation of removing the long corn colored tresses of the English Maiden. The scalp was afterward given to a priest who wrote an account of the murder and suicide which, with the scalp was sent to the French Commander in Quebec. If the French legends are correct, this tragedy occurred in June 1694, at the eastern section of the old French and Indian trail in what is now the town of Westfield.

*War and love are strange compeers
War sheds blood and love sheds tears,
War has swords and love has darts,
War breaks heads and love breaks hearts*

Still stern stubborn war stalked relentlessly beneath the towering pines in the Aroostook Valley. Many an Indian maiden mourned over the mangled and mutilated corpse of her dusky lover, and, many a fair haired girl on the New England frontier waited and watched in vain for a lover that never returned. And what was it all about? France and England were at war in Europe

and their colonies in America thought they had to fight too, and in this war they went at it on their own hook without orders from the European Kings. As the summer wore on there appeared to be a white scalp hunter behind every pine and the Indians. One village after another pulled up stakes and moved to Aroostook Falls. The Tobique River lying nearer the French settlements was not invested much by the white hunters.

So chief Odell, hearing of the disaster being wrought among his brethren, decided to gather his warriors together and move down to the mouth of the Tobique. As the English hunters were now coming up the St. John by hundreds, the Mellecites also moved up river and joined the MicMacs who were massed at the mouths of the Aroostook and Tobique Rivers that unite with the St. John nearly opposite each other. Where the Tobique joins hands with the St. John is a strategic point; the banks are high and the point is narrow. It is now called Indian Point and is the site today of the little village that contains the faded remnants of once powerful and dreaded tribes that held sway in Acadia. Some Frenchman now came upon the scene, built a block house and a stout stockade across the point some 200 yards back.

The country in this section is broken and hilly and among the rocks and caves the Red men and their French allies were secured from their English foes. But there is more than one hole in the skimmer. Winter came again and the snow lay deep in the great North woods, but the MicMacs did not cross the wilderness on their snowshoes to kill and capture and destroy on the Maine frontier. The hardy settlers were looking for them, and perhaps were disappointed because they did not come, but they had to content themselves that winter with a few raids from the Penobscots and Norridgewock; the MicMacs had other fish to fry. It seems that over 200 years ago there were Jewish peddlers as there are today; it appears that one of these gentlemen found his way to Acadia and got permission to go up river on a trading trip. No doubt but what he carried a stock of short underwear and shoddy breeches, brass rings and red suspenders as they do today. We have seen that after the English Colonists took Port Royal they moved up the St. John River, and built Meductic Fort near the present site of Woodstock, NB. At this time there was a small garrison there and some English traders and hunters. Isaac, or whatever his name was stopped at the Fort and was taken sick there. A week later it was discovered that he had a bad case of smallpox and a short time after that many of the soldiers were down with the dreaded disease. When the news was carried down river, a young Colonial officer at St. John, with a great head on him, thought of a scheme to kill Indians without bullets; he probably became a general later. His plan was to get the smallpox among the Indians. The commander was consulted and declared the scheme an excellent one, and that the Lord had sent the Hebrew into their midst for a purpose. Two young Mellecite Indians had been captured about a month before and had just been sentenced to be shot for paddling a canoe on the river; the two doomed bucks were taken from the jail and sent under a strong guard up to Fort Meductic. They arrived there at midnight with sealed orders which they delivered with the two Indians to the commander; that officer read the letter and immediately put the two Indians in the Pest House with the sick soldiers. The next day they were loaded with presents, given a canoe and their liberty and we may be sure they lost no time in getting up the big river to their friends.

Smallpox is a bad disease anyway and is fatal to a colored race. When spring again came half of the Indians were dead and the others had fled away to the big woods up the Tobique River. Their power was broken and the Colonist had no more trouble with them during that war. There was still a bounty on scalps but the powderhorn clause had been cut out. The Massachusetts authorities being unable to make a treaty with the Maine Indians, now included them as lawful game. In fact, a bounty of one pound was given to any resident of the colony, for any male adult Indian scalp, excepting those of the Five Nations of New York.

When the scalp hunters came to the Aroostook Valley in the summer of 1695, they found the country deserted. They finally got together and went north toward the Allagash. The St Francis Indians had taken no part in the war and consequently they had increased greatly in number. Woolostook, with his five wives lived in the beautiful country between the Allagash and St. John River. He counted his warriors by the thousand. Madawaska held sway along the Fish River, Lakes, and his warriors were as numerous as the pine trees, while Pettiauggamas and his braves roamed the entire length of the St. Francis. In the month of June a large party of those Indians went up the Woolastook or perhaps I had better call it the upper St. John, on a fishing trip; they had their families along with them, were in no hurry, and Indian fashion were taking life easy. They supposed they were at peace with all the world. One morning as they sat around a fire eating breakfast, a volley of musket shots echoed and re-echoed in the still morning air and nearly all of the male Indians lay wounded (and dying among their screaming wives and children). A moment later about 25 tall English hunters sprang into the glade and with their hunting knives, soon killed the wounded and tore off the scalps of the entire party of males. The squaws were then run down like a parcel of sheep and dragged away into the woods. One little papoose who attempted to follow his mother was disembodied with a stroke from a hunting knife. An hour or so later the squaws were allowed to return to their squalling children.

Forty years later an old man, one John Blake, died at Falmouth, now Portland, and in his last moments on earth told this story as I have written it. He was the only one of that party of scalp hunters who escaped from the Great North woods. There is one trait in the character of the North American Indian that is a bright and shining jewel and should atone for his many faults. He never was known to assault a white female captive. He might rob her of her money or clothes, and might brain her with his tomahawk, but her virtue was safe in his hands. 'Tis a great pity I cannot say this about the white man.

The St. Francis tribe put on their war paint and immediately declared war with the English. They never took scalps and seldom, if ever, tortured their prisoners, although it is said that they caught some of the men that took part in the Massacre, and carried them down to the Grand Falls, tied them alive to logs and let them go over the falls. They soon drove every white colonist from the territory and a large war party went down the St. John River. Some English families had come a little way up the river and settled on the abandoned French farms; in one of the settlements the French and English families lived side by side. Since the scourge of smallpox and the absence of hostile Indians the garrison at Meductic Fort had been reduced to a handful of men. The big war party surrounded the Fort in the night, caught and strangled the sentry, battered down the doors of the stockade with a log and shot the sleepy soldiers as they

came out. Not a man escaped. They then burned the block house and dragged away the two brass cannons and sank them in the river. Then they proceeded down the river, shot the English guards on the walls of the Fort at Fredericton, crossed to the other side of the river and got by the guns of the Fort in the darkness. They murdered 25 English families and escaped up the river without losing a man. No French man, woman or child was molested during the raid. War parties crossed the big woods to the New England frontier and shot the settlers at work in the fields, burned their dwellings, killed the horses and drove off the cattle; and when the war finally closed the French authorities had all they could do to keep them from butchering the English. They finally agreed not to go outside of the limits of Acadia, but woe to the luckless Englishman who came their way in peace or war.

After the war had lasted eight years,, peace came again and France and England sent word to their colonies in America to call off their dogs. The Colonies had done the fighting on this side of the Atlantic. The brunt of the war fell on Massachusetts, and Phipp sent 1400 scalps to England and demanded pay for them. He did not get a farthing and was reprimanded for his cruelty. Some learned gentlemen met at Ryswick and after looking over some Colonial maps of North America, decided that each party might hold the territory they occupied at the beginning of the war; so the French banner was again planted on Acadian soil and the entire territory, Aroostook and all, was again under the French flag. The Acadians took heart and strengthened the battered forts, emigrants came by the ship load from France, the English settlers taking the hint that the country would not be healthy for them, packed up their goods and sailed to the Penobscot River in Maine and settled there. Some French soldiers in bright uniforms came over from France to guard the Forts and all was again at peace and harmony in Acadia from St. Francis to the sea.

The Mic Mac

In the meantime let us return to our old enemies, the MicMac Indians. We left a remnant of the once powerful tribe in the Tobique hills where for two years, under the direction of a priest, they purified body and soul with smoke, fire and prayer. As game was getting scarce in that country, both they and the Mellecites decided to return to their old hunting grounds. Word had reached them that the war was over and the hated English had been driven from the land. As they passed the old fort at the mouth of the Tobique they pulled their boats from the river and made a wide circle around the dreaded spot, and the priest, the only man who dared to approach the ruins, applied the torch to everything inflammable.

Chapter 6 Surprised⁷

⁷ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100127_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

When the MicMacs had passed the rapids and falls and again gotten into the beautiful Aroostook Valley, they found St. Francis Indians encamped there; a French trader was there also with a boat load of firewater and a battle between the two tribes was narrowly averted. A day or two later Chief Woolostook came among them. He was a queer specimen for an Indian and today he would be called a Temperance crank. He did not understand the MicMac language, but with the aid of the trader as interpreter, he gave them to understand that they were welcome to their old hunting ground, but if they did not stop drinking firewater the last of their tribe would soon join their comrades in the happy hunting ground; that he and his people were a deadly foe to the English and if they ever came to that territory again during war or peace he would help them slay them, but would take their part in no other war. He then retired north with his people and the MicMacs were again in possession of the Aroostook Valley. There was hardly a half breed among them now; they had either died with the smallpox or had gone as scouts to the forts down the river. Chief Odell had command of the entire tribe which numbered less than 300 warriors and in the whole tribe there was not much over a thousand souls. The French traders could now come and go when they pleased, and the deadly fire water was plentiful in the Valley that summer. Sometime in August there was a wedding and a feast; of course there was plenty to drink and a very large number of the braves were present and many of them drunk. No one dreamed of danger; the priest had assured them that there was not an Englishman within 200 miles. Let us leave them at their merrymaking a few hours and do a little scouting.

Broke Up Wedding;

The war was over and the warriors of the Mohawk tribe were out of a job. You will remember that some of them had visited the Aroostook Valley once before and most of them had left their bones there. Two of them had been mutilated and allowed to join their friends. One had been scalped and had his nose cut off. That man had not only reached his distant home in New York, but was now a chief. He had never forgotten the little joke the MicMacs had played on him one Sunday when they surprised and captured him near the upper St. John. As he had a little time to spare he gathered 200 picked warriors from the Five Nations and started on the long journey to the Aroostook Wilds. Up the Connecticut and onto the old French and Indian trail through Maine was the route they took. They were armed with the best of English weapons and some of them carried long, slim rifles, a new firearm that had just been invented. We shall also see that several of them were Englishmen disguised as Indians. The MicMac wedding party as near as I can learn was celebrated on Hardwood Creek about a mile from the river in what is now the township of Caribou. Like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky came from all sides the Mohawk war whoop and the crash of firearms. The surprise was complete. Many of the MicMacs didn't have their guns loaded; not a sentry was on guard. The French priest fell at the first volley also Chief Odell. The Mohawks then rushed in and tomahawked the drunken braves. A tall Indian with a patch of buckskin on his face for a nose seemed to be in a dozen places at once. The tall eagle feathers in his headdress and the necklace of bears claws, proclaimed him to be a chief. When he took off his headgear to cheer and whoop one' might have noticed that his scalp was gone. This was his second visit to Aroostook and his last, and he was having a gay old time. A few of the MicMacs escaped, principally women and children, and the hungry

Mohawks fell to and devoured the wedding feast. Then they strapped on their arms, took the trail of their fleeing enemy and the man hunt was on. For a week those bold warriors searched the hills and dales and dragged the miserable frightened Micmacs from their hiding places and gave them a dose of tomahawk and scalping knives; a few. escaped to the Tobique hills.

Start for Victory

The Mohawks, flushed with victory and fire water, decided to return by going up the Aroostook and down the Penobscot to the Vermont trail. They had a vague idea that the Tarratines, a tribe hostile to the English, lived somewhere on the Penobscot, but what cared they. Were they not 200 strong, and had they not fought shoulder to shoulder with the English? So they gathered all the canoes they could find and with some 200 scalps and other plunder started on their long journey. But pride goes before a fall and fate is a fickle friend.

Discovered

About ten days later a small party of Tarratines were away up the Penobscot hunting and saw freshly cut chips floating on the river. Knowing well that none of their tribe were above them they cautiously investigated, and discovered a very large party of Indians in war paint coming down the river. They lost no time in getting back to the Indian town near the present site of Orono, where they gave the alarm. Now the summer before the Tarratines had, from a wrecked schooner in Penobscot Bay, got a small brass cannon and a quantity of ammunition. They had also learned how to load and fire the piece and had it mounted on a big raft on the river near the village. The warriors were called together, warpaint was donned, and an army of Tarratine braves started up river to meet the invaders taking the cannon with them, and we may be sure there were some Frenchmen along too disguised as Indians. Remember that the war was over and it would not do for French or English to be caught fighting. At a convenient bend the Tarratines halted and anchored their raft. When from the treetops the scouts announced the approach of the enemy, the Tarratine warriors, concealed themselves behind trees on the wooded banks and waited. When the fleet of frail canoes came around the bend, the cannon roared and a heavy charge of grapeshot ripped the bark boats to atoms, and many of the Mohawk warriors were struggling in the water. Then the musketry fire opened from the woods and the Mohawk braves, the flower of the Five Nations, sank beneath the rippling waters of the Penobscot. A few reached the shore but were quickly run down and shot. When they were stripped and scalped some of them were found to be White men. The Tarratines always declared that not a single Mohawk escaped.

Loads of Rum

During the few years of peace that followed the Micmacs came back to Aroostook waters. Black Neddo (or Neadeau) a French half breed and a notorious drunkard, was their chief. After the Mohawk massacre many of the widows married St. Francis Indians, and as blood is said to be thicker than water, they were, so as to speak, under the protection of the St. Francis tribe. As their chief was drunken and quarrelsome, the wise St. Francis Sachems limited

their hunting grounds between the Aroostook and St Rivers and the Presque Isle Rivers of the Aroostook and St John. They were not to cross either river, and upon no condition whatever were they to go west or south of Quaguajo mountain. The Penobscots sometimes came far to the north on their hunting trips, but there were no English on the main St John to disturb them. But the French traders came frequently with loads of rum. The St Francis watch dogs took good care that no English trader came that way. The Catholic priests who had been hammering away at this infidel tribe had gotten them partially converted, especially the ladies. Some of the young braves had also learned how to lift a scalp, drink booze and spell cork. The tribe had greatly increased in number and the chiefs kept the warriors well armed and drilled, for the French officers at Quebec believed another war was at hand between France, and England. The Acadian colonies were prospering. Trading posts had been established at the present sites of. Woodstock, Aiiqover and Grand Falls, and at the close of the 16th Century all Acadia was prosperous and contented.

More Fighting

In the year 1702 England and France were again at war and before the summer was over their colonies in America were in deadly strife. This time, the Five Nations in New York refused to assist the English, and the Acadian and Canadian Indians swarmed down on the New England frontier like a pack of hungry wolves. New York was not molested and the savage hordes of Indians from the north directed their attacks against New England with such fury that for a time it looked as tho Colonial settlements would be driven into the sea

A Terrible Raid

In the winter of 1704, the snow being deep and the weather severe, some 500 French and Indians from the St Francis tribe crossed the highlands on snowshoes and descended the Connecticut River as far as Deerfield, Mass. The horrors of this raid can never be described by pen or pencil. For a distance of 50 miles the settlements were all attacked in one night. The sleepy and unsuspecting settlers were dragged from their beds out into the deep snow and massacred or dragged away into captivity. In the town of Deerfield alone, nearly 200 wretches were captured or slain; for fifty miles every building and haystack in the valley were in flames at once. It is said that the Indians started back with over 600 prisoners, many of them loaded with plunder from their own horns; when they lagged with fatigue they were branded with knives and when they could go no farther and sank totally exhausted in the snow, a tomahawk on which was frozerr the blood and brains of other victims was driven into their defenseless skulls; Wailing, half frozen children were snatched from their mother's arms, taken by the feet and had their brains battered out against a tree. One frantic mother who flew at her captor and scratched his face when he slew her babe, had a sharpened stake driven through her body and was left behind moaning and wriggling in the snow.

Wrote Friends

When the French and Indians arrived at the foothills at the range of low mountains which hem in the St John Valley, they had less than a hundred prisoners. Here they halted and invited the wretched captives to write letters to their English friends, if they had any left, and invite them to come to the St Francis River and get them. A few notes were written on birch bark, and fastened to the trees, and the war party again moved leisurely forward knowing they were now safe from pursuit.

Wolf Gnawed Bodies

A few days later a large rescue party composed of hunters and militia men moved swiftly up the trail. The scene they beheld struck terror to the stoutest hearts. Men, women and children had been stricken down in their agony and lay in their frozen blood with wide open staring eyes; many had been stripped of their clothing and wolves and foxes had eaten away their flesh and left hideous looking skeletons by the wayside. When the rescue party reached the hills their provision was exhausted and knowing well that it was useless to follow farther, they gathered the letters written by the trembling fear stricken captives and returned to civilization. A month later the bones of the victims of this bloody massacre were gathered and buried.

Girl Married Chief

Before the war was over many of the surviving captives were ransomed and returned to their relatives and friends. One young girl embraced the Catholic religion, learned the Indian tongue and married a chief. Years after when the war was over this lady visited relatives in Maine and Massachusetts. In vain her friends tried to induce her to leave the warlike tribe and return to civilization, but she returned to her Indian husband and babies and lived and died among her adopted people and was buried on the banks of the St John,

Another Raid

This Indian raid and others of like nature stirred the Colonists to make an attempt to exterminate the Indians, especially those at Acadia. It was first necessary to conquer and subdue the French at Port Royal and Quebec. The Colonists in this contest were assisted on both sides by trained soldiers from Europe. A year, or two later a large force of English and Colonial troops were landed in Acadia and a combined attack by land and water was made against Port Royal, and after a severe and bloody battle the old fortress, the hope of the French in Acadia, fell into the hands of the English. Other forts were quickly taken and the English flag again floated from Grand Falls to Grand Manan. But the French and Indians in Aroostook territory held aloft the banner of France and challenged the English to pull it down.

Port Royal Fell

The English hated the "French because they were Catholics, because they made friends and allies of the Indians, and because they were French. While English historians are strangely silent and brief on the subject of the downfall and destruction of Port Royal in this war, French histories claim that the French residents were cruelly, and brutally treated. It is claimed that the innocent farmers' homes were plundered and burned, their boats and fishing rigging destroyed, and the owners beaten and cast into prison. At any rate the name of Port Royal, was changed to Annapolis in honor of the English Queen; English war vessels patrolled the Bay of Fundy, and a line of small forts were built from St. John to the Grand Falls, the head of navigation on the St. John River. A great fleet of ships loaded with soldiers had been sent around to take Quebec; when this was done a big force of trained Indian fighters were to be sent⁸ against the St. Francis Indians from the St. Lawrence river. Another force was to start from the St. John and the Indians were to be caught between the two English mill stones and there would be nothing but a few grease spots left on Aroostook soil. Boats loaded with scouts and Indian fighters started daily from Fredericton for the up river country. The orders given were to; "spare no Indian big or little; nits make lice and by killing the nits we will avoid the lice." But in this' queer Old world things do not always happen as we plan them.

Surrounded

While a big party of the English were encamped near the present site of Andover waiting for the downfall of Quebec, and orders to strike across the country on their slaying and flaying expedition, they were surrounded and surprised by a large party of the despised MicMacs and

⁸ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100127_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

nearly all were killed or captured. A few swam the river and escaped to the fortification at the mouth of the Tobique River. Those who were captured were cruelly tortured and scalped and then burned to the stake. , A. few days later, the news came that the great fleet that had sailed for Quebec had been caught in a hurricane and dashed on the rocks in the St. Lawrence; that a thousand men had drowned and that many that had reached the shore had been captured and carried away by Indians. The St. Francis Indians now swooped down on the little English garrisons on the St. John, and a few days later the English were flying down the big river for their lives amid a shower of bullets from either bank.

English Kept Away

Soon after the war closed, and by the treaty of Utrecht, all of Acadia was ceded to England. The French flag was hauled down again and the dreams and hopes of the ambitious Sieur De Monts were under the heel of the hated English Queen. But the Indians in the north territory were still unconquered, and for years the English found it convenient to keep a long way from them.

Chapter 7 "War Knife" Speaks⁹

The Queen Anne war lasted 11 years, then came peace for over thirty years, Although Acadia belonged to the English by rights of treaty, it was swarming with French, and, Indians and the English, except on the coast, let them alone. Then there came another war between England and France which lasted four years 1744 1748. The capture of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island by Colonial and English troops was the only important event of the war. Our Aroostook Indians took part in this war. As the war was drawing to a close some agents of the French and English Colonial governments came to the Grand Falls and invited all of the Indian chiefs to meet them. It was true that the up river territory belonged to England by treaty, but they dared not go into the territory unless they could make a treaty to that effect with the Indians. The scheme the agents had was to let the English own all the territory west of the St. John River and the French all to the eastward, and let the river be the line and as the end of the war was in sight let French and English live side by side in peace and harmony. War Knife was now head chief of the great St. Francis tribe. He was a hunchback, with a deformed body, but a man of great wisdom and intelligence. On account of his deformity he was also called "Crooked Knife". When the day for counsel came there was a great gathering; the flag of France and England hung above the officer's tent while above them hung a flag of truce the white banner of peace. The Indians as per agreement had come unarmed. An English officer, through the aid of a French interpreter, laid his plans before the Indians. A French officer spoke next and sanctioned the plan. Then "Crooked Knife" arose and said in broken English: "You speak of de Frenchman's land and de Englishman's land but where is de Red man's land? Let me tell you where it be; on each side of dis great river, and if you want it come take it, War Knife has spoken." Then he folded his blanket about his shoulders and stalked away followed by his chiefs and braves, and the council war was over. The claim never was pressed.

A Scheme

Let me draw the curtain and let the Red dwellers of Aroostook rest for a few years while we look elsewhere. It is the year of our Lord 1755, and France and England are again at war; This time it started on account of the Colonies in the New World and was widespread. It is known in history as the French and Indian war. In it France got her death blow in the New World, and the English Colonists got their training for the American Revolutionary war that followed later. The French having been undisturbed for so long a time had taken heart and built

⁹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100203_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

a line of forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy and two at the mouth of the St. John river. The war had hardly started when an attack was made on Acadia, and the French Forts went down before the English guns like children's houses made of cards and all Acadia again fell into the hands of the English, and the flag of France on the Bay of Fundy went down forever. Then the big warships sailed leaving a strong guard behind to keep the conquered Acadians from again getting possession of the country. But King George had another plan up his sleeve; he decided to banish the Acadians from Acadia and give their farms to his own subjects; he would thus kill two birds with one stone, avert another Acadian war and give to the Indians in the territory their death blow, for with the French gone they must trade with English traders or leave the country.

Transported

It was the autumn of 1755, that two big British warships followed by a long line of transports sailed up the Bay of Fundy and cast anchor in one of the principal harbors. The commander of the flag ship went ashore and informed a priest that he wanted all the people from far and near called together as he had a very important message to deliver to them from his royal master King George of England. The church bell was rung and the startled Acadian farmers came hurrying in from all sides. The women and children were ordered to leave the church, and when it was filled to the doors with men, the officer got up on the steps of the altar with a royal commission covered with seals and said that it was an order from his gracious Majesty to transport all the Acadians with their goods and families to other lands. Just then the music of drum and fife were heard and five companies of red coated soldiers with shining muskets to which were attached long gleaming bayonets, marched up to the church and surrounded it, and the Acadians were prisoners. Said the British Admiral, "you have been gathered here today by his Majesty's orders; he has always dealt kindly with you and how have you repaid him? When all this land was given to him by treaty and you were left alone to become prosperous and happy subjects, you rebuilt the ruined forts and filled them with your own soldiers; you have supplied the Indians with arms and encouraged them to rebellion against his Majesty's subjects, and done many rather evil deeds of which it is of no use now to mention. Now the task I have to perform is painful to me and I am sure, it must be grievous to you, but it cannot be helped and I must obey the will of our monarch; therefore, all of your lands, dwellings, cattle, sheep, swine and horses are now forfeited to the English Crown, and you, with your families and household goods must be immediately transported to other lands, and may God grant you peace and happiness. Gentlemen, you are now prisoners." A few of the men rushed from the sacred building with shouts of "down with the English! we will not leave our homes." But they were knocked down and kicked by the soldiers and dragged back into the church, and the big doors were locked and a strong guard stationed around the building. Now reader do not think this was the only town in Acadia from which the citizens were transported; the same scene at about the same time was taking place all along the shores of the Bay of Fundy, but I mention this town, the village of Grand Pre, because of an event which happened there soon after, that had an important bearing on the history of Aroostook.

Pitiful Scene

A week was given to the subdued and simple people in which to get their goods to the shore. As all the able bodied men in the little village were prisoners, the boys and women harnessed the horses to the carts, and with tear dimmed eyes and heavy hearts began to draw the household effects to the beach, and the boats manned with English sailors transferred them to the transports lying in the mouth of the Gaspereau. And while the weeping Acadian' mothers walked beside the heaped up carts, the children ran behind with keepsakes and broken toys in their hands, their little hearts filled with grief. At last the week was up; the women took a last look at their humble but comfortable homes, took a faded flower or a sprig of primrose from the garden and hurried to the landing. There was a high tide in old Fundy that night and the officers were in a hurry to get away. Sails were set and anchors hoisted. A long row of boats were at the shore to convey the Acadians to the slips. The soldiers were many of them drunk and noisy and almost beyond control of their officers. With squealing fife and rolling drum' they came marching down to the beach with the prisoners. With jests and cuffs and kicks they hurried them into the boats and they were rowed away to the ships. When the boats returned, wives, maidens and children were pushed aboard promiscuously. "Women on their knees praying and pleading for their children who had been torn from their arms, were beaten and kicked and dragged by the hair, bleeding and fainting and thrown into the boats. More consideration would have been shown to a flock of mixed up sheep.

At dusk the big ships sailed; some were to go to Louisiana, some to Canada and some to Michigan. In the mix up, husbands, wives and lovers were parted. If a man complained that his wife and ten children were missing, he would be presented perhaps with some other man's wife and ten children, each from a different family. If a woman asked for her missing husband, the first man to be found would be led up to her and she was told to take him and keep still or both would be thrown overboard. Although the ships sailed side by side for 24 hours, no attempt was made to rectify the terrible mistakes that had been made; and the household goods were mixed up worse than the people. When the ships reached the broad Atlantic the fleet broke up, some ships going north and some south, and here we will leave our homesick, seasick, heartsick Acadians to their fate. They are leaving our shores forever.

Captured Ship

One little incident in this exodus I must relate, as it also hinges on Aroostook history. The night the English ships sailed away was dark and foggy. On the hindermost transport there happened to be a dozen Acadian fishermen; they sat on the deck in a bunch looking surly and angry, talking in their own language! An officer came along and ordered them below; they refused to move. Then he drew his sword and attempted to drive them. "Down with the tyrants of England!" shouted a burley fisherman. "Down with the English dogs!" The cry rang the length and breadth of the ship and a moment later captors and captives were struggling and fighting together all over the vessel. Completely surprised the English soldiers and sailors who were greatly outnumbered, were soon overpowered and securely bound, and gagged. A French fisherman then took the wheel and the vessel was steered into the St. John river. By the aid of a high tide and a strong southeast wind, the ship was worked up the big river 30 miles above

Fredericton. There it was run ashore, and with the assistance of a large body of Mellecite Indians was stripped of everything that could be carried away and the ship was then burned. When the ship was passing the fort at Fredericton, a sentinel thought he saw a ship under sail passing up river through the fog. He reported to a corporal, but that officer who had been celebrating a little, told the private that that was a sign there was mud in his eyes, and the ship passed unchallenged.

The next day the story was told to the commander of the fort. He at once suspected some mischief and had half a mind to send a boat load of his small force up river to investigate but he was a wise man and mortally afraid of Indians; if he should send half of his men up river and they were captured, a large force of Indians might come and! take the fort; and those Indians had a habit of scalping popple. As he mused he ran his fingers through his well oiled locks and decided to say, or do something about the matter.

Crew Prisoners

A large force of Indians soon collected at the spot where the transport was beached and an Indian village sprang up in a night. The English crew were turned over to the Indians. They numbered about 20 all told. One night the captives were led to a ravine about a mile back from the river, and the Indians had an all night's entertainment. The next morning several of the braves were wearing the red and blue coats of the soldiers and sailors and there were no prisoners to guard. Perhaps they were turned loose in the woods. News traveled slow in those days and it is said General Monkton, the commander of the expedition did not learn of the loss of the transport for three months and then he supposed it was scuttled and sunk at sea by the melancholy prisoners.

Held Their Ground

The Acadians who had thus escaped transportation, retired about six miles back from the river and immediately commenced to build homes. In this particular ship there happened to be many more men than Women, but the hardy Frenchmen took Indian wives and went to work clearing land and rearing families. The Indian warriors guarded them from the dreaded English. 19 years later at the breaking out of the American Revolutionary war, they packed up and moved up the river on to what is now Aroostook soil.

Aroostook's First White Settlers

At the close of the war, Queen Anne war, when the English changed the name of Port Royal to Annapolis, all the territory east of the Penobscot River was named Nova Scotia so you see, our historic Aroostook territory was part of Acadia under the French, Nova Scotia under the English, and later New Brunswick under the Canadians. We all know to what nation it belongs to now. The term Nova Scotia was not generally applied to the territory till at the close of the Revolutionary war. At that time the territory west of the Bay of Fundy was New Brunswick, which included Aroostook. Then Nova Scotia became the common name for the peninsula.

Deserted Town

Let us return to the deserted village of Grand Pre. The fat livestock and the hay and grain, the property of the simple industrious Acadians have been removed to Annapolis. The village is deserted; the doors of the dwellings are open; the church has been ransacked, the windows broken and the keg of sacramental wine has been dragged from beneath the altar, drained and now lies broken on the floor. There is not as much as a dog left to bark and disturb "the lawful silence. We walk the streets of a deserted, desolate town.

Longfellow in "Evangeline" while referring to the threatening ships in the harbor; makes Basil the blacksmith say: "Louisburg is not forgotten nor Port Royal. Many have already fled to the forest and lurk on its outskirts, waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow."

That was true some thirty of ¹⁰ the shrewd farmers fled to the woods with their families at the approach of the English ships and when the soldiers came ashore they hurried their stock and household goods away into a back settlement and peeking from the edge of the cleanings awaited developments. When the men were made prisoners in the church and the weeping women began to draw their household utensils to the shore they harnessed up and at night hauled their earthly goods in the opposite direction; when the embarkation was taking place in the harbor they were many of them watching from a nearby hilltop. So the big ships sailed out of the harbor with their friends, neighbors and kinsmen, and about 150 some including men, women and children of the ill fated Colony were left behind. Well they knew that when they were discovered they would be cast into prison or driven to distant shores so they decided if possible to make their escape.

Chapter 8¹¹

Winter soon came in all its fury; the snow then lay deep and the wind piled it into huge drifts; the cold was intense and the little band of shivering Frenchmen in their rude huts in a dense swamp, sometimes wished they had trusted themselves in the hands of the English. But the cold and deep snow kept snooping spies from finding their hiding place, and the Indian hunters, always their friends, supplied them with game and furs to keep them warm.

Priest Came

As the days grew longer and spring drew near, an Indian was sent to Louisburg with a message to a priest. The result was that a young priest returned with the messenger; he was a resolute, brave, energetic young man and decided to cast his lot with those people and if

¹⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100203_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

¹¹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100210_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

possible lead them to a promised land in the dense wilderness where their cruel English enemies would never dare follow. And he did. By divine assistance he consecrated the first burying ground on Aroostook soil, and his remains lie there today. Peace to his ashes.

The Escape

There appeared to be only one avenue of escape—if escape they did—and that was up the St. John, river. As the spring approached, boats were hunted up and preparations made to be ready to start as soon as the ice ran out of the big river. The spring came early. Indian scouts soon reported that the lower bay was full of ice and also that a big ship lay at Annapolis loaded with English families that were on their way to occupy the fertile French farms. There was no time to be lost. The party commenced to move their goods toward the harbor; two big skows were secured on which the livestock was loaded. Seed grain, farm implements, bedding clothing, provisions, firearms, tools, and in fact every useful article they could find was loaded into boats, and one afternoon late in April in the spring of 1756, after a short prayer on the wet sands, by the priest, the little colony set sail. Toward morning they steered their boats into the mouth of the river, and with the rushing tide passed by the almost deserted forts, and when the sun came up they were far up the river.

Wolves Howled

Then came the tug of war. The river was high and the current strong. There was still floating ice to contend with and the country before them was a dismal wilderness. Lines were fastened to the big skows and the horses were harnessed and hooked up to the tow lines and the first tow boats to ascend the river were soon moving up stream. Sturdy arms bent to the oars and paddles, while the women and children walked along the banks driving before them the sheep and cattle. Onward they went, and still on. Each day and hour took them farther away from the despised English, and they were contented if not happy. Sometimes the blue smoke from Indian wigwams greeted their vision and the Red men would come to the river and welcome them and give them venison and bear meat. At night when they camped for rest and sleep the great timber wolves would howl around their camping ground, and a strong guard and big fires had to be kept to save the cattle and sheep from destruction. When they reached Meductic they found the fort occupied by French and Indians, and stopped for a few days' rest. They were safe now for the English would not come there just then but they decided to go much farther up the river.

To a New Home

Peter Bear, chief of the Mellicites and some of his warriors, held the fort. There were also a few French soldiers there. The French officer claimed all the up river country yet and gave the Pilgrims liberty to make homes anywhere they chose. Chief Bear kindly loaned some of his braves to assist them and once more they resumed their up river journey. They passed beautiful intervales and tall pine groves, high hills and the mouths of rapid incoming streams; still they toiled on. Then great rivers came rushing down between the hills laden with driftwood,

and ice and foam and froth, but they did not halt. One night a sound like distant thunder reached their ears; a low rumbling, jarring noise that never seemed to pause; the men were awed and the women were frightened. But the Indians knew what it was and told them it was the great river leaping down a steep mountain, the great falls of the Woolloostook. They camped for the night. Their journey was about over. The next day at noon they came to the swirling rapids and pulling out their boats and went into camp for a few days' rest. They were done with the big skows and gave them to the Indian braves who helped them on their journey up the river. Nothing like them had ever been seen in the country before, and the young Indians were as pleased with their present as a bevy of Aroostook girls of today would be with a couple of city dudes.

Then came a delegation of St. Francis Indians to welcome and visit them, and soon after, Chief Crooked Knife came himself. He advised them to settle on a tract of land above the falls where the squaws of his tribe had cleared some patches of land by burning down the trees. This, after looking at the location, they decided to do. Rude wooden sleds were made, the kind known today as the "french jumper." The goods were loaded, and the horses drew the loads over the rocky Indian trail around the Grand Falls.

Land of Honey

In a beautiful grove of sugar maples about four miles from the falls on the west bank of the river, these hardy wanderers halted. It was on a spot in what is known as Hamlin Plantation today. It was late in May but the horses were harnessed to the rude plows and some small patches of mellow soil was turned over; beans, peas, onions and other, vegetables were planted, including potatoes, and some flax and oats were sown; along the shores the wild buckwheat was growing rank and beautiful; the woods were full of rabbits and game birds, the river was alive with fish, and they were far far away from the dreaded English. Trouble rolls off the average Acadian's mind like water off a duck's back, and notwithstanding the terrible hardships confronting them, They' were soon singing while they worked as they did in Acadia.

First Aroostook Church

After they had planted every available inch of ground, the next thing they did was to build a chapel. This was built by standing peeled fir logs on end in a trench in the ground. The bark taken from the logs was used to cover the outside and was fastened on with nails made by hand from old horseshoes. The inside was sheathed with white birch bark and the windows were filled with white linen cloth instead of glass. The roof was covered with' shaved pine splits or shakes, and the floor, pews and altar were constructed of hewn pine planks. This was built in June 1756, and was the first church on Aroostook soil. During the summer some thirty log cabins and stables were built, and some ten acres of trees felled. A tall grass called "blue joint" grew abundantly along the river and on the islands; on every old Indian camping ground it was found growing rank and tall; this was cut and stacked in the proper season to winter the stock on. The fall was late and warm, and everything planted ripened to perfection. It is said that the pumpkins grew big as barrels, and the oats grew so tall that the stalks had to be cut down with an axe,

and the onions, turnips and potatoes, were bigger and better than ever grew in Acadia. Bushels and bushels of the ripe buckwheat were stripped off by the women and children and stored away for winter, where it was ground in the same old hand mills that ground their corn in Acadia.

Taught by Indians

They had pitched their tents on fertile soil and the woods around them was swarming with game and fur bearing animals; but had it not been for the St. Francis Indians the little colony of woebegone Frenchmen would have perished inside of two years. The war between the French and English colonies was still going on and the Indians on their raids against the English of ten brought back plunder they had no use for, and this they gave to the needy. French. They also taught them how to trap the bear and wolf and, cunning beaver, and how to tan and dress their hides with the hair on; how to stalk the moose and snare the deer and tan their hides with the hair removed; how to make moccasins, snowshoes, canoes, hunting jackets, leggings and caribou sleeping bags, in which a man could sleep out under the trees in the dead of winter and never feel the cold. They taught them how to spear the salmon and cure the flesh for winter use; how to make bark cosseaux, and tap the maples and boil down the sap. They also instructed them how to care for, and properly use firearms and furnished them with powder, flint and lead and later they showed them the trail through the Canadian wilds to a trading post on the St. Lawrence. And in return for their kindness the French gave their chief a horse, a beautiful black gelding with a white strip in his face. Please remember that those people gave the Mellecites two skows, and Chief War Knife a horse as I shall refer to later.

Industrious People

The Acadians who settled in the St. John valley endured all the hardships that ever fell to the lot of early pioneers, but they did not perish. In 1776, the colony that seized the transport and settled below Woodstock, N. B., now came up the river and settled in what is now the town of Madawaska. The descendants of the two colonies are now scattered on both sides of the St. John from Grand Falls to St. Francis; they dwell in every Aroostook town and village and many of them go annually to other states. Their ways, manners and customs, are different from the average American citizen. A stranger traveling in the St. John valley today will hardly believe he is in the United States. In many of the back settlements a large percent of the people cannot speak a word of English, and their language can hardly be called French; it is a mixture of Indian and Acadian and can hardly be understood by a native of France. You will find there today, the spinning wheel, hand loom, warping bars and reels, and other rude implements for making cloth from wool and flax. You will see woollen, cloth artistically colored with bark and herbs. They are their own tailors, shoemakers, barbers and doctors. A few old hand mills for grinding grain are still in existence, and at one house I saw an old spinning wheel said to have been made in France and brought to Acadia and from there, to the Madawaska settlement. You may find there today almost pure blooded cattle and the French Norman horses. The original stock was brought from France, and so little have these settlers come in contact with other people, that the stock is almost pure after a lapse of 150 years. And the hogs Oh my! They

should have left their ancestors in Acadia, for all the long nosed squealing razor backed breeds that the Lord ever made, this is the worst.

In winter the Acadians use no setovers on their sleighs If more than one horse is used they are driven tandem. There is but one track, in the middle of the road;

Roosevelt Policy

There is no race suicide here. They marry at a tender age and from 10 to 25 children on average is the average family. Some of those people live to a great age; it is no uncommon thing to find them one hundred years old! I was at a wedding up in that country a few years ago; and a man said to be 102 years old and a woman aged 99 years danced a jig. In the church yards are crosses and monuments made of white pine and the inscriptions show they have stood there from 100 to 125 years. None of the residents will ever be barred out of heaven on account of their riches. The game wardens and customs officials accuse them of being noted poachers and smugglers. I am speaking of the residents of the outer settlements.

Minister "No Drink"

Along the river and in the towns the citizens are more progressive, but many of those do not speak English. It is said that a Methodist minister called at an attractive looking house one day last summer and asked the lady of the house if he might pray for her and her family. "O Oui Monsieur" said the dame, and while the good man was getting into position, the lady ran and brought him a glass of gin and a brick of maple sugar. He paid no attention to those dainties, but got down in the corner and began to pray. When he arose from his knees he was alone; the woman and her eleven children had tiptoed out through the open door and fled; not one of them understood what he was saying or doing.

In the last few years great strides toward educational facilities have been made in the St. John valley. Later on we will tell of the training school and college, besides other institutions of learning that have been founded there in the last decade.

Pretty French Girls

The Acadians that settle in the Aroostook towns as a rule are common laborers; they send their children to school and many of them are apt scholars; they soon graduate from the High schools and institutes, and become teachers, stenographer's, clerks, lawyers, doctors and bookkeepers. The Acadian girls as a rule are handsome. When they are educated and dressed in style, their fine forms, perfect teeth, black shining hair, wine colored eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips, with the faint copper colored tint in their complexion will set the heart of an ordinary male Yankee to fluttering. Many of them marry Americans and many more would do so if the religion of the two races did not conflict.

Jumping French

Among the Acadians are many unfortunate individuals known as the "Jumping Frenchmen." As far as I know no other race on earth are afflicted in a like manner. It is a nervous affliction and appears to be hereditary. Some medical men attribute the cause to the terrible experience of the mothers during the last winter in Acadia, and the ¹² awful nerve racking journey up the river. Many of the unfortunates will do anything they are told to do. Speak them sharp and they will strike or kick and they will kick. Men have been jumped into the river and into fires by thoughtless guys who wanted a little sport. As a rule they will laugh the matter off, but it is not something they can help and they appear to be much mortified when caused to give an exhibition before strangers.

To War and Back

The Acadians are a musical race and love dancing and amusement. As a rule they are undersized in stature, are dark and swarthy, with black; beadlike eyes. The Aroostook farmers of today depend upon them largely for hired help, and as woodsmen and river drivers they have no equal. In religion they are Roman Catholics without a single exception. At the time of the Civil war they went from Aroostook in great numbers and made brave, hardy soldiers and the strange part of the story is the greater part of them came back. They appeared to be immune to all diseases and would recover when wounded in a dozen different places. One may live long enough to see a white black bird, but he probably will never see an Acadian who does not drink gin or use tobacco. Many of them still raise and cure their own tobacco and it is a very fine brand. All together our Acadians, Aroostook's first white settlers, are a cheerful, happy, jolly, contented, social, honest, trusty class of citizens.

Chapter 9¹³ Indians Walked Away

Some years ago I wrote a sketch for a newspaper in which I stated that the first Acadians , came up the St John river in the spring of 1756. I was immediately contradicted by a man whom I learned afterwards did not know half as much about it as I did. When I talked with him about the matter he said he had read in a history or a newspaper or somewhere that they did not come till 1775. The histories of Maine and the Canadian histories do mention that very fact. This refers to the colony that seized the transport and settled below Woodstock NB. There

¹² http://marshill.advantage.preservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100210_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

¹³ http://marshill.advantage.preservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100217_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

were English soldiers again at Frederickton. The French and Indians at Meductic had been massacred and they were afraid to stay there any longer. They did not run away, they walked away with the permission of the Nova Scotia government that was glad to get them out of the way. They had heard from the Indians that some of their countrymen had escaped up the big river and decided to go and find them. Consequently history mentions their departure in less than a dozen words; says nothing about those who had escaped Acadia.

Hid In Caves

All of the Aroostook country was supposed to be a part of Canada or Nova Scotia at that time and for 50 years after and if the Americans knew of the event they did not write it down as they were ashamed to blot their histories with an account of the atrocious affair. But the French histories, some of them, in giving an account of the removal of the Acadians by the English says "Some twelve score remained in hiding in caves and camps during the winter and when the snow was again gone they were many miles up the St. John river with their cattle and families and made many homes in the wilderness east of Quebec where they lived 30 years without seeing the face of an Englishman. Manter, in his history of Fort Fairfield, on page 9 says "By the treaty of 1783, at the close of the Revolution, one half of the St. John river belonged to Maine, but at the close of the war of 1812 Great Britain claimed the whole including both banks of the river. There was at that time an American settlement of scattered log huts extending for twenty miles. The inhabitants were principally of French descent and had emigrated to that section when the English took possession of Acadia.

It is true that when the second colony came and settled at Madawaska, our first Colony pulled up stakes and moved near them as it was a much better location. I have talked many times with the descendants of the first colony. Some of them are very old and all of them intelligent, and they all say that the first colony came in 1756. They are the Cyrs, Thearaults, Bionnes, Levesques, Beauiliers, Pelkeys, and others. The last colony that came had the names of Du Boise, Al Bear, La Pont, La Flieshe, Du Schame, La Blanc, La Mere, etc. The two colonies came from different parts of Acadia and their ancestors from different parts of France

Captured Records

I once asked a priest if the first church kept a record? He said: "Certainly, but when the colony moved up river some 20 years after the settlement was founded, the church was stripped and the records were taken to Quebec for safe keepings." When I asked him if the records might be seen at Quebec he said "Yes," and if I had anything important I wanted to look up, that he would give me a letter to the keeper of the Holy records and that I could thus gain admission and seek what information I desired. When I asked him at what time that first church was built he answered without hesitation the summer of 1756.

Bradley Captured 1776

Newell Bear once told me that he had often heard his father speak of the two big scows at Meductic. , And John Bradley says that when he was captured and taken to Aroostook the Indians had a very old horse, black, with a white star in his face. This horse was the mascot of the tribe; and, the braves almost worshipped it. Bradley was captured in the fall of 1776.

In the spring of 1760 when the French and Indians were massacred at Meductic, the English Captives were confined in a prison of which two big scows were set up edgewise for walls with a roof on it.

In another chapter I will tell about Newell Bear and Bradley, and what they know about the fall of Miotic Fort; As Bradley was one of my ancestors, the stories and legends of the early French settlers came down to me pretty straight.

Contradiction

If the French settlers did not come to the St. John Valley until 1776, the above statements must be lies. I have told them as they came to me and believe them to be true. Unfortunately there never has been history enough written to prove my claim, nor the claim they did not come here until 1776. I have met people who have said those early French settlers came through from Canada and that there are no Acadian in Aroostook nor never was. Some claim that there never was any Indians in the territory because the French settlers were not killed by them when they first came.

Cruel Drunken Set

Let us return to the Indians. In 1757 nearly every able bodied Indian in the whole Aroostook Territory had gone to the war. They were with Montcalm in his campaign around Lake George and Lake Champlain and later participated in the terrible massacre at Fort William Henry. They were paid in plunder and nearly every Acadian in the little colony on the St. John at one time was wearing the uniform of an English soldier. The MicMac had degenerated to a drunken and cruel set of red ruffians, and:were ruled by a worthless set of French half breeds and disgraced French officers. Their word was.no good and their more honorable brethren, the Mellecltes and St. Francis tribes considered them a disgrace to all honest Indians. Their fiendish cruelty, greed for plunder and deeds of treachery while they were in the French army under Dieskan and Montcalm did more to stimulate the English soldiers than any financial reward the colonies could offer.

Driven up Tobique

After the war closed they again settled on the Aroostook river somewhere between the present sites of Ashland and Washburn. For a few years they amused themselves by making raids on the English settlements on the Maine frontier. Then they got into a row with the St. Francis tribe and were again driven up the Tobique river, Consumption and other diseases got among them and their numbers greatly decreased during the next decade.

Plunder Enticed Them

Strange as it may seem, when the Revolutionary war broke out under the influence of the English agents, they joined their old enemies, the English and fought against the Continental troops. Many of the Melliecit and St. Francis Indians were also with General Burgoine when he swept down from Canada. With his motley army of Indians, Tories, British and Hessian troops. But war had become the trade of the Indians and they could not resist the temptation and excitement to say nothing of the plunder and spoils that fell to their share.

At the close of the Revolutionary War a very large colony of Tories whose lands and homes had been confiscated by the United States came to the St John river, where they had been given land by the British government and settled. Most of them came from New England and were of good old Puritan stock, but they were loyal to their king and their descendants are today. The Smiths, Jones, Wrights, Gibersons, Whites, Days, Armstrongs and many other families probably left relatives behind in the United States who helped in their struggle for liberty and union.

In 1784, New Brunswick was made a separate province from Nova Scotia, and a provincial government was formed. The French Malcontents who had been hanging around with the Indians were immediately ordered to leave the country and most of them went to Canada. As the St. Francis Indians were still very numerous in the upper St. John country, and apparently all ready for war, the little Acadian Colony was not disturbed.

Raided Settlements

Now the MicMacs had a roving permit from the headwaters of the Tobique river to the headwaters of the Aroostook. The French had all but left them and there were only a handful of them now. The woods were swarming with game and there was a trading post at Tobique (now Andover NB) for their special benefit. There they could exchange furs for pork, rum and powder; but they were not content. They soon got to raiding the settlements along the St. John in the night time and driving off the cattle and burning buildings. Then those settlers arose in their wrath and organized a band to hunt them down. They asked no aid from the government, but took the law in their own hands. Some of them were old Indian fighters. They drove the thieving MicMacs into the Tobique hills, and after a three days battle surrounded them, and after a siege of three more days the Indians surrendered. The government then took a hand; their guns were taken from them and they were placed on a reservation on the Tobique river. Traders were forbidden to sell them liquor or gunpowder. The liquor clause is in force in New Brunswick today.

Houlton in Danger

The government gave them a small annual stipend and they had to hunt game with bows and arrows, and snares and traps. After a few years they were allowed firearms again and at the breaking out of the 1812 war; they jumped the reservation lines and came very nearly to

attack the feeble, little settlement at Houlton. The provincial government should have great credit for nipping the uprising in the bud; as it was a loyal colony to England. Blood is thicker than water. The settlers at Houlton, most of them came from New Brunswick.

Cannot Beat a Carpet

Well, the MicMac Indians, some of the Mellacites and a few of the St. Francis tribe are still on the reservation at the mouth of the Tobique. When they are drinking they still make loud frothy war talk, but the whole gang of them could not beat a carpet. Those who are posted in Indian pedigree, say there is not a full blooded Indian left in the little town. Many of them have blue eyes and flowing beards, that is the males do. They make baskets for the Aroostook farmers, and in summer time their camps are scattered along the banks of the Aroostook, of course, the Indian ladies come along to keep house and if any reader wants to get into a drunken disagreeable crowd, he wants to visit an Indian camp in the evening. Don't for a minute that the women making the money are [married to] white men. But the [illegible] are outnumbered. We [illegible] the tribe and race have already perished. Now only a few degraded men and women with a trace of Indian blood in their veins are left to represent this once noble dignified tribe, the early dwellers of Aroostook.

The Massacre at Meductic Fort

Let us return to the spring of 1760. Louisburg is again in the hands of the victorious English. Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, has been surprised and taken. All of Canada is practically in the hands of the English. If Montcalm had kept his soldiers within the walls and towers of Quebec and let the gallant Gen. Wolf come in after him, the result might have been different. Aroostook might have been a province of France but such is not the case.

Hartell a Drunkard

After the blockhouse at the mouth of the Meduxnekeag river had been burned by the St. Francis Indians and the little garrison murdered, it had never been rebuilt but a stout stockade had been erected in its place. Within the stockade were several log cabins. In the winter of 1760 this little fort was still in the hands of the French and Indians. Set outside of the palisade was a village of Malecite Indian wigwams. Peter Bear, grandfather of the late Newell Bear, Aroostook's famous redman, was chief of the tribe, but apparently a young French officer named Hartell, or Hartrell, was the ruling power and had control of the Indians and half breeds. Hartell was a drunkard and a bully and a fop, from what we can gather. Chief Bear did not think much of him. But the old chief's heart was breaking with the terrible news of defeat of the French, and he well knew the day of reckoning was coming for the Indians. In the spring he intended to take his braves and go away up the big river and cut loose so to speak from the French, but he decided not to take matters into his hands just then. Chief Bear, like Chief Aroostook, was a strict teetotaler and could plainly see that the white man's firewater was killing more of his people than their bullets, and begged of his braves not to drink the vile stuff. Hartell laughed at this and drank the more himself; thus setting a bad example.

Hartell and the Girl

Now it happened that somewhere during the summer, this young Frenchman had picked up two female English captives, a mother and her daughter. As the girl was a beauty Hartell fell violently in love with her and urged her to marry him. Accordingly he fled across the big Maine forest and took refuge in the little fort at Meductic. There, surrounded by 300 French and Indians far from the scenes of the hostilities he felt he would be secure til the ice ran out of the river, and by that time he and his bride would be on the ocean on their way to sunny France. ¹⁴Peter Bear did not believe in forced marriages; he advised the young man to return the lady captives to their friends as a peace offering of friendship but Hartell only sneered at this. One night she told her that unless she consented to marry when the spring came, he would first kill her mother and then force her to marry him. When he left he gave her a week in which to make up her mind, and at the end of that time he would come for an answer. Peter Bear had always been friendly to the captives, and when the frightened females got a chance they told him what the young officer had said. The chief told them that he thought the talk was meant to frighten them but if the worst came, he could and would protect the mother while he was there. As for the girl, he said that she was not his captive and he could not interfere in regard to the marriage. When the week rolled around Hartell came for his Answer. The girl told him she would never marry him and that she would kill herself first. Hartell showed his teeth in a sneer and said he would see that she had no weapons to harm herself with.

CHAPTER 10 ¹⁵

It was an awful winter and we are told that the snow lay six feet deep in the big Maine woods. In Gen. Amherst's quarters in the old town of Quebec one bitter night in February, a group of young officers were seated around a red hot stove seriously discussing a rumor that had just reached their ears.

More Danger

But first, let me tell a little story. The Harrisons lived on a farm at Oxford in the province of Maine. The son was a Colonial officer and was away to the war. Rumors had reached the little settlement that they were in danger of an Indian raid, and the smaller children of the Harrison family had been sent to a place of safety by some of the neighbors who were moving away. The father, mother and oldest daughter resolved to remain with some of the hardy neighbors, and guard their stock and homes.

More Scalps

¹⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100217_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

¹⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100224_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

Just as the sun was rising one morning, a band of Indians sprang out of the woods and a few moments later the men lay dead and the women were captives. The buildings were then plundered and burned and captors and captives headed toward the St. Lawrence river. The Harrison ladies fell into the hands of Hartell and were taken to Meductic Fort. Now an Indian, one who has broken bread at the Harrison home many times, comes through the woods a long distance on snowshoes and tells young Harrison, who is in Quebec, where his mother and sister are held as prisoners. He also tells them that there are about 250 men at Meductic, and that the gates of the stockade stand wide open and the snow is drifted deep against them.

Plans for Capture

As the young officers were discussing the rumor, young Harrison came in and with subdued excitement told the story as the Indian had told it to him. The young men who were tired of so long a period of inactivity, began to plan to cross the big woods with a strong force and rescue the prisoners. Finally General Amherst was sent for. He calmly listened to the story, agreed to consider the matter and give them an answer in the morning. When morning came the commander called the officers together and talked with them. He said that if there was such a vile nest of French and Indians left anywhere, that they should be destroyed or driven out of the country. He said he hardly credited the story as the commander at Fort Fredericton would surely have heard of force so near, and reported the matter. He finally agreed that if they would wait till the weather got a little warmer and a crust came on the snow, that if three hundred volunteers could be found who were willing to undergo the hardships of the long journey on snowshoes, he would consent, but Harrison could not take command; when the time came, if it did come, he would select the commander.

It was no trouble to get volunteers, A thousand men would have went had they been allowed. So one morning in March, I don't know the date, 300 men, armed to the teeth with heavy packs of hardtack on their backs, and snowshoes on their feet, started across the big woods with a solitary Indian, a traitor Indian as guide. Moose yards were thick all over the big woods and the provision matter was an easy one.

'Save Me'

Let us return to the Fort. March came and the days were long and sunny. Hartell determined the time was drawing near when he should wed and began to make preparations. Hunters were sent out and six moose and twenty deer were slain and dragged in, besides beaver and game birds. A day was appointed for the wedding, and every Indian within 50 miles was invited to attend the wedding feast. In fact when the time came about every Mellecite in the entire tribe was there. There had been a rain and the traveling was good on the ice. Six Indians were sent to Fort Fredericton after a priest to perform the ceremony. A big toboggan was taken along, on which the holy father was to be hauled up the river. Hartell carefully wrote a message in French saying that a French officer was dying in a hut up the river and the services of a priest were needed at once. As he could not write English, and fearing it might fall into English hands,

he commanded the girl to write "Man dying, priest wanted at once." And the girl wrote "Save me, I am in the hands of a tyrant."

Message Delivered

Only two of the Indians approached the fort; these fell into the hands of sentinels who could neither read French nor English, and were made prisoners in the guard house. The next day the message was given to the commander of the fort. He read it, and reread it, and was deeply puzzled. Little did he dream there was a hostile force up the river twice the size of his own. As there was no priest at Fort Fredericton, the messengers were released, but they had been detained 24 hours.

600 Drunken Devils

The braves that were sent after the priest were expected about noon. At the little fort, the air was fragrant with the smell of roasting venison. Four barrels of rum that had been secretly buried in the ground awaiting the occasion, were dug up and tapped. By noon the woods were ringing with war whoops and yells, but the priest had not arrived. Counting the squaws and children, we are told there were over 600 souls assembled. By sunset the Indians had turned into devils and were having a big war dance around the big fire. The captives heard the blood curdling war whoops, and cowered and prayed in their prison. Chief Bear, the only sober man among the crazy crowd, stood at the prison door to guard the hapless prisoners from the frenzied mob. But they were safe, and their prison was solid. It was constructed of two big scows, such as are used around harbors, set up edgewise the ends were closed by piling driven into the ground and the cracks chinked with moss, the roof was built of poles set close together and thatched with long grass; the floor was covered with bear skins, and there was an open fire in the middle of the structure. A musket ball of that day would hardly penetrate the thick planks, and no Indian would attempt to pass Chief Bear, drunk or sober, for the chief held a long knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other.

Peter Bear Watched

About midnight the drunken and exhausted Indians fell asleep around the fires or retired to their wigwams. The chief, seeing the danger was over, went to his cabin in the enclosure and lay down. Hartell, to drown his disappointment, had drunk so much rum that he was paralyzed at sundown. Peter Bear lay on his couch of beaver pelts, but did not sleep. He was probably the only man awake in the camp. No thought of danger occurred to anyone, and a sentinel had not been posted for a month. Presently, one of the dogs that had been snarling around the remnants of the feast outside, began to bark. Peter Bear sat up in bed. The priest must be coming! Then he heard a low, rumbling noise like the ice running in the big river; but the sound did not come from the river. Now it sounds like the long, low, rumble of distant thunder; louder, and nearer comes the thunder. Peter Bear sprang to his feet. He had heard that sound once before. He knows what it is now. It is an army approaching on snowshoes. He leaps out into the night. Yes, there they come down the stream, a long, black double line of armed men. Then he

finds his voice and the long, loud war whoops of the Mellecites resounds from river to hill, but no one moves. There is no answer. Then there is a flash and a crash from across the frozen creek, and Peter Bear falls dead, riddled with bullets. Hartell came staggering out and he is the next to fall. Then the invaders kick off their snowshoes on the frozen stream and with loud whoops rush upon the sleeping foe. Very few shots are fired but knife and bayonet do the dreadful work. The white men think of the long, bloody war, of fathers and kindred killed and scalped; of wives, mothers and sisters dragged into captivity; of the awful day at Fort William Henry and show no mercy. The wigwams and cabins are in flames, and as the dazed and drunken Indians stagger out they are pinned to the trodden snow with the bayonet, or stabbed to the heart with a hunting knife; squaws trying to escape, leading a child in each hand, were shot down or stabbed and the children slain and their bodies trampled into the snow. Frenchmen on their knees begging for mercy, and the right to be treated as prisoners of war, were bayoneted or had their brains blown out with a shot from a pistol. The carnage was awful and all one sided. The Indians did not appear to have the power to fire a gun or lift a hatchet, and death overtook them while they were yet in their drunken stupor. Only four of the English were wounded, but the friendly Indian was found with a musket ball in his brain.

Prisoners Rescued

The hoarse shouts of the English, the screams and groans of the expiring squaws and papooses, the light from the burning village, and the rattle of musketry, at first struck terror to the hearts of the captives. Then, as the voices came nearer, and they heard the commands given in English and the voices in the familiar dialect of New England, they knew that the long prayer for deliverance was at hand. Several times during the massacre, the English had tried to break down the door of the cabin where the prisoners were confined, but the solid hewn planks would not yield. Then an attempt was made to burn it, but the deep snow on the thatch prevented all attempts to ignite it.

Presently a loud voice at the door said : "Mother, sister, open the door and let me in! it is I, your son and brother!" Then the portal was opened and blood bespattered young Harrison soon had an arm around each weeping captive.

Ready! Fire!

Daylight soon came and then the sun in all its splendor came up over the New Brunswick hills. The dead lay where they had fallen, and the invaders were eating breakfast around the fires made from brands of the burned cabins. Soon a sentinel shouted: "Men coming up the river!" The men sprang for their guns thinking the soldiers were coming from Fort Fredericton. But it proved to be only a small party of six men dragging a big toboggan; they had stopped some 200 yards down the river and were apparently sniffing the air. They evidently did not know what to make of the pillar of smoke ascending from the ruins of the village. An English officer gave an order in a low tone and twenty men skulked forward and leveled their muskets at the little party on the ice. "Fire!" rang out a command, and the hills reechoed with the sound of the volley, and the returning Indians fell into their tracks.

Mellicites Scattered

The toboggan was secured and the two ladies wrapped in warm furs were placed on it and taken to Fort Fredericton. The soldiers then started for Quebec leaving the dead lying where they fell. The flower of the Mellecites was lying there. They were all good Indians now. Only a few families who lived in a little village a way up river escaped. The power of the tribe was broken, and when spring came they fled to the headwaters of the Penobscot river, and left their old hunting grounds forever.

Fifty years after, when the English came to found the town of Woodstock, N. B., the bones of the slain French and Indians were still scattered around and were turned out by the plow. They were gathered in a pile. There are people still alive in Aroostook that can remember seeing the ghastly heap of mouldering bones.

War Not Ended

The long, and bloody French and Indian war did not quite end with the fall of Quebec. Montreal was still in the hands of the French, and an army and fleet was being mustered to try and recapture Quebec.

In the summer of 1760, an English packet ship was sent over with money to pay the British soldiers in America. Its destination was Quebec. After safely crossing the Atlantic it ran into a fleet of French war ships in the gulf of St. Lawrence and narrowly escaped being captured. It was finally chased into the bay of Fundy, and bottled up under the big guns of the Forts of St. John. Some 12,000 pounds of this money was to go to the English and Colonial army at Quebec, and the rest was to be carried in some manner to the Great Lakes and other western forts.

Start With Cold

The paymaster, who had charge of the money, after looking at some maps, decided to make an attempt to cross the wilderness of Maine and reach Quebec overland. He had learned that the Indians had all been killed a short time ago at Meductic Fort. When told that the distance was long and beset with danger to men not schooled in woodcraft, and that there were still Indians far to the north, he said : "If three hundred Colonial troops can kill six hundred Indians in an hour, I do not consider them a very dangerous foe; my marines are well drilled and very trusty. We shall try it. " And they did.

About all the able bodied men had gone to the war, and it was with great difficulty that he picked up a few woodsmen for guides and pack bearers. When only about half ready the expedition started up river in the ship's boats. They were rowed by the sailors up to the mouth of the Presque Isle stream, and the boats returned to the ship. We are told that the party who started across the old trail consisted of 60 marines in full uniform, four officers and ten guides

and scouts, one of them being an Indian. The soldiers each carried ten day's rations, and only ten rounds of ammunition. When the overbearing Englishman was told that ten rounds of ammunition was not enough, he replied : "My men have their bayonets and I have my sword."

Trouble Ahead¹⁶

The marines, with jackets buttoned tight and belts in proper position, started up the trail, each man with 60 pounds on his back, four abreast, to the music of the drum and fife. The commander rode a big white horse and the poor scouts instead of being ahead on scouting duty, were trudging along in the midst of the soldiers lugging the heavy leathern sacks filled with gold. They came to the Aroostook and as the water was low, they crossed without much difficulty and camped for the night,

You may be sure the orderly time of march was not kept up long. The marines crowded each other in the narrow trail and stumbled over roots and snags, and as there were apparently no Indians near to be frightened by the orderly display of British marines, the order was given to break ranks and march at ease.

CHAPTER 11 The Indian Trail ¹⁷

The old Indian trail across Maine to Quebec left the Presque Isle river of the St. John at a point somewhere near Robinson in the town of Blaine, and wound back and forth in a northwesterly direction going between Squapan lake and Haystack mountain, crossing the Aroostook just below Ashland, thence to the foot of Long lake on the Allagash across the St. John at Seven Islands, and from there to the Chaudiere river which it followed down to the St. Lawrence and to Quebec. I have an old map before me on which the trail is so marked, and we will assume it is correct, or nearly so.

Something Happens

Now the trail was plain and well worn by thousands of feet that had passed over it during the six years' of war, and if nothing had happened the clumsy sea soldiers and their officers might have in time dragged their tired bodies across the forest and reached their destination; but something happened. While the soldiers were getting in trim to start the next morning, a couple of bark canoes were seen coming down the river. The occupants of the boats were Indians, and the Indian with the English party said they were a small party of the St. Francis tribe. "I'll show them what they'll have to contend with if they come near me!" said the pompous commander. Then the drum rolled, the marines fell into line, the banner was unfurled, and the ill mannered guides laughed at the display.

¹⁶ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100224_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

¹⁷ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100303_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Ambushed

The Indians, however, did not stop to see the free show; they hastily ran the boats ashore and scampered away into the woods. "Look at that!" said the English officer; "the Redskins will not molest a well drilled force." But the "well drilled force" had only marched about six miles when a volley of musket balls came from behind the trees on a hillside; the white horse fell dead and a bullet tore a patch of skin off the back of its noble rider's neck; four of the soldiers also lay groaning and bleeding on the trail. Again the drum rolled and orders were given to form a line of battle. This was quickly done and four rounds of the precious ammunition was wasted on the trees, for not an Indian was in sight.

A halt was called: The dead, including the horse, were buried with military honors. An old scout, one Zach Thomas, advised an immediate retreat, saying he believed the whole party would be surrounded and killed by the Indians if they advanced. "Go back sir if you want to," said the commander; "I shall advance and if those cowardly curs attack me again. I shall challenge them to come out and fight and I will teach them a lesson."

Thomas, a thorough scout and woodsman, who had been in the war and was discharged on account of wounds from which he had not recovered, took the commander at his word and went back. By skulking and traveling at night he made his escape, and some of his descendants are living in Aroostook today.

The Retreat

The little army started again, but the dove of peace had fled. Savage foes appeared to be hiding behind every tree, and men were continually dropping in the ranks, shot down by an unseen foe. In vain, the commander flourished his sword and dared them to come out and fight like men, but the stubborn St. Francis braves refused to obey. A retreat was finally ordered but the way was blocked. There appeared to be only one way they could go, and that was toward the north. The advice of the scouts was at last listened to, and the men broke ranks and took to the woods; but every step they took toward the north brought them nearer to the headquarters of their foes. After struggling on for days, this little band of hampered sea soldiers found themselves surrounded on all sides by hordes of whooping, yelling Redmen. They were driven into a cedar swamp near Madawaska lake, in the present township of New Sweden and made a rude breastwork of fallen trees. Their food was gone, also their ammunition; their smart new uniforms were in tatters, their shoes were worn out, and all hope of getting out of the forest alive was abandoned. One afternoon when the foe appeared to be nearer than usual, the commander ordered a bayonet charge; the half famished men driven and strengthened by desperation rushed into the woods. No enemy was there, but many of them fell from bullets that came from the tree tops. The end was near and none knew it better than the commander.

An Exciting Time

Now this commanding officer was no coward. With his little band of well trained marines he would not have hesitated to attack a thousand Indians on the open plain and be pleased to die fighting them. But this unseen enemy from the tops of the tall trees, this cowardly mode of warfare disgusted and discouraged him. He had an idea that the Indians had learned that he had a large sum of money and were hounding him to his death to get possession of the treasure. He was bound, however, that they should not have it if he could prevent it. He found a piece of parchment in his dispatch box, and, crawling out from under an upturned tree where he had been seeking shelter, he drew a rude map of the hills, forest, lakes and streams, and wrote a short letter to the commander at St. John. Then he called the guides and treasure bearers, paid them liberally, thanked them for their services, and told them to escape if possible and give his letter to the commander at St. John or to the captain of the ship that was supposed to be still lying in the harbor awaiting orders. He then took possession of the treasure.

Night was approaching; the loons on the lake were beginning to scream and laugh and the gaunt timber wolf scenting a feast was howling in the distance. The miserable men who had been sheltered under logs and windfalls all day, now crawled out and stretched their cramped limbs. The Indians in the treetops had stopped firing and the released guides were crawling away through the swamp like snakes all but the Indian who had been asked to remain an hour longer.

Hiding The Gold

Near the doomed men stood three tall pine trees in a row. The Indian, with the assistance of the officer, now carried the heavy sacks of gold to the base of the tree farthest north, and with their hands dug a deep hole in the swamp muck and deposited the gold. Then the Indian cunningly replaced the moss and tramped it down, no doubt thinking that if he could get away he would sometime return and get the gold. But the paymaster quickly drew his sword and as quick as a flash ran it through the unfortunate man's body and he fell across the pit in which the money was buried. "Dead men tell no tales" remarked the officer as he sheathed his bloody blade.

Discovered

But there were other eyes that saw the gold buried and also the murder. A scout named Sites, having mistrusted the treasure was about to be buried was lurking near; he had crawled away in the twilight and climbed a scrubby fir tree, and when the treasure was buried he was almost above the spot. Sites escaped, also the other scouts; they crawled out of the swamp in the darkness and when morning came they were at the Aroostook river and out of the danger zone. It is known that the master of the packet ship got the paymaster's message, but the unfortunate marines were never heard from again. Two years later Sites with two companions started on a journey into the big woods after the hidden gold but they never returned.

The chances are the treasure has never been removed and never will be found. Perchance some toiler, making railroad ties or getting shingle rift has trampled over a fortune

and knew it not. Near the log house where the writer was born a large sum of money was buried and lay thereof for years while the father and mother slaved and toiled to feed and clothe a large family; and a small fortune lay buried on their own farm within a Stone's throw of the cabin, may get space to tell the story later on in this little work.

The Last Act

The last act in the long and bloody French and Indian war was an attack on the St. Francis Indians in their stronghold on the St. Francis river. This was after peace had been declared at Paris, but before the news reached this country.

When the news got abroad that an English paymaster and his bodyguard had been surrounded and murdered while crossing the wilderness of Maine and a large sum of money was lost the leading military men of the English and Colonial armies decided to send a force into the woods to destroy the St Francis Indians.

Up The St. John

In May 1763, a force of 300 picked and trained forest rangers commanded by J Capt. Jacob Street started up the St. John river in boats. It was their intention to follow the river, carry around the Grand Falls, and then proceed to the mouth of the St. Francis, and farther if necessary. A month later some 600 men left Quebec under the command of Col. Jonatham Holmes. They crossed to the headwaters of the St John and spent a month making boats in which to descend the river.

Strangled Sentinels

Meanwhile the men on the St. John had met with a misfortune and returned. The water being very high the Indian fighters after several days of very hard rowing, had arrived at the mouth of the Tobique river. A big storm of wind and rain came up and the men went into camp. As the wind blew the tents down that were pitched on the bank of the river, they moved into the shelter of the woods. One morning when they awoke the two men they had left on guard were gone and every boat had been cut loose from its mooring. As there were moccasin tracks in the sand it was supposed that sneaking Indians had strangled the sentinels and set the boats adrift. Big rafts were hastily constructed and on them the whole posse floated down river.

The clumsy bateaux made with whipsaw and broad ax were finally launched on the upper St. John and the little army, minus a hundred that had deserted, floated down the river.

It was now August and the water was low and in many places the men had to drag the boats over the bars. They soon discovered Indian signs but no Indians. Apparently the Indians were fleeing before them, an old trick of the St. Francis Indians. Sometimes they would find live embers in the camp fires, but the wigwam poles were bare and the occupants gone. They finally reached the mouth of the St. Francis without seeing anything more terrifying than a few

moccasin tracks. The big village at the mouth of the river was deserted. A short scoot down the river showed there were no Indians this way, and the voyage up the St. Francis commenced.

The Physician Shot

Now, this is no easy river to ascend. They met sand bars, and rapids and waterfalls, and rounded oxbows and got lost on marshy lakes that appeared to be the source of the river, but they met no Indians; Still they toiled on. One night after they had waded all day dragging the heavy boats over a long stretch of swift, strong rapids, they came to a broad lake. They had no guide, for no white man could be found that had ever been on the St. Francis river. A map was consulted but no such lake appeared on the chart. A high rocky island lay about 300 yards from the shore and the officers, including the doctor, thought that they would row over and investigate. Night was coming and the whole country seemed deserted. When the party was about 100 yards from the island a cloud of white smoke puffed up over the rocks and a volley of musket balls came singing into the boat's crew. The doctor was killed and the other eight men were wounded, including Col. Holmes. Other boats pulled out from the shore and the crippled boat crew were soon out of danger on shore, but not another shot was fired from the Indian fort, for that was what it was.

Medicine Chief

A big fire was built, a heavy guard thrown out, blankets were spread and the wounded were placed in as comfortable positions as possible, but there was no doctor to dress the wounds. As the shades of night settled, a tall, young Indian approached the sentinels with his hands in the air and in one of them a white flag; seeing his tokens of friendship he was not harmed, but taken before the wounded commander. He carried a medicine bag and spoke good English. His head drifted of blue heron feathers and neck chain of rabbit's feet, showed that he was a medicine man and an important member of the tribe, in fact this was Boiling Water, he was the great medicine chief of the St Francis tribe; and later it developed that he was not an Indian but an educated Irish doctor dressed and painted as an Indian.

When he learned that the camp physician was dead he went to work on the wounded men. Selecting a probe and forceps from the medicine chest he located and extracted the bullets; then he opened his own medicine bag and took from it healing leaves which he moistened and bound on the wounds with dressed fawn skin.

"Boiling Water" Speaks

After all had been made comfortable, he addressed the wounded officers as follows; "The leaves on the maples are turning red and winter will soon come. The White Chief is sore wounded and must return to his home. Messengers are now in the woods looking for him, as a big ship has crossed the sea and brought news that the war is over. The white men can not whip the St. Francis Indians; not all of the great army at Quebec could drive them from their

forts among the rocks and on the steep hillsides. The land is theirs, and they will keep it. The Redmen do not want to fight now; they have had war enough, but if the white men do not return now they will all be ¹⁸ killed and never see their homes again. The Red men have ten warriors where the white chief has got one, they have guns and powder, and dried meat and fish; they are not afraid. When the sun has set three times, if the white men are not gone, they cannot go down the river, nor they cannot go up the river, and they must fight and die. Boiling Water has spoken."

"I have a duty to perform," said Col. Holmes, but Boiling Water stalked away and did not answer.

A war council was held in the officers' tent that lasted till daybreak, and it was finally decided to return to Quebec. The St. Francis Indians were left in peace for 25 years. As a nation they took no part in the Revolutionary war. In 1785 they were induced to move onto a reservation north of the St. Lawrence river and north of the Laurentide mountains between the St. Maurice and Batiscan rivers. Many of them, however, influenced by John Bradley, refused to go and lived and died on Aroostook soil. What there are left of those that remained are now at the little village at the mouth of the Tobique river in N. B.

¹⁸ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100303_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 12¹⁹ Newell Bear



NEWEL BEAR.

Take off your hat
and make a bowl
For there goes Newel Bear,

¹⁹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100310_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

The oldest person living now,
In all this country fair.
He was a hunter, strong, and bold
And chieftain of his band
When the first paleface made a home
In this wild northern land.
The weight of years is on him now,
His faltering step is slow,
For he played beneath the towering pines
Twelve hundred moons ago.
He cannot read the white man's books
Nor learn their "Golden rule,"
He knows naught of their "paper rights,"
He never went to school.
His education was to kill
The panther and the deer,
To catch the salmon in the pool,
To wield the knife and spear.
To slay his namesake in the wood,
To build the light canoe,
To cross the pathless wilderness,
Which few of us can do.
His race on earth is nearly run,
He soon must pass away,
What better will the white men be,
When they have turned to clay?
Up in this heaven of which we read
Perhaps we'll meet him there,
Stalking around the golden streets
— "Big Indian," Newel Bear.

Since the above was written Newel Bear has passed away. He was one of the quaint characters of Aroostook for more than a hundred years. While he seldom laughed or smiled, he was brim full of humor and could be very sarcastic. He had a wonderful memory and could remember events that happened in the 1812 war, and although he could not read a word, he could tell all the principle battles that were fought and who the commanders were, especially in the west where the Indians took part in the battles. He. was in the Civil war and could give a better account of the movements of the different armies than many of the white men that were there and have a common school education.

Mr. Bear and I were great friends, and many a chat and smoke we have had together; and from his lips I learned much that I have written in this work. Had he been a white man with a college education, he would have been a brilliant member of society and perhaps a statesman. Mr. Bear was a full blooded Indian. His father was a son of Peter Bear, the great and wise chief,

and was at Montreal with the French army at the time of the Meductic massacre. His mother was from the St. Francis tribe.

Bear Gets Rifle

Mr. Bear was not positive when or where he was born, but thought it was in the spring of 1796 in a wickiup on the Matta wamkeag river. He said he was a big boy when John Bradley and his braves went with the Canadians to fight the Yankees in the 1812 war; he wanted to go, but Bradley told him to stay and help take care of the women and he would bring him a dead Yankee's rifle. And he did.

Ate Beaver

"Have you got the rifle yet?" I asked. "No, " said he, I foolum away; I went to Old Town one time and see mighty purty squaw and I want her, but she nodder Indian's wife. Den I offer him de rifle for de wife, an he say, "take her, " an I bring her home; in bout a week dat squaw leave me an go back; den dat odder Indian have gun an squaw bofe." I asked him once how he accounted for his long life, and he said: "De good die young." But after he had cracked this old joke, he told me how he managed to retain his sight, strength and hearing, and look like a man of 40 when he was over a hundred years old. He said that the flesh of the beaver would make old men feel and look young again when eaten for a sufficient length of time. When he was about 60 years old he says he began to feel his age; he went to a beaver pond and camped and ate beaver meat all summer. When he returned he felt so young and energetic that he married a second wife. He was more than 70 years old when he went into the army, but passed for a man of 35 years. When he was 90 he began to feel a trifle old and weary and he again went to the woods and put in another summer feasting on beaver meat. The roasted tails and the oil of the beaver he said would almost bring a dead man to life. He returned again young and vigorous. When he was about 110 years old he began again to feel his age and he took his gun and traps and retired to a beaver pond on the headwaters of Salmon Brook and built a wigwam. He had just got his traps nicely set and settled down for a quiet time, when he was awakened from a nap one afternoon by voices up on the pond. When he went to see who it was, he saw two game wardens smashing his traps. They saw him and gave chase and he had to run, and to avoid being captured he waded out in the stream and lay in the water with only his nose sticking out. For sometime the wardens hunted for hfm and then burned his wigwam and blankets and went away. When I asked him if he was going to try it again he said: "No; when de country gitum so bad dat a poor ole Indian can't go ketchum a few beaver dat de Great Spirit made for de Indian, I wantum to die." And he did.

I had heard the story that when Mr. Bear was a boy he bushed out the road where the Aroostook now runs and I asked if this was true? He said: "No, me no do dat; de river was here when me come. If me do dat I do better job. I makum straight. Dat some white man lie."

Correct History

After I had written for a newspaper that the Acadians came to the St. John Valley in 1756, and was contradicted, I again called on Mr. Bear. He then lived in a little hut on the outskirts of Presque Isle village. Apparently the Bear family had been having trouble that morning; it seemed that Newel had been cuffing the boys for stealing his tobacco. Peter, his son, a youth of some 90 years, sat on a block in the corner crying and wiping blood from his nose with a wisp of grass. Paul, his grandson, was sniveling and bathing a black eye with cold water. Paul was a lad of some 70 summers. Joseph, his great grandson a kid of only 48 years, was weeping also; "me lick him sometimes when me git big boy." Joseph only weighed about 200 pounds. Lamore, his great great grandson, was also sobbing. Lamore was only 24 years old and felt sore over his whipping. "Dat ole fule pullum my hair and breakum my pipe!" said he. "I never stealum some more for him." But William McKinley, his great, great, great grandson, was laughing; said he, "by gee! dat good fight; grand daddy he don't teach me atall." "Don't cry some more boys!" said Newel. "Go look in de traps an find some muskrat. Mebbe de wite friend wantum stay to dinner. Find some rats an cookum an mebbe I find bottle gin."

Pipe of Peace

When the boys went out Mr. Bear took a black clay pipe from his medicine pouch, filled it to the brim and lit it. After he had smoked a few minutes he passed it to me. As I have a good stomach I was able to smoke the strong pipe and make the smoke curl to his satisfaction. This was a peace pipe, and meant that while the old man did not always tell the truth, he would do so now. Then he put the pipe away and said : "Who tell you de wite Frenchmens don't come on Woolastook before de big war when, de English fight de English? " I told him who it was. "I know dat man," I said he. "Him don't know too much; him head bald; when barn empty, barn don't need shingles; when head empty don't need hair." Newel heard his fadder and modder say hundred times dat wite Frenchmans come when de English drive em and took their farms; Newel's grandfather helped dem up de big river and show dem de trail around de big falls."

In religion Mr. Bear was more of a Spiritualist than a Catholic. He could speak his own language, also French and broken English, he never had a decayed tooth and knew nothing of toothache; his eyesight and hearing were good when he passed away; his mind was crammed with legends of his people, and he was well posted in Indian lore. He said the Indians came to Aroostook about 600 years ago, and were gone forever, but he made the prediction that the French race would some day again inhabit all northern Maine. He did not think this change would come by war or conquest, but by the French obeying the laws of nature, and by the American citizens disregarding and repelling that same law, in regard, to rearing families. According to the population the French children in Aroostook outnumber the English three to one.

Good Indian Gone

Bear died in 1907, and was the last full blooded Indian in Aroostook County. Unlike his grandfather, he drank large quantities of the white man's firewater, and smoked and chewed tobacco. Had this noble Red man observed the modern rules of hygiene and taken a bath every day, and brushed his teeth once a month, and worn clean linen instead of greasy flannel, and worn tan shoes and a hard hat instead of moccasins, and a coonskin cap, and had his hair cut once a month instead of once in two years,, and drank pure water instead of vile gin and chewed pepsin gum instead of the nicotine laden tobacco, and been allowed to kill and eaten beaver, he might have lived to a ripe old age but as he was an ignorant, unlettered savage, and unused to the white man's rules of health, he was cut down in in his prime, and we have no genuine Indian now.

Don't Amount to Much

His descendants are settled all along the Aroostook river. I am sorry to say they don't amount to much. They keep moving around from place to place; they make baskets, snowshoes, ax handles, and Indian moccasins, and sometimes the men work a few days at a river driving, or picking up potatoes. Their highest ambition is to get money enough to buy a jug of whiskey, a round of pork and a bag of buckwheat meal. They call themselves Indians, but they will compare with the original Aborigines about the same as a mangy cat would with a tiger.

Timothy Doyle, alias "Boiling Water"

Bold Irish lance from Erin's Isle,
What brought thee to this wilderness?
Did Indian maid's alluring smile
Tempt thee to follow steeped in bliss?
Or did some crime in other lands
Cause thee to cross the stormy main,
And cast thy lot with savage bands,
And never seek thy home again?

Very little is known of Timothy Doyle, or as the Indians called him, "Boiling Water." It is said he was a surgeon in Gen. Abercrombie's army and was missing after the attack on Fort Ticonderoga in 1758, and was supposed to have been captured. There is a legend among old Canadians that this educated and talented young Irishman fell in love' with a young squaw, the wife of a Pennacook Indian, ,and tempted her to flee with him far to the north where they joined the St Francis tribe of Indians. Another legend says He killed a man in Ireland and fled to America. He was followed but escaped the sleuths that were after him and joined the St. Francis Indians. With them he was safe as far as officers of the law were concerned.

Governed Tribe

That he always dressed and painted to imitate an Indian, would seem to indicate that he feared his identity would be discovered. He was; however, a very influential man with the tribe, and according to John Bradley, kept them from taking any prominent part in the Revolutionary war. When the tribe moved to their new reservation he went with them. That he was married and had children, is a well known fact, and it is said that in 1784 two of his daughters were sent to a convent at Montreal. Had it not been for "Boiling Water," the St. Francis tribe would have fought and died for their homes on Aroostook soil. But he, with his superior knowledge, foresaw that it was only a question of a little time when the white men would come and overpower them, and he advised and pleaded with them to go where they were assured peace and plenty and government protection. So with hearts filled with woe they packed their simple belongings, bade adieu to the old hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, and went toward the setting sun.

John Bradley

A widowed mother reared a son,
In poverty and want,
In a humble home on a rocky farm
In the green hills of Vermont.
But when the boy grew tall and strong
Fate beckoned from afar,
So he kissed his mother,
Took his gun
And went away to war.
And the widow Bradley waited long
For her son, her guiding star,
But he never returned to his mountain home,
His feet had wandered far.
A captive youth in an unknown land,
From home and kindred far,
He cast his lot with an Indian tribe
And married an Indian squaw.
And the mother died ere the son returned,
Neglected, sad and poor,
And Bradley lies in an unknown grave.
On fair Aroostook's shore.

John Bradly was born in Vermont, in 1751. His father was killed at the battle of Quebec, and the widow and little son were left with a few acres of land on a stony hillside and the hard, cold world. John grew tall and strong, but was never what we would call a good boy; he had a

fiery temper and was somewhat lazy. He spent much of his time in the woods with his gun and was a noted marksman. When the trouble between New York and New Hampshire broke out over the land grants, Bradley joined the Green Mountain boys under Col.²⁰ Ethan Allen, and when the Revolutionary war came and Allen and his men turned their guns on their common enemy, Bradley was with the company; but he was a Tory at heart as after events will show. He was with Ethan Allen at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and it will be remembered that Benedict Arnold was with the noted expedition. Bradley took a great dislike to Arnold then but he hated him worse later.

No Game

When Arnold started on his ill fated march through the wilderness of Maine, Bradley, who was an excellent woodsman, was detailed for a scout and hunter. It was the expectation of the officers of the expedition that wild game enough could be shot along the route to partially supply the men with food, but when the army got far away from civilization the wild game was not to be found.

Chapter 13 The Escape²¹

After a weary day's hunting along the outskirts of the advancing army, Bradley returned one night with only one partridge. Arnold immediately sent for him and abused him roundly, calling him a lazy, worthless loafer. Bradley, like all other scouts had but little regard for military discipline he talked back to the haughty commander who immediately drew his sword and fiercely attacked the young scout. Bradley, who was noted for his strength and activity, knocked the sword from his hand with his musket and when Arnold attempted to draw a pistol Bradley knocked him down with his fist. Aaron Burr instantly came with a file of soldiers and Bradley was arrested and securely bound to a tree. There he had time to let his temper cool and consider his predicament. A man had been shot that morning for attempted desertion and Bradley had no doubt but when the sun rose he would be shot down like a dog, providing he was there. He was determined to escape or die trying. A solitary guard stood three feet from him with a loaded musket. Outside in the woods a slender row of sentinels extended clear around the encampment. The night was dark and cloudy. Bradley with his great strength soon twisted off the straps that held his wrists and then unbuckled the belt that held his neck to the sapling. Then he sprang upon the sleepy sentinel, seized him by the throat, forced him to the ground, twisted the musket from his grasp and ran into the woods. He was soon challenged by the outer sentinel and asked to advance and give the counter sign. He approached the guard and

²⁰ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100310_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

²¹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100317_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

pointing the musket at his breast, fired at short range, sprang past him and ran for his life. As he had no cartridges, he threw away the musket and ran toward the top of a hill, silhouetted against the coming dawn. Soon the roll of a drum and the flashing of torches told him that his comrade scouts were about to take his trail. He ran to the hilltop and paused for breath. He had had no supper and was weak with hunger and excited. A torch was coming through the woods. Would those keen eyed scouts who yesterday were his friends trail him to his death? Not for whipping Arnold, but perhaps he had killed the sentinels. Fear seized him and he again fled.

He had no weapons, not even a pocket knife; no blanket and no food nor any way to get any. Behind him were enemies and before him was eternal wilderness filled with savage beasts of prey. He paused, listened and broke a club and trudged on again. He had only traveled a short distance when he was suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians. He did not make any resistance and was soon a prisoner, with his hands bound and securely tied behind his back.

Those Indians were a scouting party of the St. Francis tribe who were watching the movements of the army of white men. As some of them understood English, Bradley told his story and was untied and given food. Two Indians then took him and started toward the northeast. They soon struck an Indian trail and three days later came to a large Indian village on the Aroostook river. He was taken before old chief "Crooked Knife" who with his family had come to this village to catch salmon. The village was at the mouth of Salmon Brook, now Washburn.

Bradley said in after years that the old chief was the most inhuman looking mortal he had ever seen. His hunched and twisted form, scarred face, bow legs and fiendish grin as he looked the young captive over caused him to think his days were numbered. Little did he think then that that twisted deformed old savage would soon be his father in law. Bradley was however united and given food. There appeared to be plenty of game on the Aroostook at that time, for great trays filled with fried salmon and roast venison were set before him. After he had eaten his fill he was allowed to wander around the village. He noticed two other white men walking around with hands securely tied. He was not allowed to approach them.

English traders, greedy for gold or its equivalent, often came to this territory but seldom if ever, returned at that time. The Indians, under the influence of "Boiling Water" had about decided to stay on their own territory, but they did not want any snooping, spying English around. They preferred to trade with the French in Canada. Those Indians were not saints but they were more human than man tribes. They never did much torturing, but killed their victims in a decent way. At this time, captives they wanted to get rid of had a stone tied to their necks and were sunk in the river. This is said to be "Boiling Water's plan of execution" and apparently was a popular method as it saved burial.

A Dead Shot

Bradley, though only a boy, was a young giant, and in after years he became an old giant as many found out who came in contact with him. While not as large as some of the men

of that day, he was very strong, quick and supple. Instead of ribs he had solid plates of bone on each side of his chest, or in other words he had only one rib on a side, a solid, heavy thickness of bone; he had two rows of double teeth in front as well as back in his jaws; he was a swift runner, a champion wrestler and something of a slugger, as well as a dead shot.

After he had gotten well rested after his long journey and been fed on the fat of the land for a week, he was awakened one morning by an unusual commotion in the little village. When he got up, big fires were burning and the squaws were cooking while the braves were adorned with ornaments and other savage logs. It was evidently some kind of a holiday; strangers were coming and everybody appeared happy. About sunrise everybody went toward the river and he followed unmolested.

Drowned

A bark canoe came down the creek and into the river; in the stern sat a solitary Indian, while in the bow sat a white captive with his hands securely bound and a big stone tied to his neck. When the boat came opposite the crowd on the bank, the boatman rocked the canoe and the white man pitched out into the water, and of course sank instantly. A few bubbles came up, the crowd cheered, and that part of the day's sport was over.

The Same Horse

All then returned to the campfires and a hearty breakfast was eaten. Then Bradley saw a sight that surprised him. A horse was led out, a little old black horse, covered with an embroidered blanket with a string of polished clam shells around his neck and brass ornaments on his bridle; his tail and mane were combed and braided and tied up with strips of red flannel, and the squaws help up their children and let them put their little brown hands on the animal's nose.

Now the Aroostook Indians never kept horses for the reason that there was nothing to feed them on during the long winter, and had there been grass, they were too lazy to cut it. In all of their raids they never drove a horse home with them. They generally drove away the cattle and killed the horses. To keep this old nag chewing during the winter some fifty young squaws had to pull grass all summer. This grass was dried and stacked in different places along the river and when on stack was consumed the horse was led to another stack. Well Bradley expected at any moment to have a stone tied to his neck and be dumped into the river, but his curiosity got the better of him and he inquired about the horse. He was told that it was presented to their chief War Knife when the Acadian came up the river twenty years ago. Since that time good luck had followed the tribe. All their enemies had been conquered, game had been abundant and the whole tribe had enjoyed good health. The beast was evidently regarded as a mascot.

Soon a spot was cleared away and two young Indians began to wrestle, after the bout was over a strapping young Indian came and Bradley was ordered to strip and wrestle with him.

It was now that the homesick feeling began to leave him. Wrestling was a science among the Green Mountain boys and Bradley had learned the trade. He went out and slammed that Indian onto the ground as fast as he could get up. An older Indian came but was soon thrown. Then came a stone throwing contest. Bradley could throw a stone across the river, but none of the others could do it. If any young man who read this happens to be at Washburn in summer, it would be no harm to try that feat. It looks easy and some of the ball players have thrown stones across the Aroostook river, but it requires strength.

Bradley Won

After dinner the Indians had a shooting match and the Vermonter won easily. Then a tall Indian appeared; apparently he had been sent for. He was an evil looking Redskin with a front tooth gone. It was quite evident that he was the champion wrestler of the tribe. Bradley was ordered out to wrestle him and after a severe struggle twisted the big man off his feet and threw him. While the crowd was cheering and yelling the Indian jumped to his feet and struck Bradley in the face. Then something happened that was not down on the bills. Bradley lost his temper and in three minutes had the big Indian whipped. He had more than one tooth out after that battle. Bradley had noticed a very pretty Indian girl in the crowd. When he went to the river to wash the blood from his face, she came up to him and gave him a dandelion blossom. It was the last one of the season and one of the first ones that grew on the Aroostook shore. The feast lasted three days and Bradley had out run, out fought, out wrestled and out shot the best Indians in the village.

Married Chief's Daughter

Soon after the feast the old chief sent for him. He offered to adopt and make him a member of the tribe, providing he would marry his daughter. Bradley asked to see the girl and she was brought in. If the old chief was crooked and deformed, the girl was straight and handsome enough to make up for it. It was the girl that gave him the dandelion.

To make a long story short, Bradley married the chief's daughter and became a member of the tribe. The adoption ceremony was performed by "Boiling Water" who drew blood from the old chief's arm and from the daughter's arms and from young Bradley's arm and when he had mixed the blood and said over it some mystic words. Bradley was renamed "Iron Arm" and was pronounced a full blooded Indian. They were married shortly after by the priest from the French settlement at Madawaska.

Bradley was what the ladies of today would call a "strawberry blond" with light curling hair. The old chief was very proud of his son in law and the young squaw of course felt as though she had tumbled into a canoe filled with maple honey.

First White Settler

Two things caused Bradley to cast his lot with the Indians. He did not want a rock tied to his neck and was afraid to go back to civilization while Benedict Arnold lived, and beside that he was not sure but he had killed the sentinel that stopped him on the night of his escape. If he returned, he might be arrested and hanged for murder. So he remained and became the first permanent white dweller in the Aroostook Valley.

Bradley was Chief

Indians are great news gatherers and Bradley often got news from the war. His sympathies were with the English and he was much pleased when he learned of Arnold and Montgomery's defeat at Quebec. When the war finally closed and the greater part of the St. Francis tribe left the country; he gathered up all the remaining Indians of all tribes and became their chief. When the Tories came to the St. John river to live, he often visited them and assured them of his friendship. Shortly after his marriage the old chief died, likewise the old horse. They were both buried with great ceremony on an island in the river near the present site of Crouseville. Soon after, Bradley was waylaid and stabbed by the big Indian that he had thrashed soon after he was captured. But the big slab of bone he carried around instead of ribs saved his life. The blade of the hunting knife was broken off in Bradley's side. Later three inches of the point of the knife was pried out of the bone, and is still kept as a memento among his descendents.

Bounty on Scalps

When the 1812 war broke out, Bradley was approached by English agents and induced to raise a company of Indians and go to the war. The pay was to be plunder, also a bounty on American scalps. Bradley's company, nearly 200, was composed of the remnant of the St. Francis tribe, a few thriving MicMacs, renegade half breeds and a few hunters and trappers from the settlements on the St. John river. In March 1813, they crossed the forest on snowshoes to Montreal, and as soon as the ice went out of the St. Lawrence they were hurried to Fort Malden at the head of Lake Erie, where they were assigned to General Proctor's command. The white men were dressed and disguised as Indians and Bradley himself wore the headdress and red blanket of a St. Francis chief. All were adorned with war paint.

The Massacre

They soon crossed over into Michigan territory and took part in the massacres at Frenchtown on the Maumee river. General Winchester with a few companies of Kentucky riflemen had been surrounded by Gen. Procor and obliged to surrender. Proctor immediately withdrew his regular troops to Fort Malden and left the helpless prisoners and the American wounded to the tender mercy of the Indians.²² As Proctor, with the consent and approval of the British government, a civilized Christian government was paying a bounty for every male

²² http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100317_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

American's scalp, the unarmed, helpless men were tomahawked and their lifeless bodies mutilated propped up against stumps and fences. Bradley always said he was ashamed of the day's work but was not to blame as he could not control his men.

CHAPTER 14 Bradley Wounded²³

And this outrage occurred in the 19th century on the Raisin river in Michigan under the direction of British officers who were fighting their own countrymen in civilized warfare. After Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Gen. Harrison, with a big force, crossed the lake. At this approach Proctor and his mob of British and Indians fled. They were overtaken, however, on the Thames river. The western troops armed with deadly rifles, rushed forward shouting: "Remember the Raisin!" and poured a deadly fire into the flying Indians. The Kentucky cavalry was sent to head off the Indians, and while Bradley was trying to get his men under the river bank he met the horsemen, and the greater part of his men were killed. Bradley was wounded but was helped onto one of the dead trooper's horses by his brother in law and escaped to Toronto, then called York. In this battle Tecumseh, the great war chief, was killed, but the brutal Proctor escaped. With the death of Tecumseh the Indians fled in all directions. When Bradley's wounds healed he returned to his wife and family

Relatives of Bradley

Two years later he went with some Indians up river on a bear hunt and never returned. The Indians said he was killed by a bear in a trap, but his wife and family always suspected foul play. He left a large family of bright, intelligent children, and many of his descendents are living in the Aroostook Valley today. Some of them also live in New Brunswick; others have gone to western states. If it was not for being too personal I could mention some prominent Aroostook families that have a strain of Bradley blood.

Last Tribe Driven

Let us go back to the year 1783. The thunder of the war of the American Revolution is over and the map of North America has been changed. When the British armies were driven from the country, shipload after shipload of Tories gave up their farms and homes and sailed for other shores. Large numbers of them came to the St. John river; they founded the cities of Fredericton and St. John and settled along the river as far up as the Grand Falls. They also

²³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100324_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

ascended the Tobique and settled along that river for 50 miles. But none came up the Aroostook for by the treaty of Paris in the autumn of 1783, which acknowledged the independence of the colonies, the whole territory was ceded the United States. From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia and across to the highlands of the St. Lawrence was given to the province of Maine. In 1784 New Brunswick was made a separate province from Nova Scotia, and the map of the whole north eastern country was changed. The British government could give no grants to settlers on the Aroostook and the settlers didn't want any as the country was considered worthless owing to its location, not only by the British government, but by the state of Massachusetts. It was, however, supposed to be a good breeding ground for Indians, and steps were taken to remove the only remaining tribe of any consequence.

The Sturdy French

And how about our French Acadian colony in the St. John Valley? They are flourishing like the sturdy pines under which they have made their homes. They may have heard of the war, but as long as it did not come near them, they did not worry. They have been obeying the command of scripture to "multiply and replenish the earth," and are now settled on either side of the river for a long distance. No Englishman has been near them, and the old stories of the cruel English that the mothers used to frighten the children to sleep with are worn and useless; in fact some of the young Misses are getting very curious to see an Englishman. Then, as now, they were not very skillful farmers; then, as now, they had no great desire for wealth. But they lived comfortably. Their wants were few and they were extremely happy. It was another Acadia in the wilderness. They had their priests and churches, and a trail across the woods to the St. Lawrence, where a couple of bear skins would buy as much gin as a small horse could haul on a jumper; and if at dances and weddings some of their faces beamed with dirt and happiness it was nobody's business but their own. They married young and died old and full of years. They grieved at the departure of their old friends, the Indians, but many of the men had taken Indian maidens for wives and they managed to get along without them. The Acadian farmers did their own surveying, and a spotted line through the woods was often the boundary between two farms. The priest was lawyer, judge, spiritual adviser and often the doctor. As the Acadians are comfortable and happy let us leave them for a while and look elsewhere.

Explored

In 1790, the great wilderness that now constitutes the County of Aroostook was almost destroyed by man. What few Indians were left lived along the Aroostook and Tobique rivers. According to the treaty of Paris in 1783 as construed by the Americans, the upper St John and all its tributaries belonged to Maine, and with the land went forests, quarries and minerals. While the English sent no surveyors into the territory and gave no land grants they claimed everything but the land. English agents now came into the territory hunting for minerals and marking all the big, straight pines for ship masts. How they expected to get a pine tree over the Aroostook Falls

that was six feet through at the butt and a hundred feet long they did not say, nor what it would do to one of those trees when it went over the Grand Falls.

In 1794, commissioners from Massachusetts and New Brunswick, assisted by surveyors, ascended the St. Croix river, agreed upon a location and erected a monument according to the treaty of 1783. They then ran a line due north to the highlands. This line, however, was so imperfectly run that it could never be traced.

The highlands were supposed to be those in a line with the northwest angle of Nova Scotia and were the range dividing the waters of the St. Lawrence from those of the Atlantic. Those highlands came to within 20 miles of the St. Lawrence river and extended southward to the headwaters of the Connecticut river. This included all of the St. John river above Grand Falls' and its tributaries.

At this time this whole northern territory was considered practically worthless by both Massachusetts and New Brunswick. It was regarded as a frozen, dreary wilderness. It might, like the Hudson Bay territory, become a resort for hunters and trappers, but was fit for nothing else. Meanwhile New Brunswick was claiming the territory at that time down to the 46th parallel of north latitude, and Massachusetts was claiming almost up to the 48th parallel. In the winter of 1805-1806 the Massachusetts legislature decided to test the ownership of the disputed territory.

Plymouth Academy Grant

In the spring a surveying party, under the direction of Park Holland, was ordered to go to the monument at the head of the St. Croix, and run a line due north 50 miles, and then survey a township of land six miles square commencing at the corner of this township, they were then to survey a block of land 36 miles square. This block contained 36 townships right in the heart of the disputed territory. This great tract of wilderness was (known to early Aroostook settlers at Plymouth Academy Grant and was given to the town of Plymouth, Mass., The town surveyed letter D. Range 1, now a part of Fort Fairfield, was also given to Plymouth. The measuring from the monument was probably nearly correct, but the lines could never be traced with any degree of certainty. No pillars were set on the boundary and it was claimed that the corner stakes were removed and destroyed soon after they were set. Very few spots were blazed on trees and those were not in a direct line. In 1820 it was a mooted question whether the little settlement of Houlton was in Maine or New Brunswick. The highest peak of Mars Hill was claimed by many to be the boundary, and when the fort was built at Fort Fairfield in 1839, very many people claimed it was in the province of New Brunswick.

Found 500 Souls

Besides surveying Letter D. into mile blocks and laying out the great block 36 miles square, Mr. Holland and his party visited the Acadian settlement on the St. John. He was much

surprised to find a large settlement between the river and Long lake containing more than 500 souls. There was also quite a settlement across the river. The French people had run their own lines and the farms were all shapes and angles and the settlement resembled a crazy quilt on a large scale. Mr. Holland contented himself by drawing a zigzag line on his map around the settlement and called it the town of Madawaska. And the town lines are about as crooked today as they were then. A part of this old town is now Frenchville. Why Mr. Holland did not cross the river and lay out a town for the settlers over there, I have never been able to learn. This was before King Williams of Holland made his decision that the river should be the boundary. It is said that Holland drew a map and on it laid the whole territory off into six mile squares including both sides of the St. John river.

The party returned home by the way of the St. John river, and at Woodstock, N. B., when it was learned that they were American surveyors and had been engaged in running a boundary, and surveying land on British territory, they narrowly escaped going to jail. Holland reported to his state that the north territory was a beautiful country, full of wild game, lakes and rivers, and very heavily timbered. But the state did not value it very highly.

Just a Line

About Houlton In 1809, a man named Houlton went up the Meduxnekeag river about 12 miles and cut a piece of trees on a hardwood ridge. We are told that he made his grindstone into a wheelbarrow and wheeled his camp outfit through the woods. He did not know exactly which side of the line he was on nor did he care, but thought he was on the American side as the land was not run off into lots. He built a log house and moved onto his claim.. Soon others came and the place became known as the Houlton settlement. For 20 years after there was nothing there but a few log huts, and 20 years later it was nothing but a little lumber hamlet called Houlton. Today it is about as big as a village allows itself to get before it becomes a city. It is the Shire town of the great and growing County, and has already, furnished the state a governor. It has a history, and when I take up the Aroostook towns I shall fully describe Houlton.

Houlton in Danger

At the beginning of the 1812 war there were still quite a lot of Indians living between the Acadian settlement and Houlton. The little settlement was warned that a band of MicMacs in war paint from the Tobique reservation were in the Aroostook Valley planning an attack on the settlement. An armed force from Woodstock, NB, however, met the Indians and drove them back to their reservation.

When Com. Perry was hurriedly building his ships in which to fight the British on the American shore of Lake Erie, a young Canadian Scotchman named Ferdinand Armstrong, a ship carpenter, crossed the lake and hired to work in the American shipyard. The work was rushed with all haste, and tall trees standing in the forest one day would be cut and placed in a

ship for masts and spars the next day. Some of the trees did not have the bark removed, and it is said to be a fact that stubs of branches were left on the masts to be used in climbing them. When the ships were done Armstrong helped to get the big guns aboard and mount them, and then the little squadron sailed away and the next day Perry sent his famous message to Gen. Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are our's. "

Rotten Egged

Then came the battle of the Thames in which the British and Indians were beaten and scattered like chaff before the wind. The feeling was so intense in Canada at that time against the "lucky" victorious Americans, that when Armstrong returned to his home in York, he was mobbed and pelted with rotten eggs because he had been at work for the Americans.

Made Discoveries

Now the Acadians, when they came to the St. John Valley, in their dread and fear of the English, had persuaded the Indians to spread the story that the valley in which they lived was surrounded by high, impassable mountain ranges, while the river, the only gateway to the valley, fell over a steep mountain side. This yarn was partially true for the Grand Falls barred all progress up river. Well, the story got into Canada that it was the Aroostook Valley that was hemmed in by tall, snow covered mountains, and the river that afforded the only approach to the forbidden land ran down a steep hill for a mile. Armstrong decided to shake the dust of Upper Canada off his feet and go elsewhere. He had heard of this wonderful Aroostook land where the moose and deer sported in droves, and where the pine trees grew so tall their tops tore the clouds to pieces as they passed over, and he decided to try and find a pass in the mountains and get into this enchanted valley. One day he ran into an Indian who told him there was a wounded man in the hospital who could tell him all about Aroostook for he lived there. But Yankee sympathizers were not wanted around the hospital, and it was a month before the wounded man was able to get out. Then the Indian introduced Armstrong to John Bradley.

Bradley was somewhat jealous of strangers, but after he became²⁴ a little acquainted with Armstrong he took a liking to him, and told him all about Aroostook and how to get there; and in the spring of 1816, Ferdinand Armstrong and Jonathan Parks crossed the big woods on the old Indian trail from Quebec and explored the Aroostook river from the falls to the Munsungun lake. In the fall they went home again, but soon returned, and became permanent citizens.

²⁴ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100324_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Ribbed Timber

About this time there was a great demand in England for pine timber. It was hewn into squares and floated to the nearest seaport. Large quantities of it was then made on the St. John and shipped to England where it was sawed up into boards and dealt with whipsaws by hand. Why pine logs were not as good as pine timber I have never been informed. The timber was sold by the ton, had to be perfectly free from knots or rot, and hewn in a style known to timber makers as "ribbed." A timber ax was made curving on the edge and when it was driven down through the wood it would leave a perpendicular concave groove. This, it was claimed, left air spaces between the sticks of timber on the shipboard, and kept it from moulding. If there was a hole in the butt of a stick of timber as big as a pig's tail, it was condemned and thrown away. In making a stick of timber about one third of the log was hewn off and wasted.

CHAPTER 15²⁵

The settlers on the St. John all went to making pine timber. Now there were groves and groves of pine in New Brunswick. The hills and valleys were covered with pine trees, but they were not like the Aroostook pine. They did not grow as large; many of them were wide and did not hew as easily; the sap was thicker and some of the butts were rotten and shaky; they did not float as lightly on the water..

Big Pine Sticks

It was the rule in buying pine timber, the bigger the stick the more per ton. To illustrate: If a stick four feet square would sell for \$2.00 per ton, a stick five feet square would sell for perhaps \$3.00 per ton, and if it was only three feet square it would sell for less. A ton of timber contains 40 cubic feet; a stick 40 feet long that would square three feet contained nine tons; a stick the same length four feet square would scale 16 tons, and a stick five feet square would contain 25 tons. Sticks of the latter dimensions were seldom found and brought a fancy price, but it is said not a few 25 ton sticks have been made on Aroostook soil. In 1820 big timber went up to \$5.00 per ton delivered in St John. So it was the big, straight, sound, pines that were wanted, and the biggest, and tallest and best, grew in the Aroostook Valley and around the Fish river lakes. The timber dealers at St. John soon became familiar with this timber, and like the Aroostook potatoes of today, it commanded a higher price on the market. It was of a pure amber color with a coarser grain and lighter in weight than other timber. The people of New Brunswick were stricken with a fever that nothing but mammoth pines could cure and laid claim to beautiful Aroostook.

²⁵ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100331_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

It will be noticed that they did no surveying and no land grants were given. This plainly showed that the English government knew well enough that the territory legally belonged to the province of Maine, but that it might be won some day by a bluff and all would be well. It was a fine chance to steal timber anyway, and our Provincial cousins improved it.

After Pine Timber

When Armstrong and Parks came to Aroostook in 1816, they found a few squatters settled along the river. They did not claim to be regular settlers, but had built a few cabins and claimed they had brought their wives and families along to do the cooking and washing, while they made timber. They were all from New Brunswick, claimed the whole territory, and recognized no authority except that emanating from the Aroostook crown. They appeared to be an overbearing, unsocial class, and apparently didn't like the idea of strangers snooping around. Since the day Armstrong had been pelted with decayed eggs by infuriated Canadians, he had sided with the Yankees, and for years after he became a resident; he was the only one on the river who favored American possession. At the time of the bloodless Aroostook war which came later, he and his family did everything possibly to assist the Americans.

Permit to Cut

In the spring of 1817, Armstrong and Parks and a few other adventures came again to Aroostook. This time they came to make timber. They came across the woods from Montreal and at Norridgewock bought a yoke of oxen, which they drove along the trail till they struck the Penobscot river. They then followed up the river till they came to the headwaters of the Aroostook which they followed down. On a rude sled drawn by the oxen, they had lashed fast their camp outfit. Much of the way they had to cut a road through the woods. They had communicated with the Massachusetts land agent at Portland, and so little value did that gentleman put on the great pines, that he gave them permission to select and cut all the trees that they wanted for a shilling a tree, and take their word for the number cut when they came to settle. As no one had ever asked for liberty to pay stumpage before, the agent probably thought that the world was coming to an end. When they had descended the river as far as the mouth of the Presque Isle, they camped and commenced operations. The Provincials had never molested the big pines marked with the broad arrow, but those were the first trees the Armstrong party felled and made into timber. Some of those great trees made timber five feet square.

Constable was Afraid

A squatter named Morris lived near. He came and told them that they were just the same as in prison. They told him the Massachusetts government didn't say so. But Morris did not know what they meant. He, however, hurried to Woodstock and notified the authorities that some Yankees were over on the Aroostook cutting down all the King's trees. About a week later, a constable and half a dozen men appeared; they seized the timber and proceeded to arrest the men. The newcomers did not care to be arrested, and asked what right a New Brunswick officer had to arrest men who were minding their own business on American soil. The constable said that the Americans did not claim it. Then Parks showed him the land agent's letter. The constable read it carefully, scratched his head and looked at the trespassers, as they were all big men and appeared ready to fight, he decided not to take them to jail that day, and the matter ended then and there.

Floated the Timber

The summer of 1817, was a wet one and late in September a big rain came and raised the river, bank high. Armstrong and his comrades traded their oxen with Morris for a bateau, and got into it and followed their timber to Fredericton. Timber was high and theirs was large and well hewn, and so well did it sell that each man received over four hundred dollars in gold. As wages then were only about \$12.00 per month, they felt well satisfied with their summer's work.

First White Child Born In Aroostook

They had found a great timber country, but they kept still about it. When people asked about the country they told them it was a wretched hole; they intended to come back, and Armstrong and Parks did come, and lived and died on the Aroostook. The others, however, went to Ohio and took farms. In the spring of 1820, Armstrong returned with a wife, they went to housekeeping on Bradley's island above the Presque Isle stream and lived there two years. In the fall of 1822, a girl baby was born to them, and was positively the first white child born in the Aroostook Valley. Now there were babies on Aroostook at that time, some of them three or four years old and their parents were living there, but the children were born at Tobique, N. B., or some other place on the St. John river. There were no doctors or other medical aid on Aroostook, and when a critical time approached, the squatters' wives would return to their mothers, but Catherine Armstrong was born on an island in the Aroostook river in September 1822, and John Bradley's widow was the medical attendant. In 1850, Miss Armstrong, married James Ashby, and moved with him onto a farm in Fort Fairfield where she lived for 50 years.

The next spring Armstrong moved down river some 10 miles to an intervale, now known as the Armstrong Flat near Parkhurst Siding, so called today. This location was on the east side of the river, and when the country was resurveyed it was in Letter G. Range 2, and later became Maysville and is now a part of the township of Presque Isle.

We have seen that the big marked pine were first attacked by Armstrong and his party in the summer of 1817. At the close of the year 1821 not one of those trees were left standing between the Woolastook and Meduxnekeag, and Armstrong got the blame for cutting them all. So quickly had those great trees been removed, that in 1825 it was hard work to find a tree anywhere that would make a ten ton stick of timber. The smaller ones were then taken and the stealing and plundering was kept up till the outbreak of the Aroostook war. Not one of those towering pines are standing today. Men can, in the future, if they choose, erect tall monuments and obelisk of stone or iron on the banks of Aroostook's lakes and rivers, but no power on earth can replace those giant pines they are gone forever.

Beautiful Scenery

Anyone who has never seen one of those monster trees, have no idea what they were like. Some years ago I was up in the Allagash country with an Acadian named Martel, cruising for a chance to build camps and cut spruce logs; In cruising a man occasionally climbs a tall tree and takes observations from the top. While crossing a hardwood ridge we came to one of those great pines. It was diseased, having what lumbermen call a "conk," or it would have been taken for timber. As no logs had yet been cut in that locality it was still standing. Some great stumps nearby indicated that its mates had been stolen half a century before. This tree must have been more than seven feet in diameter and at least 200 feet high. We stopped to look at it and I told Martel I was going to climb it. He advised me to climb a smaller tree, but I wanted, boy fashion, to climb that one. I strapped on my climbing irons, and with arms extended wide and my fingertips inserted in the creases in the rough bark, I crawled upward. Up, up I climbed and was soon a hundred feet high among the branches and above all other trees in the woods. Still I climbed upward till I got to where the tree was no bigger than a stove pipe. It was a hot, close day in August, but up there at that height there was a cool breeze, and the great tree was swaying back and forth. I looked around me; far below lay the great treetops of the great forest; beech, birch and maple, each variety a different shade of green scattered pines, single or in groups, reared their heads far above the other specimens. In the distance was a thousand acres of blue green spruce, and beyond that was a swamp of pea green cedar. Other conifers, the fir, hemlock and tamarack, were standing in groves, each a different shade of green. All over the forest I could see the steely gleam of water in river and lake, and dead patches of timber where the beaver dams had backed up the water and killed the trees. Almost at my feet lay a gem of a lake in which two moose were wading and eating lily pads and away to the east Mars Hill mountain lay like a thunder head, apparently on the very edge of the world.

A voice from below awoke me from my dream; I looked down and in a glade of the forest stood a man apparently about two feet tall. It was Martel. "Going to stay up dar all night?" he said. I came down and told him of the beautiful scenery all around us. "I'd rather see a plate of beans just now den all de d—d scenery on de Allagash," he replied; soon after we camped for the night and feasted on crackers and pork.

Considered Worthless

Let us see what the first Aroostook white settlers had to contend with. Before Maine became a State we see there was a large and thriving French Colony on the St. John and a feeble English settlement on the present site of Houlton and a few squatters on the Aroostook from the present site of Washburn to the Aroostook Falls. Massachusetts regarded the northern part of the province of Maine a dreary frozen wilderness filled with wild beasts and savage men. The authorities counted the whole country worthless. In 1820 Maine became a State and the Aroostook territory was a part of Penobscot and Washington counties, unsurveyed and unexplored welnigh say and considered almost worthless, for the rivers all ran to the St. John and the timber and other lumber growing so abundantly on the territory could not be got to an American market.

First Farming

For years after the first settlers came to Aroostook no attempt was made to clear or cultivate the land. Flour, pork, beans, molasses and rum was brought up the St. John river and hauled on sleds across into Maine. Game and fish were abundant everywhere. The cry was the country was frosty. The alders had been cut from some of the intervalles and islands, and the bluejoint grass that grew breast high was cut and stacked for winter use. Meanwhile the Acadian settlement farther north was raising buckwheat, oats, barley, peas, beans, potatoes, flax, tobacco and all kinds of garden truck, also children.

Rooster Bald "Turn Out"

The Aroostook settlers lived far apart. At the mouth of the brooks on each side of the river they built their log cabins and stables; the roofs were covered with splits held in place by logs and stones, for nails were scarce as they were then made by hand, one at a time. There were not many sawmills in the country until after the Aroostook war. The whipsaw and the broad ax produced what boards and plank the settlers were obliged to have. A pile of boughs in a corner with a blanket and a bearskin made a good bed, blocks of wood were used for chairs; there were no such things as stoves, open fires in chimneys built of rocks and mud from brook or river with cat stick tops were in every cabin. Watches and clocks were unknown. In winter when a timber maker wanted to rise early, the rooster was brought in from the stable and placed on a pole erected on purpose in the chimney corner. As morning approached the bird would crow, and awaken the inmates of the cabin who would arise from their bough beds. While the men attended to the teams the wife would bake hot biscuit in a tin baker and fry pork and deer meat over the open fire in a frying pan with a handle six feet long. After breakfast the rooster would be fed and put back with the hens.

Pine Torches and "Sluts"

Matches were then unknown in the backwoods. During the winter,²⁶ the fire in the big stone fireplace never went out and in summer flint, steel and tinder or punk from a maple tree were used to kindle fires or light pipes. For lights there was the firelight, pitch Dine torches, tallow candles and a contrivance known as a "slut" consisting of a dish of grease with a rag in it for a wick; this latter affair gave about as much light as a white bean. The lanterns the men had to use around the stables were made of tin, generally in the form of a cylinder and cut full of holes; a piece of tallow candle lighted and put inside gave a little light on the inside of the lantern, but very little could get out unless the tin door was open, and then the least little wind would blow it out and leave the bearer in the dark.

Chapter 16 Wolf Traps²⁷

All of the men and many of the women smoked black, clay pipes. Red flannel, wool and a yard wide, in those days was worn by men, women and children. On account of the wolves, sheep could not be kept for years, but after the country was cleared up a little, sheep folds were built and by putting bells on the sheep they were allowed to run at large in the daytime, but were securely housed at night. Wolf traps were built of logs as follows: Four logs each about 20 feet long were first placed on the ground with angles at the corners as in the beginning of a log building. Then the structure was built with logs eight or ten feet high being drawn in toward the top as it was built up; at the top the aperture would perhaps be ten feet square. A live sheep would then be carried to the top of the trap and dropped down in. The trap was of course built back in the woods, and when night came the bleating of the sheep would call the wolves and they would run to the top and jump down, but could not get out. Perhaps a dozen would be caught in one trap in a single night. Strange as it may seem the sheep would remain unmolested. In the morning, the timbermaker would take down his old flintlock Queen Anne musket and go to the trap; it took a handful of powder to load one of those guns and the balls were generally moulded in the bowl of a T. D. pipe. If the gun was good and rusty, it would knock the man over when it was discharged. But the timbermakers were used to hard knocks and would immediately get up and load up and shoot another wolf. Wolf pelts in those days sold for \$1.00 each.

Spinning Wheel

²⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100331_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

²⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100407_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

The spinning wheel and hand loom came with the sheep. Not the kind of a spinning wheel in use by the Acadian women that were operated by a foot treadle, but the style with a big rim, the kind where the operator walks back and forth while drawing the rolls into yarn. It is said that a good spinner would walk 50 miles a day. As there were no carding mills the wool was carded by hand. Sometimes in a big family when the children would run short of socks and mittens, the mother would take the scissors and go to the sheep pen in the dead of winter and cut a little wool from each sheep, card, spin and knit it while the boy slept

Peddlers and Ministers

There were no schools in those days in the Aroostook territory; books were very scarce and newspapers were almost unknown. An almanac and a Bible constituted the family library, and sometimes the almanac would be five or six years old. As there were no roads or bridges, no schools, no town or county officers, there were no taxes to pay. In 1820 there was not a doctor or lawyer in the county, but alas, there were peddlers and preachers. They came from the settlements on the St. John river. The peddlers came in canoes and exchanged tinware, needles, pins, pipes, flint, liniment, etc., for wolf, sheep and bear skins, while the preachers came on foot with hymn book and Bible, and traveled from house to house saving souls and getting their living.

First Potatoes Raised

As the years passed by, the settlers commenced to clear up little patches of land. Potatoes were a necessity, and to bring them from the Province in winter was an impossibility. As near as we can learn, the first potatoes planted in the Aroostook Valley were planted at the mouth of the Lovely brook in Letter G. Township, by one William Lovely, one of the early settlers. He had a little patch of new land and his wife insisted he should get some potatoes and plant them. So Lovely took his canoe and started to New Brunswick. It was a long, crooked route by water; the Aroostook Falls had to be carried around going and coming, but there were no customs officers to interfere and in those days he returned with a bushel of potatoes. They looked so good that the family ate about half of them, and the rest were planted. The story goes that Lovely took a spade and dug holes that would hold about half a bushel each and his wife followed behind and dropped a seed into each hole and kicked in some dirt.

When fall came Lovely had forgotten all about his potato crop but his wife had not; so one Sunday morning they went out to investigate. They uncovered a hill and it was full to the brim with great, smooth, handsome, potatoes; some of them weighed two pounds. The good wife filled her apron and William filled his hat with the products of their first harvest, and they returned to the cabin. When the potatoes were cooked they proved to be better than any they had ever eaten. The yield from the half bushel planting filled the little hole under the house they called a cellar, and there was nearly 50 bushels that had to be pitted out of the field.

Early Blues

Those potatoes were a variety known as the "Early Blues." The seed end was a bluish purple tint and they were called "Bluenoses," or the blue nosed potato. When the soldiers came in after years they were supplied with this variety which they were very fond of, and they got to calling the people who raised them "Blue Noses." The name stuck and from Maine to California, the people of New Brunswick are known as "Blue noses." At first they used to resent being called a Bluenose, but today they appear to be proud of the title.

Naval Battle

The war of 1812 gave the people of New Brunswick a great jolt. Before that war they only claimed about a third of Maine, but they felt sure that they soon would have the whole of it. When the British came up the Penobscot and claimed everything east of that river, some of the settlers were all ready to move into the new territory. But when the war closed and left things about as they were, they were somewhat disappointed.

To be sure they claimed a great victory for the English and do to this day but they admit that in some cases the Yankees were very lucky. One old fellow once enlightened me on the battle of Lake Erie. Said he: "A young sailor named Perry patched up some old ships and built some new ones out of green lumber and made some rafts and put big guns on them and went to fight Capt. Barclay, one of Nelson's ole veterans. Now this man Perry had never seen a naval battle nor any other kind. Well sir, he sailed right in among them British men of war ships and tore them all to pieces and Capt. Barclay had to surrender. This Perry was a fool and if it hadn't been for a fool's luck he would have been killed." And what about New Orleans? I asked. "Well," said he, "there's sore luck for ye. There was an ole feller named Jackson down there with five or six hundred woodsmen, when a British fleet sailed into the harbor and landed about 12,000 men. These were real soldiers and many of them had been with Wellington at Waterloo. There were regiments of tall grenadiers and regiments of marines and light infantry and cavalry on prancing horses and the officers all kivered with gold lace and bands of purty music, and the ships with their shining brass cannons pointed right at ole Jackson and his men. A messenger was sent to Jackson to notify him that a British army was in town and for him to surrender quick. Well, ye see this gang of hunters and trappers had never seed regular soldiers before and didn't know they were dangerous and Jackson was just as stuffy as an ole mule and sent back word fur em.to come take him if they wanted him. Then the bands all began to play and Gen. Pakenham was helped onto his boss and the whole army marched toward the mob of trappers that were hidden in a trench. The purty lines of soldiers got almost to the ditch where the hunters were hidden, and in a minute more they would have been spearing them with their bayonetts, when a sheet of fire burst out over the edge of the pit. All them pesky trappers had fired at once and every bullet struck a soldier and some of em went through two or three soldiers; a stray bullet struck Gen. Pakenham and he fell and the soldiers fell back. Did they try again? Of course they tried again and again but it was luck I tell ye, and the devil couldn't drive them Yankee skunks out of their holes that day. To show it was pure luck the trappers only lost six or seven men while there was over 2000 of them purty soldiers fell."

In the spring of 1820 the New Brunswick government decided to test the legality of their claim to the disputed territory and accordingly gave some land patents. Benjamin Weeks of Woodstock was given 600 acres of unsurveyed land on the so called Johnson brook in the present limit of Fort Fairfield, for which he was to build mills on the brook. Peter Bull was given the same amount of land at the mouth of the Presque Isle for the same purpose and the same offer was made to any one that would take the privilege at the Madawaska and Caribou streams, or any other mill site on the river. James Fitzherbert was granted a patent at the mouth of the Fitzherbert brook and was to maintain a blacksmith shop for a certain number of years. Others who claimed only squatters rights were Michael Russell, near the Aroostook Falls but who's land was on the American side when the line was surveyed, John Dorsey near the Johnston brook, Ferdinand Armstrong on an island in the river above the mouth of the Presque Isle and William Johnston on the Week's brook in letter G.

During the next 10 years other families came to make permanent homes on the river, left the territory to go to which government it would. Among the most prominent were William Lovely, Samuel Dave n port , William Turner, John Twaddle, Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Alex McDougle, Benj. McLaughlin, besides professional timber makers that moved from camp to camp and did not claim squatters' privileges. The whole business of the country was pine timber; in all the great drives that went down the river not a saw log was to be seen. While there was not a sign of a settlers cabin between letter D and Houlton, the big pines were all cut for 12 miles back and hauled to the St. John river or driven down the Presteel. Up in the Fish river country the land was also being stripped and timber makers had also gone up the Allagash and St. John rivers.

A Spy

In the summer of 1827 the government of Maine sent an agent or spy into Aroostook territory. This man, a long gaunt specimen of humanity, called himself Alexander Freeman, but it has since been learned that was not his name. Many people considered him half witted but it must have been his clothes that made him look that way. He came down²⁸ were built and some light artillery was planted on a hill near the town but no attempt was made to build a fort. A claim was then made that when the line was accurately surveyed from the monument at the mouth of the St. Croix due north, Houlton would be in New Brunswick. Otherwise, it was not disputed territory. The same summer Alexander Concran, a Scotsman from Nova Scotia came up the St. John to the Tobique and crossed the old Indian trail, now used by white men, to the Aroostook. He was looking for a mill site and the New Brunswick patent of 600 acres of land that went with it. There was not enough grain raised in the Aroostook valley than each year to keep one of our modern mills grinding two hours, but the next year, 1828, he came back and built a small grist mill on the Caribou stream, then only surveyed on paper by the American surveyor, Park Hollank, and marked H range 2 on the state map.

²⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100407_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

CHAPTER 17 ²⁹

Cochran found a few squatters at the mouth of the Madawaska river, but they were timber makers and did not attempt to cultivate the soil. He, however, after he had completed his mill, cleared up quite a tract of land where the village of Caribou now stands.

Cochran a Hustler

Cochran was a millwright by trade and a good one. He constructed the mill entirely out of material at hand. Every wheel was made of wood, the belting was made of moose hide tanned by the Indians and the mill stones he made from two boulders lying on the shore. The linen for bolting was woven by an Acadian woman at Violette Brook; the nails used in covering the structure were made from discarded horseshoes and scraps of old iron found around the timber camps. The boards were cut out with a whip saw, and the timber was hewn with a broad ax. Cochran never got his land from the Canadian government but at the close of the Aroostook war the State of Maine deeded him a block of land a mile square at the mouth of the Caribou stream. He died and was buried on the banks of the Caribou, and lies in a neglected grave. Many of his descendants still live in Aroostook.

Leading up to the Aroostook War

In all of the state histories very little is said about the great territory of Aroostook, nearly a third of the State, and much that has been written is incorrect. The later histories give a short account of the Aroostook War but do not give a correct account of the settlement of the dispute between Daniel Webster, Lord Ashburton and the commissioners from Maine. The historians claim it was a compromise in which „Maine took a part of the territory in dispute and New Brunswick the rest. The correspondence between Webster and Lord Ashburton distinctly shows that Great Britain surrendered every foot of the land claimed by Maine, but the U.S. government, disregarding the state's rights, traded the land north of the St John river for territory on the border of Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Superior, and Maine only received from the U.S. government the paltry sum of \$150,000 for the land taken. Williamson and Abbott each in their histories of Maine say that the General Court of Massachusetts, during the Lovewell war in Maine (1725) and the preceding war, gave 100 pound sterling for each Indian scalp. This was \$500 and that sum at that time was equal to \$1500 a day. Now I leave to the readers to search French, English, Canadian or U.S. histories and see if they can find where over 5 pounds was paid for a single scalp, and this was only when the hunting parties equipped themselves and paid their own expenses. In 1830 Daniel Webster took up the matter of the northeast boundary before the U. S. Congress. He claimed it was a distant but valuable tract of territory, full of

²⁹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100414_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

valuable snip timber and fur bearing animals and that according to treaty it belonged to Maine. He had maps printed with a broad red line around the northern border and these were spread broadest through Maine and sent into the disputed territory. Letters were written by John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and other statesmen to the governor of Maine regarding the subject. These letters have never been published but as far as we can learn Webster and Adams sided with Maine but the others thought the territory in question was not worth quarrelling about, so the matter dragged and the New Brunswick people kept on settling the land and taking the timber. In those days surplus money in the U. S. treasury was distributed among the people. Webster had learned that there was a large and thriving Acadian settlement in the St. John valley in the disputed territory. He induced Congress to send an officer to Madawaska to investigate. A man could travel around the globe more easily today than he could from Washington to Madawaska at that time, but a U. S. marshal was finally sent. He was instructed to take a census, distribute the surplus money and inform the people they had a right to send a representative to the Maine legislature. This was in 1837.

U.S. Officer Arrested

Soon after this officer arrived at Madawaska some timber makers went to Fredericton with a drive of timber and reported that a man with brass buttons on his coat was at the Madawaska settlement distributing money among the Frenchmen. The news soon reached the ears of Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick and that gentleman not knowing why the money was being distributed, supposed it was a bribe to induce the Acadians to take up arms for the U.S. should there be war. He hurried a messenger away to Grand Falls with orders for the military commander to have the meddler arrested. But the British officer claimed he was serving the crown and had no right to act as a civil officer for the New Brunswick government. A constable was then sent up river who arrested the American officer and took him to Grand Falls. But when the sheriff of the county learned that he was an officer of the U.S. instead of the State of Maine he refused to commit him to jail and paid a man out of his own pocket to carry him back to his work. A week later when the U.S. agent had nearly completed his task, a posse of armed men came from Fredericton and arrested him and he was taken to the capitol, Fredericton, charged with inciting rebellion and lodged in jail. Gov. Dunlap of Maine immediately requested his release. A curt note was sent back informing that as the prisoner was a U.S. officer they preferred to negotiate with the U.S. government. It was generally believed at that time that the U.S. government did not want to go to war; that if Maine wanted the territory it would have to do the fighting and that the British government would back New Brunswick in what it had done. Maine apparently wanted the territory and decided to fight for it if it drove the two nations into a general war. Gov. Dunlap immediately issued a general order to the State militia to get ready for active service as the soil of the State had been invaded by an armed foreign power, and an officer while peacefully performing his duty had been arrested and cast into a foreign prison. A wave of indignation swept over the entire State. The militia commenced to drill and men in all the towns and cities were anxious to enlist. Several regiments of militia were mustered at Augusta, and recruiting were selected. On the other side Gov of New Brunswick had a regiment of regulars from Halifax and was gathering the provincial militia.

Waxing Hot

Meanwhile, Pres. Van Buren had been informed of the outrage and instead of bothering with Gov. Harvey he sent a note to England requesting the American officers' release and the innocent cause of the warlike flurry was set at liberty and the Madawaska war was ended. That fall however, the Acadian citizens posted a warrant for a meeting to elect a representative to the legislature and the meeting was broken up by an armed force from Grand Falls and the citizens driven at the point of the bayonet. At the State election Edward Kent was elected to succeed Gov. Dunlap. In the spring of 1838 Gov. Kent sent a party of surveyors to resurvey the line agreed upon in the treaty of 1783. Again no pillars were set and it is said a party of New Brunswick lumbermen followed the Surveyors and blazed trees on both sides of the line made by the state surveyors. One of these lines ran directly over the top of Mars Hill mountain. A body of engineers under Gen. Wool was also sent to strengthen the fortifications at the mouths of all the principal Maine rivers and the militia, then a large body in the State, was increased and drilled.

Secret Preparations

Meanwhile the province lumbermen were stealing timber faster than ever and they had also got to making the big hackmatack into ship knees. Only a few feet of the butt of the tree was taken and the rest left to rot in the woods. Late in the fall the State sent a crew northward to cut roads. These men were paid good wages and hired with the understanding that they would go where they were sent, do as they were told and ask no questions. They left Bangor late in October ostensibly for a logging operation on the Penobscot river. So we can guess that Maine, under Gov. Kent was secretly preparing to go to war with New Brunswick, Canada and Great Britain. The road crew went to Molunkus and straightened out and improved an old lumber road from Patten and then cut a road across the trackless and unbroken wilderness to the Aroostook river; they then built four large camps each with accommodation for 80 men and a stable for horses. This camping ground was on the river in range 5 No. 10 and near the present village of Masardis. By this time the river was frozen solid and the road makers, some 40 men and one team went down river on the ice. At the mouth of the Machias river, the sound of axes warned them that timber makers were near; the road crew broke up into small gangs and skulked around them. If the Yankees were seen going along with axes on their shoulders they were taken for timber makers. Our road making pioneers gathered that night around a big fire in a cedar swamp and after a day's rest commenced to cut a road toward the north. A road was swamped from what is now Sheridan plantation to Eagle lake on the Fish river; the distance was about 50 miles. We now see that in winter when the lakes and rivers were frozen, there was a passageway from the Penobscot to the St. John river, either down the Aroostook or Fish river.

Spies

When the job was completed the crew, including cooks and wangen team were charged with the greatest secrecy and sent home. Six men, however, including the engineer and foreman remained behind and each man taking a direction of his own were hired in different camps as timber makers; but they were apparently lazy and green and only worked a few days in a place when they would shift and go to another camp. As these Yankees were the first that ever came in the territory to work some of the foxy old timber makers grew suspicious and a close watch was kept on the military encampment at Houlton. If trouble came it was expected from that quarter; but all was quiet on the Meduxnekeag. After the Yankees had located every timber camp in the territory. They quietly disappeared. They noted, however, that the banks of the rivers were covered with square timber and ship knees. Even below Mars Hill which the New Brunswickers admitted was American territory the country was being stripped of its most valuable timber and not a dollar was received for stumpage.

Fall of 1838

The rivers and streams were very low and no timber could be driven out of the Aroostook territory. The next spring there was a fine pitch of water but none of the timber went to market.

Another Spy

About the time the men left Bangor to cut out the military roads, a stupid looking man with a heavy pack on his back left also. His destination was the St. John river and he carried samples of the famous blue jacket factory made ax which sold for about one half of what a hand hammered ax cost. The reader will guess that he was nothing more or less than a spy. He traveled from Fredericton to Grand Falls and appeared so silly and dense that some of the cunning Bluenoses had great sport with him. He was taken to the parade grounds to see the soldiers and was very much awed and frightened. At Woodstock when the regulars were on parade they were ordered to charge with bayonets on an imagined foe; during the charge they kept making motions as if tossing something into the air and catching it on the bayonet when it came down. When the ax agent asked what it meant he was told that that was the way the Red coats would serve the Yankees if they ever met.

No Fool

At Fredericton he was invited to a play gotten up by home talent, and nearly fainted when he saw six British regulars surround and capture 50 of the raw, awkward militia men from Maine. He also learned that if the Acadians ever attempted to hold another town meeting or

election they would be driven out of the country. He had poor luck taking orders for axes. The Bluenoses had no use for what they termed the miserable Yankee axes and the agent was too stupid and frightened to talk up his wares. He, however, carried back some very good drawings of the fortifications and learned exactly how many armed men there were in New Brunswick, including regular soldiers and militia..

Fun Begins

When the Maine Legislature convened in January, 1839 a secret session was immediately called and Sheriff Strickland of Penobscot County was authorized to raise a force of 200 men and go to Aroostook and drive out the trespassers. John Fairfield had been elected governor of Maine but adopted ex governor Kent's plans. The men were carefully selected from several militia companies and mustered at Bangor. 30 double teams were hired to haul the men and their company outfit to Aroostook. Provisions and fodder for the horses were quietly loaded onto the sleds and the teams left the city one at a time. All preparations for the departure were guarded with the utmost secrecy. On the evening of Feb. 5th the first company left Bangor on foot and went as far as Greenbush township where they overtook the teams and camped. This company was commanded by Sheriff Strickland. The next night a company of 110 men under Capt. Stover Rines followed; land agent Rufus McIntyre, loaded with maps, charts and warrants, went with this company. Three days later³⁰ they were at the camps at No. 10 range 5 on the Aroostook. After a day's rest they started down the river on the ice. Two men on, the head team acted as guides. They had helped cut the road and had tried their hand at timber making in half a dozen camps a few weeks before. They had not forgotten where the camps were.

Captured Men

At the mouth of the Machias the first surprise occurred. A camp was raided. The men made prisoners and the team seized. If these armed men had dropped from the clouds those timber makers could not be more surprised. They protested, cursed, and threatened but it did no good. Each man was arrested for trespass and held a prisoner without bail. None were allowed to escape and give the alarm. In the next two days 40 horses and 150 men were captured. All the camp supplies and bedding was seized and loaded onto the captured sleds. What camping stuff could not be taken was destroyed. It has been said the camps were burned. Not a camp was burned by an American militia, although some of them were burned later in the winter by vagabonds and hoodlums from New Brunswick..

³⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100414_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Presque Isle's First Horse Race

As the van of the posse came down the river two tote teams with two men on each sled came down the Presque Isle river and got onto the ice ahead of the soldiers. They were ordered to halt but put the whip to their horses and fled. An American sled was quickly unloaded, and the first horse race in Presque Isle occurred. The tote road left the river at the Johnson place and followed the old Indian trail over the Reach mountains and across the country to Tobique. Pursued and pursuers turned into this road and the race up the mountain continued. When near the top of the hill the Provence teams were taken but one of the men escaped. As he was young and fleet on foot he could not be overtaken. The militia men had orders not to shoot except in self defense.

Chapter 18³¹

Between the Reach mountains and Whitney hill, was a settler named Wark or Work, (he was called Sam Works). A few minutes after the pursuers gave up the chase of the flying young man he was at Wark's cabin telling an exciting story. Wark harnessed his horse, and taking the young man with him started for Woodstock at full speed giving the alarm as they went. They struck the St. John (at the mouth of River de Chute, and drove with all haste down the ice to Woodstock, arriving there late on the evening of February 12th.

Great Excitement

There was great excitement in the town and an angry mob soon gathered. The Commander of the regular troops was urged to hasten an armed force to meet the invading Yankees, but that gentleman refused to act without orders. The mob then broke into the arsenal and took guns, swords and ammunition, and a few hours later sled load after sled load of armed men were on their way up the big river. Sheriff Strickland and his force went into camp on the northwest side of the river opposite the so-called Johnson place. The place is now known as the Nichols farm. Some banks of earth were thrown up and some big sticks of timber were taken from the river bank and placed on top of the earth works, later it was called the Billy Johnson Fort. The old earth works are still there in a grove of bushes on the steep side hill, and the "Reach" schoolhouse stands close by. Land Agent McIntyre had taken every man he came to, settlers and all. So afraid was he that the news would spread that he would not let Armstrong, who had been captured with the others, visit his family which lived a mile down the river. But the cat was out of the bag and the timber makers with camp tools and supplies loaded onto their sleds were making their escape in all directions.

³¹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100421_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Sent Warning

While the men were preparing the camping ground and fortification on the Reach, the sheriff, land agent and Capt. Rines mounted their horses and rode over the hills toward the mouth of the river to look up a location for a fort and barracks. James Fitzherbert, the blacksmith, at the mouth of Fitzherbert brook in Letter D., had just built a little frame house, the first on the river, and opened it for a tavern. While Sheriff Strickland and Capt. Rines were inspecting the high bluffs along the river, the land agent went to the little hotel to do some writing. As soon as Fitzherbert learned who his guest was, he sent a man on horseback seven miles away to Tobique to inform the people that the Maine land agent was at his house and might be there for some hours.

Land Agent Prisoner

Warren Johnson, William Johnson's boy, was at Tobique that day with a grist of buckwheat; he had been questioned regarding the Yankee soldiers, who were at the moment camping were at that moment camping almost in his father's dooryard, but had not seen any soldiers. When he saw a crowd of Rine's rough men getting ready to go over and capture McIntyre, he hooked up his horses and drove with all speed to give the alarm. When almost at the Fitzherbert place the team drove by with their horses on the run, and a few moments later the Maine land agent was a prisoner. Young Johnson, however, met the sheriff and captain who were going directly toward the Fitzherbert trap where the Provincials were eagerly waiting for them, and warned them of their danger. Young Johnson had turned traitor and was assisting the Yankees.

As it commenced to look like squalls. Capt. Rines, the next morning, with about 80 men and six double teams started down river to break up the rest of the timber camps; they had only proceeded a few miles when they met a man coming up river with a horse and sleigh. When ordered to halt he turned his team and drove away on the gallop. As the scattered settlers were all awed and frightened at seeing so many men and teams, Capt. Rines thought little of the incident; but if our bold captain and his men had been up in a balloon they would have seen more than 300 armed men coming up the river.

Thought Fun all Over

At the mouth of Otter Brook one team was sent on a tote road into a camp, and the others proceeded to the mouth of the Madawaska and stopped to eat dinner; the horses were taken from the sleds, fires were built on the shore under the shelter of the steep banks, and as the militia boys sat around the fires, they were talking of the surprise they gave the Bluenose

timber makers when they swooped down upon them a few days before, and that they were afraid that the excitement was about over.

The Climax

What's that? A tall man with black whiskers on the bluff above them is yelling: "Surrender ye Yankee sons of or we'll fill yer d—d dirty hides full of lead!" And a valley of musketry whistled over their heads tearing the gravel from the bank above them and filling their dippers and tin plates full of dirt. Capt. Rines sprang to his feet. Down the creek came 50 men firing as they came. The bullets were clipping the twigs from the bushes above his men's heads, but not a man had been hit. A shout behind him caused him to turn. A hundred men were coming from the opposite side of the river firing muskets and brandishing swords and clubs. "Surrender!" again came the voice from the hillside, or we'll shoot to kill. The Yankees had sprang to their feet and grabbed their rifles and were waiting orders to fire, but Capt. Rines, seeing himself surrounded and outnumbered, threw up his hands as a token of surrender and the battle of Madawaska was over. Not a man was hurt.

The men were disarmed, the horses were harnessed, and Capt. Rines and his men were taken to Fredericton, where they remained prisoners for eight weeks.

Surrendered

The team load that went up Otter Brook found the camp stiipped and deserted; they returned and were nearing the campfires of their comrades, when the volley of musketry warned them of their danger; they fled up river and escaped. Some 200 of the Provincials started up river to capture the force at the Johnson place, but were soon overtaken by a messenger from Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick, who ordered them to return at once and surrender to the commanding officer at Woodstock.

Sheriff Strickland's Ride

We have all heard of Paul Revere's ride, but some of the younger people in Aroostook perhaps have never heard of Sheriff Strickland's ride. When the remnant of Capt. Rine's company came tearing up the river and reported that a great battle was in progress down river, and that the ice was covered with dead and wounded, and the British flag was floating from the bluff at Madawaska creek, and the stars and stripes were down, Sheriff Strickland interrupted, and jumping up onto a stick of timber shouted: "Git my hoss boys, quick, and Welsh you get these men back to No. 10 quick as ye can!" He mounted the big, black horse and galloped away, and from that day to this nothing ever went out of Aroostook any quicker, with the possible exception of one of the big B&A engines. He changed horses at No. 10, at Patten, at Molunkus, and other points he ate crackers and cheese while his horse was going at full speed, and never slept at all. The fate of the new northeast depended on that ride. His dash of 150

miles through the unbroken wilderness, and 150 miles more of drifted winter roads has scarcely been recorded. No poet that I know of has ever written a verse in his praise, and historians have only hinted that he was in a hurry. The wild animals alone witnessed that rapid ride through the gloomy woods. He was acting the part of the telephone, telegraph and locomotive, and saving himself from capture. He left the Johnson place at 1.30 p. m. Thursday, and Saturday at p. m. his steed's feet were clattering up the Main street of Augusta, the capital of the state.

Itching to Fight

Lieutenant Welsh was an Irishman and would rather fight than eat. He had been ordered to conduct the company of militia to No. 10, but he did not start that night. If the men from New Brunswick had come on up the river the Aroostook war would not have been bloodless, for behind that breast work of pine timber were men aching for fight. But it was one of their lucky days, and we have seen how they were turned back by a message from Gov. Harvey. The next morning all the provision and bedding taken from the timber camps were loaded onto the sleds. Welsh then called the captured settlers together and offered to parole them if they would swear not to take up arms against the United States during the war, which they all did with one exception; the men captured in timber camps, and the stubborn squatter, Jonas Fly, were still held prisoners.

When the company started up the river; the loaded teams were enclosed in a hollow square of soldiers marching on foot. There were only a few moose birds and squirrels in sight that morning, but Lieut. Welsh took no chances of being surprised. They reached No. 10 in due time and built breastworks of logs, and more camps.

Orders to Hold On

Just before Sheriff Strickland reached Augusta Gov. Fairfield received a letter from Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick in which he demanded the immediate recall of the American troops from Aroostook, and announced that he had orders from the British government to hold exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory, and that he should do so by military force. This letter was printed and posted in the streets of Augusta and sent to other towns.

Bluffing

I have said elsewhere that the people of Maine did not, as a rule, consider the disputed territory very valuable; but if it had been nothing but a sandy desert they did not propose to be bluffed out of it. They believed it belonged to Maine and knew it was being ruthlessly robbed by people who knew it did not belong to them. Gov. Harvey's letter acted as oil poured on a

smouldering fire. A flame of excitement and indignation rolled over the state from Kittery to Eastport. Gov. Fairfield did not answer Gov. Harvey's letter, but the people of Maine did in the following manner :

Now For War

While the church bells were ringing in Augusta the Sunday morning after Sheriff Strickland's arrival, 50 armed men left Early the next morning the roll of drums and the shrill notes of the bugle echoed from one end of the town to the other. The legislative bodies, still in session hastily gathered and passed resolve authorizing Gen. Bate! elder to select 10,500 men from the militia and proceed with them at once to the disputed ground. Recruiting offices were opened in a dozen towns and cities throughout the state. The legislature voted \$800,000 to carry on the war, and authorized a draft on the state treasury to buy heavy winter underclothing for the soldiers. Within a week 10,000 troops were in Aroostook, or on their way there; besides the armed men. there went along with some 3000 ax men and teamsters. The first regiment soon reached No. 10, and at once proceeded down river on the ice. If the scattering settlers were startled and frightened when the sheriff's posse came, they were dumbfounded and paralyzed by it now. As the sun settled toward the treetops one beautiful, winter evening, the sound of music was heard coming down the river. Nothing like it had ever been heard in that country before. Children playing out of doors ran to the house and hid or clung to their mothers; the cats ran up convenient trees, and dogs bristled up and howled; it was a strange, wild, weird, sound. It was a military band coming down the river.

First Cannon Shot

Soon the procession came in sight and what a sight. Long rows of men, all dressed alike walking in straight lines and keeping step to the music. Officers on horseback rode on either side, and one tall man carried a beautiful silk flag trimmed with gold lace rosettes. It was the "Star Spangled Banner," and many of the little crowd gathered at the Johnson landing had never before looked at the flag of the free. Behind the soldiers' came long rows of double teams loaded with men and supplies. The regiment halted; a double sled was driven up close and the awe stricken settlers gathered nearby saw the men unload a long, shiny, yellow looking thing mounted on wheels that looked like a peeled hollow log. It appeared to be very heavy, and it was; it was a brass fieldpiece loaded and ready to use. An officer waved his sword; the men stepped back into line and a man with white pants stepped forward and pulled a string. A stream of fire and smoke rolled down the river, and the first cannon shot in the Aroostook Valley boomed and echoed from hill to hill. It was heard by the settlers on Fitzherbert Brook six miles away, and by the regiment of Maine Militia near Portage Lake, enroute for the present site of Fort Kent. My own mother was in the little gathering at Johnson's landing that evening, and has often told me of the event, for that was the first time she ever saw the stars and stripes. She was then 16 years old.

Washington Stirred

Gov. Haivey's letter also aroused the government at Washington. The government wanted everything else but war, but if the British government was so ready to back up Gov. Harvey in seizing a strip of worthless, northern woods, that without doubt belonged to Maine anyway, the U. S. army and navy must be used to protect the rights of Maine

Congress passed a bill authorizing the president to raise 50,000 troops and \$10,000,000 appropriated to meet the war.³² expenses. Gen. Scott, commander and chief of the U.S. Army, with his staff, hurried to August and 30,000 regular troops were being hurried toward the Maine coast. War vessels were rapidly fitted out and suspicious looking crafts were already lurking around the Bay of Fundy

Built Forts

All this happened in an incredible short space of time, for Gen. Scott and staff arrived in Augusta on March 5th, and 2500 men were at that time at work on the booms and forts at Fort Fairfield and Fort Kent. Gov. Harvey, after the capture of Capt. Rines and the return of the mob; had ordered 300 New Brunswick militia from the Grand Falls to Aroostook, with orders to hold the territory against all comers. But they only got as far as the present site of Limestone when they were hastily ordered back.

CHAPTER 19 Warning Letters³³

We have seen how the State of Maine answered Gov. Harvey's letter, and no doubt the poor man was very sorry he ever wrote it. He soon got a letter from Gen. Scott. That gentleman wrote that he had been sent to make peace if possible, but was prepared for war if necessary. The Governor had threatened in his letter that if the Maine Militia was not called from the disputed territory, he should be obliged to expel them by force; if he attempted to carry out this threat there would be war, but as long as Canadian or British soldiers or armed New Brunswick militia were kept out of the disputed tract there would be no hostilities commanded by Maine or the U.S. In other words the letter meant, "You keep your soldiers at home, and I'll keep mine and we shall get along nicely."

³² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100421_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

³³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100428_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Well, Gov. Harvey had raised a great rumpus and had no doubt by this time got some severe letters from the British government, so he promised as long as he had control of the matter, that no armed force should go near the American soldiers nor disturb them at their work, and he kept his word.

Got Busy

In the meantime, supplies and war material were coming down the Aroostook river in a stream. The ice would soon become dangerous and it was deemed prudent to take time by the forelock. At Numbers 10 and 11 great depots of supplies were established, and it is said that more than a hundred cannons were hauled into the Aroostook territory that winter, more big guns, than Washington had altogether in the Revolutionary war. 2500 armed men were sent down the Fish river and Fort Kent, and a boom across the river was rapidly constructed. Fort Fairfield was black with men and teams. The settlers, with their teams, were all pressed into the work, and timber making was suspended for the first time in a quarter of a century. Timber was taken for construction work without regard for the owner's feelings, and forts, piers and blockhouses, were being built out of some of the best pine timber in the world. John Bradley, son of "Sagamore John." or "Iron Arm," had a quantity of nice, large timber on the river bank close by; this was seized and used without the engineers saying: "With your permission Mr. Bradley." Bradley got his Indian blood up, and later nearly succeeded in burning one of the blockhouses and came preciously near breaking the truce between Gov. Harvey and Gen. Scott.

Fort Fairfield

On a steep, high bluff on the south side of the Aroostook river, between the Fitzherbert and Weeks Brook in Letter D., Range 1, according to the survey of Park Holland, Fort Fairfield was built in February and March in 1839. A rifle pit was dug on the brow of the hill and a solid breastwork of heavy pine timber was built around it with cannons protruding from loopholes in the wall. Two block houses were built, one above the other below the fort on the high bank of the river. The upper one was on the bluff just above where the steel bridge now spans the river, and the lower one just below where the C. P. R. depot is now located. South of the Fort was a dense cedar swamp in this the trees were cut down and crossed up in such a manner when they fell that a rabbit could hardly get through let alone an army. Across the river on the high bluff just above the bridge, a section of trees were felled and a battery of field guns were placed. This battery and the upper blockhouse were built to guard the boom. The Fort was named for Hon. Fairfield, then governor of Maine. At one time there were 2500 soldiers there and 500 more within easy call, on the Reach, so called. A well was dug inside the fort, and a powder magazine was constructed; an armed force remained there for about four years.

The Boom

The boom was built to keep the timber that was cut and yarded along the river from being floated into New Brunswick. Heavy piers were built of pine timber, anybody's timber that came handy and filled with stone. Burtzel's Island stood in the line of piers. Great difficulty was met with in finding rocks to fill these great structures. Very little of the land was cleared and nobody had ever thought of picking stones and putting them in piles as was done later; and the loose stones on field and shore were under the snow. We are told that teams were sent up river 30 miles searching for stones along the banks. Finally a high ledge was found east of the Fitzherbert brook, and ledge rock enough was blown out with gunpowder to finish the piers and stone up the well in the fort. The road to the boundary line today runs through the cut where the ledge was removed. The piers were built on the ice and sank with their own weight.

The boom was built double of long, pine timber fastened together with silver birch thuror shots and attached to the piers with heavy chains. On Burtzel's Island a battery of six guns were placed. The boom lay between the upper blockhouse and the battery on the north side of the river, and about a hundred yards above where the steel bridge now stands. For two years, winter and summer, high water and low water, night and day, armed sentries paced back and forth on this timber boom, and, when the water was high, a heavy guard was stationed on the shores and every precaution taken to keep the boom from being cut. When the ice went out in the spring, the government sent men to collect all the timber and drive into the boom. Each man's timber was of course marked and every stick was scaled and different marks recorded. Eye witnesses, living today, say the jam of timber, when in the boom, reached up river ten miles. Jacob Weeks, son of Benjamin Weeks, still living and in good health, and an uncle of the writer, says he once walked up the jam of timber and that it reached to the mouth of Otter Brook, now in the limits of Caribou village. Mrs. Betsey Lovely, still living, tells the same story.

As timbermaking had been a thriving business in the disputed territory for 25 years, one may form an idea of the vast amount of choice pine that was stolen and wasted in the Aroostook woods. And it is said that the boom on Fish river at the same time, contained more timber than that on the Aroostook.

The Fort Barracks

The barracks, or officers' quarters at Fort Fairfield were built almost entirely of material from the surrounding forest. Fairbanks had a little saw mill at Presque Isle that was used mostly to square big pine logs into timber, but the officers, to keep the men out of idleness, had the boards cut out with whipsaws and planed by hand. The structure is still standing. It was built of clear pumpkin pine from ridge pole to sill, and in it today are boards four feet wide, without knot or rot that were whipped from pine timber and planed by hand by members of the Maine Militia.

Fort Kent

The story of the building of Fort Kent is only a repetition of the building of Fort Fairfield. It was built in the winter of 1839, where the Fish river unites with the St. John in the extreme northern part of Maine. About the same number of soldiers were taken there as were taken to Fort Fairfield. A boom was built across Fish river which was closely guarded by armed soldiers and frowning batteries on the hills. The timber was collected and driven as at Fort Fairfield. The snow was deeper and the weather colder than at Fort Fairfield, and the soldiers endured rather more hardships. The Acadian soldiers were found to be very useful in the work of construction, as they were tough and hardy, could stand any amount of cold and were splendid ax men and loyal to a man to the Americans. The fortification was named for Hon. Edward Kent, who was governor of Maine in 1838 and again in 1841. In the summer of 1841, Gov. Kent visited Fort Kent, also Fort Fairfield and the fortification at Houlton where a large body of troops were stationed.

Cutting Roads through The Wilderness

When Gen. Scott came to Augusta in March 1839, he informed Gov. Fairfield that the U.S. government had placed matters entirely in his hands, and that he would attend to the little unpleasantness on the northern frontier. So Gov. Fairfield and his counsel, as far as the war was concerned, were out of a job. As soon as the snow was gone in the spring, Gen. Scott sent a large force of men to the north woods to cut roads. British troops were flocking to New Brunswick and Gov. Harvey of that Province was shorn of his authority, so the U.S. Government was preparing a way of retreat if necessary. A state road was cut and grubbed from Houlton to Presque Isle, from Presque Isle to Fort Fairfield, from No. 10 to No. 11, and from No. 11 to Presque Isle, and from No. 11 to Fort Kent through the long, dreary, unbroken wilderness. These roads, in nearly every instance, followed the old Indian trails, and went directly over the highest hills along the route. The roads are still used, and the hills are still there, but there are roads around them today. They were fairly well made and were very useful to the pioneers who came to Aroostook a few years later.

Over in NB

Let us take a look over into New Brunswick. At the time Gov. Harvey sent his famous letter to Gov. Fairfield, he had about 1000 troops, mostly New Brunswick Militia, stationed at Tobique and Grand Falls, apparently ready to cross over into the disputed territory. There were also 500 regulars at Woodstock, a regiment at Halifax and another at St John. When the governor attempted to move the British troops up river, they refused to budge without orders from the British Government. We have seen that the State of Maine acted quickly, and ten days after the capture of Capt. Rines, 10,000 troops were on Aroostook soil, or on the way there. Then came letters from Gen. Scott with his plea for peace and a threat of war. So during the

summer of 1839, we see a body of armed troops at Tobique, and a large, well equipped force at Fort Fairfield within seven miles of each other, and each army had strict orders not to approach each other. The same condition of affairs existed between Grand Falls and Fort Kent, also at Houlton and Woodstock. But in the fall of 1839, the British Government appeared to wake up and some 8,000 troops were sent to New Brunswick. One regiment came from Gibraltar, two from Jamaica, one from Calcutta and one from British Guiana in South America. Some others came from Canada. Let us look at one regiment that came from Jamaica. They landed in St. John late in November. This regiment was the 66th light infantry, and had not seen snow or ice for years. The heavy winter uniforms had not arrived. They were quickly put on the march to Fredericton in a blinding snowstorm and freezing and exhausted they fell by scores, and were rescued by kindly people living along the road. One member of that regiment, who arrived in Fredericton more dead than alive, and later deserted and settled in Aroostook, said that an old woman with a broom could have beaten the fragment of that regiment when it arrived at Fredericton. Discipline in the British army was severe; to desert meant death if caught, and many poor wretches were shot every day. But many risked death and fled to the forts at Fort Fairfield, Fort Kent and Houlton. All wanted to enlist in the American Army, and some of them were taken. Some of those men settled on Aroostook soil and their descendants are here today. The writer is one of them. But the greater part of those British deserters fled far from the border, as they feared they might be caught and executed. One whole company at Grand Falls, who were sent out to stop deserters, marched to Fort Kent and surrendered. The commander, fearing he would be blamed for harboring British deserters, pleaded with the officers of the company to return, but they declared themselves prisoners of war and would not go. Many of those soldiers from the tropics died during the winter with pneumonia and other diseases, while there was very little sickness, and not a single death among the American soldiers in Aroostook. Strange as it may seem not a man was killed or died on the American side during the war, neither soldier, teamster or laborer. Who says we do not live in a healthy climate?

Just before the state legislature adjourned in the spring of 1839, Aroostook was set apart as a separate county. The southern boundary was then not quite as it is today, but no great change has been made.

Foundation Builders of Aroostook Co.

The same spring another great change took place in Aroostook. The settlers, all British subjects, who had always cherished such bitter hate against the Americans, especially against the Maine Yankees, now, with very few exceptions, sided with the Americans, not only in word, but in deed. It is true, they and their teams had been pressed into the service of the state and made to work early and late; their timber had been seized and their camp property had been confiscated, but they had been used like men and paid like men. The officers and engineers treated them as equals, and often allowed them to visit their homes with only their word to assure their return. And those rabid Bluenoses now expressed a desire to live and die in their beloved Aroostook, and sincerely hoped it might be under the American flag. There were a few exceptions, however, Peter Bull, James Fitzherbert, Richard Hox, George Rodgers, John

Twaddle, John Bradley, David Wark and a few others, when they saw the disputed territory was about to go to Maine, moved to New Brunswick. Benj. Weeks, who had long held a British land patent on the³⁴ Johnson brook, including about all the land in the present village of Fort Fairfield, had waited patiently for the border trouble to be settled so that he could build his mills, and was much disgusted as he saw his property slipping from his grasp. He did not leave the territory, but traded his land patent with William Johnson for a squatter's right on the Reach. The U. S. Government honored the patent and Johnson held the land. But the Bishops, Doys, Russells, Dorseys, Johnsons, Armstrongs, Uptons, McDougals, Fairbanks, Cochrans and the Whitneys, remained and laid the foundation for the greatest county in New England.

The Negotiations

In the spring of 1839, negotiations were opened with England. Daniel Webster conducted the correspondence for the U. S., and Lord Ashburton was selected by the British Government. Long and tiresome were the negotiations. There was then no cable across the Atlantic, and it took a letter a long time to cross the ocean. Great Britain demanded the surrender of all the disputed territory north of Mars Hill mountain. Webster insisted that the old Acadian boundary across the highlands from the northwest angle of Nova Scotia should be the line. The correspondence between the two statesmen filled a volume and was withheld from the public at that time. Ashburton was stubborn, but Webster was diplomatic. He reasoned that if England had desired war they would have invaded the disputed territory long ago. While the negotiations proceeded the two little armies up in the north woods lay but a few miles apart, each with strict orders from both governments to keep away from each other.

³⁴ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100428_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

CHAPTER 20 Ceded to U.S. ³⁵

In the spring of 1842, Lord Ashburton came to Washington clothed with power by the British parliament to settle the matter as he thought best. An extra session of the Maine Legislature was called and commissioners were selected and sent to Washington to confer with the noble Lord and Webster, who was then secretary of state under President Tyler. The result of the conference was that every foot of the disputed territory was ceded, not to Maine, thank you, but to the honorable government of the United States. Lord Ashburton made it distinctly plain that he was not meeting with the commissioners from Maine, but with the honorable secretary Daniel Webster. The treaty was signed August 9th and ratified by the United States senate August 20th, 1842.

NB Shut off

Then came a strenuous kick and howl from New Brunswick; they were shut off from Lower Canada. To cross the rugged highlands of the Tobique was almost an impossibility, and to sail around the peninsula of Nova Scotia was the only way to reach the St. Lawrence. They sent a committee to Washington which threatened secession and rebellion.

Traded Land

Now, on the shores of the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain, were tracts of land that the U. S. Government had long wanted. Without consulting Maine, the U. S. authorities, with the consent and approval of President Tyler, proceeded to trade that section of the disputed territory north of the St. John river for the above mentioned parcels of land. History tells us that Maine surrendered a considerable portion of land that was of but little value, for which the United States received territory of greater value on the Great Lakes. Maine had no voice in the matter, and when a protest was presented, she was told that the U.S. Government was attending to the matter, or in other words, "go home Sonny and keep still, your uncle Sam will attend to this little affair."

Prisoners Released

The war was over, and the long standing dispute was settled. No one had been killed nor no one hurt. Our Bluenose cousins compared the rumpus to the devil shearing the pig, "great cry and little wool." They claim it was a compromise. The prisoners on both sides were

³⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100505_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

released, and the greater part of the soldiers returned to their homes. A few companies of the U.S. troops were, however, kept in Aroostook another year. The Maine land agent demanded a certain price per ton stumpage for the timber that was seized; many of the owners came and paid, and claimed their timber; the rest was sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Ran. a True Line

The booms were then opened and the timber allowed to go to market. Soon after the English and American surveyors were at work on the boundary between the two nations. This time it was not a little party of woodsmen with a pocket compass and a clothes line scooting and dodging from tree to tree with a hunter on each of them to keep away bears and Indians, but a large force of civil engineers and officers from both countries; also teams, laborers, cooks, blacksmiths and a doctor. Several notable persons were employed on that survey, among them Robt. E. Lee, who later became commander in chief of the Confederate army during the civil war. A wide strip of trees were cut through the forest and iron pillars, properly inscribed, were placed at stated intervals; the trunks of the trees were piled up and burned, and from a hilltop one could look up and down the line for miles. Twenty years later this cleared strip had grown up to young spruce, and from a hilltop looked like a green carpet unrolled between the two countries. In 1908, this line was resurveyed and granite pillars erected so that one could be seen from the other from the monument on the St. Croix to the St. John river. And so correct was the original line, that the latter surveyors with their modern instruments, declared it a model job. Shortly after the boundary had been definitely decided, the United States paid Maine \$200,000 for expenses incurred during the war, and \$150,000 for the land ceded to New Brunswick. Thus the noisy and bloodless event was settled; it might have been worse.

Carrying U. S. Mail

Before the war, all the mail that came to Aroostook territory came from New Brunswick. There was a post office at Tobique. When the soldiers came the communications with Tobique were cut off. After the military road was cut through from Houlton, David Bubar, the Aroostook giant, of whom I shall mention later, was hired to carry the mail to and from Houlton. He made two trips per month. There was no road then through what are now the towns of Easton and Mars Hill, and Mr. Bubar traveled via Presque Isle. He made the trips on foot. The mail to Houlton had always come from Woodstock, NB. In 1828, a mail route was established between Mattawamkeag and Houlton. The mail to Fort Kent came from Patten and was carried by Acadians on horseback once a week. It cost at least 25 cents to send a letter.

Made American Citizens

By the treaty of 1842 every man, woman and child then residing in Aroostook County became American citizens. All male citizens of legal age were entitled to a vote. Every man with a family was also given 160 acres of land, which he could choose anywhere if it was not occupied or claimed by others. The citizens of the Aroostook Valley had to go to Houlton to vote, and the citizens of Fort Kent and vicinity, to Madawaska. The Aroostook citizens, once so loyal to New Brunswick, were very proud of their vote, and the greater part of them attended the elections at Houlton.

Few Deaths in War

Only one American soldier deserted during the war, that was while the troops were mustering at Augusta. \$10 reward was offered for his capture. Only one soldier died during the war, and that was an enlisted man from Oxford County, He died in the hospital at Augusta in the winter of 1839, and never reached Aroostook.

Just before the company of the US troops left Fort Fairfield for Eastport, Me., a detachment of them discharged their muskets and a stray ball struck Nathan Johnson, a young man who was reaping oats in a field nearby. He was so badly wounded that he died the next day.

Soon after the militia came to Fort Fairfield, a small squad was sent down to the Aroostook Falls to see if boats could come up over the falls. The settlers said the falls could not be navigated, but the officers were not taking the settler's words at that time.

That Red Petticoat

While enroute to the falls, a settler's wife, one Mrs. Everett,, came out of the barn with a red flannel petticoat on. One of the soldiers, a man named Thompson, who later returned to Aroostook and settled on a farm near the so called Black schoolhouse in Letter D., said they saw the woman, spoke to her and she directed them to a path that led to the falls. The Provincial people soon started the story that when the Yankees saw the red petticoat, they thought it was a British soldier and dropped their guns and fled for their lives. This story has been widely circulated, and today is believed by all good citizens of New Brunswick, and half of the people in Aroostook. Thompson always said that they would not have been frightened if the lady had had no petticoat on.

English Won Watch

After the war was all over and the line run and peace assured, some English artillery men from Tobique (Andover NB) were invited to Fort Fairfield to a shooting match. The prize for

the best six shots was a silver watch, something accounted valuable in those days. The watch was put up by the American officers. A six pounder brass cannon at the Fort was used, and the target was a pine tree a mile away across the river. The Englishmen won and took the watch home with them.

Red Skirt on the Bear

I have said there was no blood shed during the war. There was. In the pioneer days, the settler's cows were allowed to roam the Woods or any old place they chose and the patches of grain were fenced. One night Polly Armstrong's cows did not come home and as her husband was away to work on the fort, she had to go far the next morning to look for them when, near the source of Armstrong brook, she was attacked by a bear and driven up a tree. The bear attempted to come up the tree and she unloosed her red flannel petticoat and dropped it down over his head. The bear ran away with "the skirt around his body. Some soldiers had been sent out from the Fort to look for Bluenose spies who were said to be lurking around. At a distance they saw a red object running through the woods and thought it was a British soldier. Now to make a good story, the Yankees should have run. but instead, they fired a volley at the bear and killed him. And the bear bled like a stuck hog.

A Contradiction

Another story that has been widely circulated and generally believed is that when the state militia came down from No. 10, they followed the river clear around to Fort Fairfield. This yarn has been printed in newspapers and written in histories and it has been recently printed and swallowed for truth that crowds at Cochrain's mill at the mouth of the Caribou stream, saw the gay regiments march by. The facts are, that only one company ever went down the ice below the Week's place; known during the war as the Johnson place. That company was the ill fated posse commanded by Capt. Rines and captured at the mouth of the Madawaska. The distance from the Johnson landing on the "Reach" by land is six miles. The distance by the river is 16 miles. The old Indian trail from Fort Fairfield to the Johnson landing was then used by the timber makers for a tote road. All provisions, ammunition and big guns that went to Fort Fairfield in the middle of 1839 were hauled over this tote road from the Billy Johnson fort. All that came afterwards came via Houlton and Presque Isle. The troops that went to Fort Kent left the ice at No. 11 and followed the Portage by Portage Lake to Eagle Lake, and then down the ice to the mouth of Fish river. When summer came a road was cut overland.

Bradley Fired Blockhouse

I have mentioned elsewhere that John Bradley's timber was seized. When Fort Fairfield was built, Bradley planned to burn the blockhouses. He tried to get some of the settlers whose

timbers had been taken to assist him. They were afraid of the consequences and refused. Settlers in New Brunswick refused to help on account of the truce between their governor and Gen. Scott. He finally procured the aid of some Tobique Indians. One dark night when a strong breeze was blowing from the south, bundles of dry pine boughs were deposited under the southern protection of the upper blockhouse and ignited; the walls of the building had previously been splashed with turpentine. The guards were on the north side of the building watching the boom. A sentinel at the Fort on the hill saw the fire and gave the alarm. The structure was saved with difficulty. Bradley fled to New Brunswick, and the authorities of that province were asked to arrest him and to deliver him to the officers at Fort Fairfield. This they might have done but Bradley with his Indian friends fled to the Tobique hills. A year later he came back and attempted to burn the chopping south of the fort.

A Much Stolen Cannon

All good citizens of Aroostook have heard of or seen the old Aroostook cannon. When the last of the soldiers left Aroostook in 1843, the big guns were left in the forts. When the war broke out with Mexico, they were hauled away. The citizens of Fort Kent wanted a relic of the war and hid one of the cannons. This gun belongs to the U.S. government. At the close of the civil war, Fort Fairfield planned to have a big July 4th celebration and asked Fort Kent to loan the gun.. Fort Kent refused. A prominent man of Fort Fairfield, ex selectman and merchant, volunteered to steal it. He proceeded to Fort Kent with two assistants, going from Van Buren up the river in a bateau. He was well acquainted in the town and soon discovered that the big gun was dismounted and locked up in the blockhouse. He snooped down to the blockhouse, and with a wire handle from a washtub, managed to unlock the door. His boat was moored close by.

When evening came, he gave two Frenchmen a dollar apiece to go to the upper end of the town and get into a fight. Of course the folks all rushed to see the fight, as good citizens will, and Mr. W and his men went to the fort and took the gun. As the lump of brass weighed 600 pounds, it was no easy matter to carry it. A fence rail was throughst into the muzzle. One man took this on his shoulder, the other two put a hand spike under the breech and they bore it to the boat. There were no mourners present, and the thieves escaped with their bounty.

Later, it was stolen from Fort Fairfield by Presque Isle, and from Presque Isle by Caribou, from Caribou again by Presque Isle, and again from Presque Isle by Fort Fairfield, and in that town it lies buried today, and not more than 2 men know of it's resting place. But it will be resurrected again when needed. The doggerel rhyme commencing:

"Run, Strickland run! Fire Stover Fire! Were the last words of McIntyre" is said by those who know, to be a fabrication and a hoax. It refers to the capture of Land Agent McIntyre at the Fitzherbert tavern in 1839, and was composed by a New Brunswick poet, and I am told was often spoken by the school children for years in the Providence. If Sheriff Strickland and Capt. Stover Rines had been there, why did not the mob take them too? I have said elsewhere that

they were out on the hills looking for ³⁶ a location for a fort and were warned of the danger by Warren Johnson, the boy returning with a grist from the mill at Tobique.

GoodBye Pines

The pine timber era closed with the war. The land was surveyed into lots for settlement. A land agent was appointed for the county. Under him were deputies in every settled township. The timber market slumped and stumpage came high. Some 10 years after, some of the settlers made some on their own land, but sawmills were being built and the pines that remained were sawed into boards. The timber pines those great soft, pumpkin pines were about all gone anyway. Then came the shaved shingle era, and for 25 years the settlers neglected their farms and worked summer and winter in the cedar swamps.

Surveying Townships

Soon after the boundary line was run, the clank of the surveyors' chains was heard along the Aroostook river. More than 20 townships were run off into half mile blocks; roads were laid out, and maps made of each township. Generous grants were reserved for mills and schools. A man might select a farm anywhere, and by building a log cabin, doing a little road work and living on the road for 5 years, he was entitled to a state deed. In 1850, good farming land could be bought from settlers for 50 cents per acre, but it could not be bought from the state for any price. In 1870, good, level hardwood land was worth \$1.00 per acre with few buyers. Spruce land was worthless. About that time the late Joseph A. Conant of Fort Fairfield bought 160 acres of heavy spruce growth, for a yoke of three year old steers, valued at \$60. The spruce are still standing and worth a dollar a tree where they stand.

Chapter 21³⁷

In 1812, 1822 and 1830, there were no deer in Aroostook; they had been driven away or killed by wolves. In those years residents were often pursued and driven into trees by hungry wolves; and they would come to the cabins at night and look in the windows.

Why The Eastern Part of The County was Settled First

³⁶ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100505_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

³⁷ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100512_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

The St. John river, for more than two centuries was the natural highway to the great north woods, which was, and is today, one of the largest wooded tracts on the continent. Elwell, in Abbot's revised history in Maine says : "There are still three million unimproved acres in Aroostook," (see page 503). Newton in his Aroostook directory says, (page 36): "Its acreage, (Aroostook's) is something over five millions, of which less than six hundred thousand are cleared." Brown in his history of Canada says: "By a blunder in not being prepared for war, New Brunswick lost more than two million acres of timberland in the disputed territory." Aroostook has 260 miles of frontier bordering on Canada. Look at a map and you may see that at this late day only the border towns are settled to any extent, with the exception of some inland townships on the Aroostook river. The early settlers came from New Brunswick and settled the border townships as they were nearest to kinsmen and markets. When the Yankees came, they took farms in the border towns because they were the first surveyed and opened to settlers. We have seen that the Acadians came to the St. John Valley to get away from the English and did not know where they were for half a century, but like the English settlers they kept near the river.

Now there is no question but this vast unimproved, uncleared tract of territory in northern and western Aroostook, is just as fertile as that which has been cleared and improved. In fact many well informed people believe it to be the best section of the county, with abundance of timber for building purposes, clear sparkling water and a deep, rich soil, all that is required are railroads to carry the products of farm and forest to the markets of the world, and those fertile valleys in the "Forest County" will swarm with happy, prosperous citizens. And railroads are now being built in the northland as fast as men and money can build them. And the hunting grounds of the once savage tribes will be peopled once more by a different race of beings. Later, in a chapter on railroads in Aroostook, we shall see where the iron horse intends to go in the next few years.

David Buber or Bubler

Dave Buber was a giant; he was over six feet tall; his feet were an awful size, his hands were not small. Along the banks of the Aroostook hunt and fish all day. and eat a pile of onion chives as big as a cock of hay. As heavy as two common men he had the strength of four. He'd lug a load upon his back that weighed a ton or more. He ate raw clams and suckers, shore cives and white pine bark. Always as harmless as a baby and as hungry as a shark.

In the spring of 1833. three young people, two men and a woman, came on foot over the old Portage road from Tobique to the Aroostook river. One of them, a giant in stature, carried their worldly goods in a big pack on his back, and it was noticed that he was barefoot. The pilgrims were Charles and David Buber and their sister, Lyda Ann. They were leaving their home on the St. John river, and hoped to find a home and better their condition on the banks of the Aroostook. They settled and became permanent citizens. David was a peculiar character and a giant in size and strength. Among all the strong, brawny men that came to the new country, and the men of that day were big and strong, none could lift his load. He was remarkably good natured, and did not realize his strength, but if once aroused he was as dangerous as a mad bull. His teeth were white, sound and perfect, and remained so while he

lived; his beard was short and thin; no razor touched his face while he lived, and his hair was seldom cut, but allowed to grow Indian fashion down his back. When it got too long, his brother, Charles, would lead him out in the woods, make him sit down beside a log and cut off the flowing tresses with an axe. His feet were the largest ever seen on a human body. In summer he went barefooted and in winter wore Indian moccasins or wrapped his feet in old coats. Once in his life he had a pair of boots. He used to carry the mail from Fort Fairfield to Houlton for the soldiers. And just before the troops were called away, Capt. Van Ness ordered the company shoemakers to measure his feet and make him a pair of boots. No last could be found big enough, and an ox yoke was cut in two at the centre and a boot was made on each end. Two whole calf skins were used and the greater part of a side of sole leather. The boots as numbers go were 20's, and were a present from the captain. His hands were large and tough; he generally went barehanded in the winter, but sometimes he would draw meal bags over his hands when the weather was cold and he had to cut and carry wood for the big open fire.

He was a great chopper but not very fond of work; he could not be hired with money, but he sometimes would work all day for a trinket. Many of the timber makers wore rings and David wanted one badly but none could be found big enough for his fingers. Finally a brass knob was taken from an ox's horn and by filing it out on the inside, he got it onto his little finger, where it remained till he died, and was buried with him. For this ring he cut down 30 big pines, and then cut down 30 more for a fish hook. While jewelry had great attractions for him, he was afraid of a watch or a compass. The wiggle of the compass needle and the tick of the watch, filled him with fear. He was afraid of a gun or a piece of a gun, and an old gun flint pointed at him would cause him to quake with fear. Nevertheless he was a great hunter. He had a buckskin bag that held about a peck. This he would fill with smooth stones from the shore, and go forth and kill partridges and rabbits, and sometimes he would knock down a deer or caribou, cut its throat and carry it home in triumph. He could catch fish anytime, and has been known to catch big salmon with a bent nail tied to a chalk line with a strip of red flannel for bait.

Jack Eyers, exEnglish sailor, but at one time Aroostook's champion ox teamster, lived in a cabin near the river. Mr. Eyers used to tell fortunes. David went one evening to have his fortune told. Eyer's, to test the giant's strength, told him if he would go down to the landing and bring up a big, cream colored rock that lay there, he would tell his fortune for nothing. Buber went and got the rock, threw it down and sat on it and listened to his fortune. The rock is still laying there; the cabin has decayed. All the young men for miles have tried to lift the rock, and perhaps a thousand river drivers have lifted on it, but none could lift it. It lays not far from where I sit writing.

In summer Mr. Buber spent most of his time along the river. He would fall big trees in the river to hear them splash, and carry great boulders up a high bank and roll them into the river. One day some river drivers found him playing with a big, round stone he would carry it to the top of the bank, roll it down into an efady, dive in and get it and then carry it up the bank again. The lumbermen, with much difficulty, got the rock onto the wangin boat, carried it to the falls and weighed it; it tipped the scales at 412 lbs.

One time a crew of men were at the falls to work on a big jam of timber, when a faker came up the river with a tame bear. He offered to bet \$5 that the bear could throw any man in the crew. After the bear had disabled half a dozen husky lumbermen and got \$30 of their money, the foreman ordered him to leave. This the faker refused to do. The boss then sent a man in a canoe up river after Dave Buber. When he arrived five dollars was put up and the man was told to bring on his bear. Buber smashed the bear onto the ground and fell onto it and held it down; this maddened the bear and it bit Buber's arm. David then caught the bear by the side of the neck and one ham, and after thrashing it on the rocks a while, threw it over the ledges into the river; Meanwhile, the faker had been slashing David over the head with the heavy bear whip. David now caught him and threw him far out into the water and began to hurl big stones at man and bear struggling in the water. The crew coaxed David away, while the show crowd were fished out and limped away. David was given the \$5.00 he had earned, and five minutes later had traded it with a river driver for a jews harp.

Mr. Buber was a glutton; he would go from camp to camp and from house to house begging for food, and after one of those trips he would be sick for a week. He did not use tobacco, could not be hired to touch liquor and was afraid of girls. Two mischievous girls once cornered him and attempted to kiss him and he jumped through the window and ran away with the sash on his neck. He knew nothing about lying, and his word was taken as truth from Houlton to Fort Kent.

The Indians, believing him possessed with evil spirits, were somewhat afraid of him. They used to give him moccasins and leggings, and Newel Bear made him a present of a large, strong pair of snowshoes. With these on his feet, we are told that he once carried a barrel of flour on his shoulder through a brushy swamp for a mile without putting it down. It was carried from a timber camp to his brother Charles' cabin by moonlight.

While Mr. Buber detested rum, he was very fond of molasses. And it is reported that he once drank a gallon measureful at one drink. Many of his droll sayings are still quoted by Aroostook people. It was he that saw the minister trying to bore a hole in a short, round piece of wood of which he intended to make mallet, and said: "Say, Mr. Goodman, put that in the hog trough and it can't turn round." "God be praised!" said the minister, "we can learn something from any fool." "Sartenly," said David, "that's why people go to hear you preach." He once caught a spruce partridge; those bird's at that time were plenty and tame. When David was asked how he managed to catch it, he said, "I surrounded it."

He and his brother Charles were up on the Madawaska stream cruising for timber. It was late in the fall, and David was barefooted as usual. They were seven miles from home and passed the night in an old camp. Charles arose in the morning, and looking out said: "I snum Dave, it's a snowin." "Let her come "said Dave," we're prepared for it."

Time passed and Charles and Lydia Ann married and settled in homes of their own. As David was such a "terrible feeder" and somewhat lazy they did not want him around. He moved into a deserted timber camp where he stayed part of the time. In summer he spent most of his

time playing about the river and subsisted on wild onions, clams, fish, wild duck's eggs and berries. When winter came he would visit the timber makers and hunter's camps and all the settler's cabins along the river.

One winter the snow came down early and the cold was intense. In February the snow got so deep that the timber makers managed to get their teams to their homes and were blockaded by snow for six weeks. Snowshoes and hand sleds were the only means of conveyance. David retired to his camp and subsisted on venison which he secured by catching the deer in the deep snow. His beloved river was covered deep with snow, but he had a good supply of crooked roots, stones, fishheads, shells and pieces of logging chains to play with and was happy and contented.

For a bed he had an old camp spread about 20 feet long and 8 feet wide. When he wished to retire he would unroll this great blanket and go to the farthest corner of the camp, lay down and take one corner in his teeth and roll toward the fire; thus he would be rolled up like a mummy and was snug as a bug in a rug.

One bitter night he piled the great fireplace high with maple logs, rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep, A big blazing log up ended from the fire and fell across the sleeping giant's neck; before he could extricate himself he was fatally burned. He managed to get onto his snowshoes and go to the nearest house some three miles away. As no medical aid could be procured he died a few days later in great agony. Before he died he requested that his remains should be taken to his boyhood home on the St. John river, and be buried beside his parents who were resting in the shade of a big english willow. So one morning the body was rolled in a blanket, lashed on a big hand sled and two men on snowshoes started for his old home in New Brunswick some 50 miles distant

Now the story goes that while these men were on their way down river with their ghastly load they stopped to a house to get dinner, leaving the sled and corpse in the yard. While they were at dinner some hogs that were running loose tore the remains from the sled and dragged it under the barn where it was ! found badly torn and mangled. There are many people still living in Aroostook who remember the "Aroostook giant," David Buber.

Progressive People

Prior to the Aroostook war the scattered settlers in Aroostook territory lived comparatively easy and suffered no great hardships. The Acadian settlements on the St. John were flourishing for they raised their own bread, made their own clothes, and Indian fashion, depended on river, lake and forest for the balance. The English settlers secured their supplies from New Brunswick steamboats, which came up as far as the Grand Falls the greater part of the summer and a line of tow boats brought large quantities of merchandise. Pine timber brought a good price, there was no stumpage to pay and gold coin was plenty. The settler's

wants were few; they sought comfort³⁸ but had no regard for style or fashions. The ladies wore men's hats, red flannel gowns and Indian moccasins; they milked the cows, sheared the sheep, tended the swine, carded, spun and wove the wool and helped clear the land. They knew nothing of stays, bonnets or frills; but were excellent cooks, indulgent mothers and kept their log cabins clean and neat. The men took care of the teams, made the timber and drove it to market. They were as a rule, tall and strong, good choppers and hewers, good boatmen, skillful hunters and unexcelled shots with rifle or musket. No such things as divorce proceedings were ever thought of in those days.

As there were no schools the children took care of themselves. In summer they played half naked along the shores and in winter they played in the snow and assisted their mothers with the chores while their fathers made timber. Very few of the early settlers could read or write and they passed their spare time playing checkers and planning what they would do to the Yankees should they ever come to disturb them.

Taking up Homes

After the war all was changed. The militia returned to their homes and gave a glowing account of the new country. They had lived two winters in the so-called frozen land and had not suffered as much with the cold as they did in their own homes. It was true the mercury often ran low but the air was dry and free from humidity and the cold did not bite as it did near the coast. Many of these young men came back and took farms, and from the older portions of the state many families came and settled on the fertile soil of the border townships. Those newcomers were genuine Yankees and came to clear up farms and make homes. Many of them were two weeks on the road for the way was long then from civilization to the Aroostook wilderness.

Chapter 22³⁹

The war had caused hard feelings. The New Brunswick people felt sore because they had lost Aroostook, and bitter toward their own people who had tamely submitted and become American citizens under the treaty at Washington. An American Customs Collector was sent into the territory and the boundary line for so many years became a dividing line between the good people of Maine and New Brunswick.

Trials of Early Settlers

³⁸ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100512_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

³⁹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100519_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

So Bangor became the nearest trading point, and it took ten days to go to town from Northern Aroostook. For years the greater part of all the supplies used in the Aroostook Valley were hauled from Bangor by team. All the buildings were made of logs covered with splits or tiles made from logs, and even the doors were made of splits with wooden hinges and latches whittled out by hand.

The grain was all threshed with a flail, winnowed in a hand fan made of splits, and carried to Cochran's mill in a canoe. There was a small grist mill at Houlton to accommodate the settlers in the lower part of the county. The French settlers ground their buckwheat by hand and sifted it through handmade linen sieves.

For 20 years a small fly called "wevel" destroyed the wheat; but rye, buckwheat, barley and peas were ground into flour and eaten for bread. In those days a decayed tooth was unheard of, and toothbrushes and dentists were unknown. At times some of the early settlers actually suffered for food, and in more than one instance potato seed has been dug from the ground after it was planted, and cooked, to feed a big family of hungry children. Rum was cheap, and up to 1850, was used in almost every house and was the only medicine used. It was sold by the gallon or barrel from wangin boats and lumber camps. A story is told of James Field, one of the early settlers, who had a big family, and at the time was getting out ship knees for the late Col. McClosky. He had bought a barrel of rum when he commenced work, but a few weeks later came back after another. "You recently had a barrel," said McClosky. "Yes" said Field, "but I've got eleven children and no cow this winter." He got another barrel.

Houlton

Forth from the Bay State's sheltering fold
Stern Yeomen came, a sturdy band;
Left pleasant homes and kinsmen old,
To settle in our northern land.
Across the wilderness of Maine,
Through forests drear for many a league
They oame, and built new homes again
Beside the clear Meduxnekeag,
Far to the north, and south, and west,
Dark pathless forest stretched away;
Palled hill and vale and mountain crest,
From Quebec's towers to Pundy Bay,
Saxon and Celt soon joined the band,
From crowded Isles across the sea,
And from New Brunswick, border land,
Came others to this colony.
Stern was the task for those brave souls.
To cut the wilderness away,
And found beneath our banner's fold,

Majestic Houlton of today.
They built not upon the sand,
Ere passing to that unknown shore.
I ween that Houlton fair and grand,
Will stand till time shall be no more.

Let us see what kind of men and women those backwoods children made; those who wore their father's cast off clothing, and learned their letters from a medical almanac, and were fed on rabbit soup and rye bread, and nourished with New England rum; those that were reared among the blackened stumps and deep snows in the Aroostook wilderness. They went out into the world, not to follow, but to lead. In every state in this broad union they have made their homes. In the pineries of the west, the coal and oil regions of the Alleghenies, on the broad prairies, in the mining camps of the Rockies, in the orange groves of the south and on the Pacific slope they made homes and became leading, wealthy and influential citizens. At the time of the Civil war those backwoods boys were among the first to respond to the bugle's call for volunteers, and during that awful struggle did vaillant service on many a bloody field. And when the strife was over, and the old flag still waved from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, they returned and cleared away great patches of the Aroostook wilderness, were the real founders of the garden of Maine, and laid the foundation of the new northeast.

If the coming generations of Aroostook, now with the advantages of a liberal education, and a religious temperance training, can do a little better than their parents, the world will be better because they have lived.

Let us pause here and have a look at Houlton, the shire town of the county, the capital of Aroostook, and the first English speaking colony on the border of Aroostook. It has been founded for a century, but the first 60 years was a struggle for existence. In 1861 1864 the greater part of her able bodied citizens went to the Civil war. Pass a Houlton cemetery in summer and the flags on the soldiers' graves tell the story. The church yards are apparently covered with the little flags fluttering above the town's honored dead. The following pages will tell how early settlers struggled with a rigorous climate, disease, famine, and a scourge of fire and finally won. The sturdy trees have at last taken deep root and needs no further care.

Houlton is the shire town of the county, and is called the handsomest village in the State of Maine. In 1866 it had a population of 2000, in 1900 only 4,680, but at the close of the year of 1909, the population was about 8000. It is 6 miles square, borders on New Brunswick and contains 23,040 acres of the most fertile land in the state. Ask any intelligent citizen of Aroostook when Houlton was settled, and you will probably be told it was in 1801. It is so written in geographys, histories and year books and ought to pupils in the schools. Such, however, is not the case.

In the year of 1799, on the 23rd of June, the legislature of Massachusetts, then in session, gave to the trustees of New Salem Academy a half township of wild land in the Province of Maine. Previous to this, representatives of the governments of Massachusetts and

New Brunswick, had gone to the very headwaters of the St. Croix river and near a spring had erected a cedar monument. The dividing line was to run due north to a point to be decided by diplomacy or war later on. At this time the infant Republic was shrouded in gloom. Washington had just died, war with France seemed unavoidable, money was very scarce and all the European nations predicted an early death for the Republic.

At this dark time, to support her struggling schools and colleges, the commonwealth of Massachusetts gave away many grants of land in Northern Maine. The unsettled territory was surveyed on paper only and was considered a sort of a "no man's land" at last.

The first grant was given at the head of the St. Croix river. The surveyor measured due north a given distance, then west, and continued around the grant. The next was farther to the north and kept on in that order until the northern line of Monticello was reached.

On November 18th, 1801, the trustees of New Salem Academy sold the grant to 10 persons viz: Aaron Putman, Varney Pearce, Joseph Houlton, John Putman, Joshua Putman, Rufus Cowles, John Chamberlain, Wm. Bowman, consider Hasting and Thomas Powers. These men about all lived in New Salem and were all related by marriage or otherwise. None of them were poor men, and two of them, Joseph Houlton and Aaron Putman were wealthy,

Now this grant was bought for speculation, but reports had come from men who had been to the wilderness exploring other grants of the isolated, desolate condition of the country, and no buyers could be found. The laws of the state required that six families must settle on those grants inside of five years, or the conveyance would be void.

The grant was surveyed by Park Holland in 1802. As no buyers came, and the allotted time was slipping away, Aaron Putman made plans to go north and occupy the land. In the spring of 1805, Mr. Putman, with his family and several young men, set sail from Boston, and after a stormy passage landed in Woodstock. Twelve miles away toward the west, through the trackless forest lay the grant. Everything had to be carried through the woods on a spotted line. Putman set the young men to cutting trees, and returned to Woodstock and opened a store.

The men who bought this grant, bought a pig in a bag, for the state had the choice of location; but the location proved to be one of the finest half townships in the territory.

In the spring of 1807, Joseph Houlton came. He was a man of means and education, and a brother in law to Aaron Putman. He left his large family at Woodstock and struck across the woods to found a home. He cleared some land, sowed wheat and planted potatoes. This was the first planting done in Aroostook south of the Madawaska settlements. Late in August, Mrs. Putman got tired of living at Woodstock, and with her 14 year old daughter, started on horseback through the woods to find her husband. Her nephew, Amos Putman, went along to guide them. After going 10 miles, they came to the end of the trail and had to leave the horse and travel through the bushes on foot. The day was hot, and the little party was loaded with baskets and bundles, and when they came to the edge of the clearing, Mrs. Houlton's strength

gave out and she was obliged to stop. Upon the hill her two sons and husband were at work reaping their first crop of wheat; they were called, and at once went to work and built a little camp on the spot for the wife and mother. Soon after a log house was built near the camp. This was the first house in Houlton, built in the fall of 1807.

Mrs. Houlton was the first white woman to set foot on the soil of Houlton. James Houlton, her son, also built a log house soon after at the top of the hill near a spring. His young wife then came from Woodstock, and soon after presented him with a daughter, the first child born in the settlement. This girl, Caroline, died at the age of 16 years. We are told that Joseph Houlton and sons took their first load of supplies from Woodstock to his new farm on a wheelbarrow with a grindstone for the wheel.

In the spring of 1808, others came and the next spring, 1809, many more. We read that 50 acres of trees were felled in one chopping in 1809, and when it was burned the log house of Aaon Putman (who had returned from Woodstock) was burned. The next day, however, the settlers came, and from the green trees of the forest, had another house completed by sundown.

On Sept 5th, the settlers had a meeting and presented a petition to the legislature of Massachusetts asking that they might be incorporated into a plantation, but the petitioners were given leave to withdraw. In 1817, they again tried and were refused but the third petition sent to the Maine Legislature in the spring of 1826, was acted upon, and Houlton Plantation was organized April 21, 1826. Prior to the above date, the citizens had to go to Houlton to vote. The route was via the St. Croix river, in canoes.

On April 4th, 1831, the Plantation of Houlton with William's grant, a half township joining the plantation on the north granted to Williams College of Williamstown, Mass. was organized into the town of Houlton.

After 1809, the settlers came from all parts. Many came from New Brunswick, and many English and Irish emigrants came. On the other hand some of the original settlers moved to New Brunswick. The tall, strapping sons of Tories and English officers who settled on the St. John, married the blue blooded daughters of the Massachusetts Yankees, and the Houlton Yankees, whose sires had fought in the Revolution, married the fair daughters of New Brunswick and in the dark days that were to come the connections of those prominent families did more to avert war on the border than the statesmen in the legislatures.

Then came the 1812 war and communication and transportation through New Brunswick was cut off. The nearest post office was Bangor, 110 miles as the crow flies through the woods and not even an Indian trail to follow. The route was down an old timber road to Grand lake, down the lake in boats, carry across to the Baskahegan stream, down this stream to the Mattawamkeag, down the turbulent Mattawamkeag to the Penobscot and to Bangor. It took about three weeks to make the round trip. An attempt was made to open a line of travel direct from Oldtown to Houlton. The big woods then reached to Old Town. A line of spots were made

through the forest for 100 miles, but men often were lost. Mr. Wormwood, a carpenter en route to the new settlement got lost in those dreary wilds and nearly perished; two other men lost their way and after days of wandering came out on the St. John river below Woodstock. It was years after before anything like a road was established. It was then, the pact of friendship was used by the families who had intermarried and great quantities of supplies were smuggled across from Woodstock.

The remnant of the MicMac tribe of Indians had always claimed the territory and seeing the two nations at war attempted to swoop down and destroy the feeble settlement, but the plot was discovered by New Brunswick people and the little settlement was warned and protected.

Then came the cold summer of 1816. In June 10 inches of snow fell at Madawaska and 2 inches at Houlton. Armstrong and Parks, who were exploring the Aroostook at that time, reported a fall of six inches at the mouth of the Presque Isle. No grain was raised at Houlton that summer and the next year breadstuff was very high.

The war was over; there were shiploads of southern corn at St John; Aaron Putnam and Joseph Houlton had ready money and spread it among the settlers with liberal hands, but the hard feelings caused by the war made it difficult for the hungry Yankees to buy bread. T was then that the Yankee relatives in New Brunswick found a way to⁴⁰ supply their kinsmen at Houlton. We read of one family however, that lived six weeks without a mouthful of bread; others got along without the "staff of life" for three weeks. But the river was swarming with salmon, the cows gave milk, the hogs got a living in the woods and there was an abundance of maple sugar and rum on hand and the hardy pioneers, survived.

Chapter 23⁴¹ First Ball in Houlton

They not only survived, but were ready and eager regardless of hunger and cold, to take part in a grand ball that came their way during the summer of 1817. In that memorable summer a feeble attempt was made by the British and American governments, to have the boundary line run between Maine and New Brunswick. Early in the spring of 1817, a large party of commissioners, officers and surveyors from both countries, met at the monument at the head of the St Croix, and commenced to work northward. While they were killing time quarrelling and drinking rum, Joseph Houlton was erecting a large frame house at the Houlton Settlement. As July 4th drew near the surveyors, some 60 in number, drew near Houlton. They had advanced about 10 miles' in two months. They saw the big, new house and the pretty Houlton girls, and asked permission to have a grand "Lineman's Ball" there on the evening of July 4th. Permission

⁴⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100519_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁴¹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100526_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

was granted and the Houlton ladies began to cook the best they had at hand and decorate the building for the occasion. When the night came, a fiddler was imported from Woodstock, and the people gathered from far and near.

If bread was scarce, rum was plenty. Sir Archibald Campbell, representing Great Britain, selected pretty Lydia Houlton for a partner, and opened the ball. As he was skipping around with the gold lace jingling, he slipped and sprained his ankle, and had to be led from the floor. A row soon started out of doors between the Yankees and New Brunswickers, and soon became general. Finally Mr. Bouchette, a Canadian, and Col. Turner of Vermont trotted into a muss and Bouchette challenged Turner to fight a duel. Next morning the British officials packed up and went to Woodstock. A few of the Americans made a hasty survey northward to the highlands and returned home.

The Carey Family

In 1822 the Cary family came to Houlton. They were closely related to the Houltons. In this family was one boy, Shepard, who turned out to be a great businessman. He built the first store in Houlton in 1826. Then he erected a grist mill; sawmills and a foundry. He cut roads through the forest, cleared large tracts of land and engaged in extensive timber operations. He bought whole townships of land on the Allagash river, and cleared land, where he raised hay and grain for winter use. We are told that he once made a stick of pine timber six, feet square and 40 feet long, and it took ten heavy horses to haul it to the river. If that stick of pine had been erected as an obelisk at Houlton, it would, today, be one of the wonders in the nation.'

Mr. Cary was sent to the State Legislature 13 times, and to Congress one term in 1843. In 1857, he brought the first mowing machine and the first top buggy to Houlton, and these were probably the first that ever came to Aroostook. He accumulated a large fortune, and did more to build up the town than any man that ever lived there. He died August 9, 1866.

Joseph Houlton

Joseph Houlton built a rude grist mill in 1809. No toll was taken for grinding the settler's grain. This good man, for whom the town was named, died August 12, 1832.

First Houlton Minister

The first minister, Rev. Edward Eastman, came in 1811, and organized a Congregationalist church. He soon went away and died in Portland. The settlement managed to live without a preacher till 1818, when the Rev. Seth Winslow came and remained. Dr. Samuel Rice came with the colony but soon moved to Woodstock. Lydia Trask Putman, mother of Aaron Putman, and often called the mother of the colony, then became physician and nurse for all who were ill or afflicted. She rode on horseback at a gallop to all the new settlements, and never thought of asking for pay. She was a skillful nurse and doctor. This beloved woman died in 1820 at the age of 87 years.

Boundary Dispute

The eternal boundary dispute kept the people on the borders of the two countries spitting and snarling at each other most of the time. Great Britain, after much bickering, had generously agreed to take Mars Hill as a corner stake, and draw a line due west across Maine to the Canadian border. But very many of the people of New Brunswick declared they would have every inch of territory drained by the tributaries of the St. John or have blood shed; this of course would include the Houlton settlement and all the surrounding territory.

Caught Napping

In 1826, a body of British troops were sent up the river to Woodstock. They, apparently, had never heard of such a thing as a line between Woodstock and Houlton. Squads of those overbearing English, under an ignorant corporal, would come over to Houlton and search the settlers' houses for firearms, and often used profane and insulting language. Young men from Houlton were often at Woodstock. While there they were invited to drink liquor by an oily tongued officer; the rum was drugged, and when the unfortunate young man awoke he would find himself in the guardhouse with a shilling in his pocket, and would be told that he had taken the shilling in the King's name and was duly enlisted in the British army. He would then be taken to Fredericton and forced into the ranks for a long term of service.

British soldiers were continually deserting, and so called "corporal guards" kept coming over into Maine and searching the settler's buildings along the border. Protests were in vain and the haughty British officers had about as much regard for a peaceable American citizen he had for a skunk.

Hancock Barracks Built

At length; a Quaker, one Jonah Dunn, a staid and respected citizen of Houlton, circulated a petition, which was signed by all good citizens'. regardless of their nationality, and it was sent to Washington, DC asking that a military post might be established on the northeastern frontier at Houlton. The prayer was granted; the soldiers came, the stars and stripes were unfurled, Hancock barracks were built, and for 20 years a body of regular US troops occupied this post.

There is no record obtainable to show the date of the coming of those troops. " Many of the older settlers think they came in 1827, and others are quite positive they did not come till 1828. From what the writer can gather, he thinks they came in the summer of 1827. Barnes, however, in his history of Houlton, is inclined to think they came in 1828. They came anyway. Lieut. J. S. Gallagher came first with Company C.; of U. S. Infantry. Other companies soon followed. 25 acres of land was purchased, a parade ground graded, Hancock barracks built, artillery planted, and a substantial stockade erected. A hospital and magazine were also erected.

The settlers were annoyed no more. The British troops, apparently, lost all interest in the settler's firearms, and didn't even come to look up their deserters. Women and children could now go around the fields and pastures without being met and insulted by a file of British soldiers.

Better Times

A new era had dawned for Houlton. Every man, boy and team had to work at good wages on government buildings and roads. Money was plenty and the hard times were over. The first troops came by the Grand Lake and Baskahegan route and up the trail across Gorton grant (Hodgdon). The U.S. government now commenced to make a military road from Oldtown to Houlton plantation, and a serious time they had. Much of the land was swampy and the summer was wet. Army supplies were piled along the new route from Oldtown to Limerick academy grant (New Limerick). We read that while enroute to Houlton via the new road; two companies of Infantry got lost and travelled all day on an old tote road. The road was completed at last and a mail route established; and since that time thousands of loads have been hauled over it to northern Aroostook.

First Houlton Church

After the barracks were built. Major N.S. Clarke had command of the post for many years. At that time where the main village is now located was a cedar swamp. The troops from the garrison were ordered to Mexico in 1847. All of the citizens of Houlton and the surrounding towns felt sad. In 1827, a road was turnpiked from Woodstock to Houlton. The first meeting house was built in the summer of 1837. This was a union meeting house. In 1838, another church was built. The last Washington County deed was June 7, 1839. The first Aroostook County deed June 15 1839. The horseback, in the western part of the town is an attractive work of nature.

A branch of the Meduxnekeag river flows through the town. This is a tributary of the St. John and joins the big river at Woodstock.

First Houlton Railroad

In 1862, a railroad in New Brunswick was built within five miles of Houlton. This gave the little town a great boom and much freight from the upper Aroostook towns was shipped from that point. In 1870, the road was extended to the village and was the first railroad in the county, with the exception of the notorious European and North American swindle that barely came into the southern part of the county and out again. Of this we shall speak later.

This road is now a spur of the mighty Canadian Pacific system and Houlton is the terminus. With the advent of the road, Houlton threw off her swaddling clothes and soon became a large, prosperous, thriving village. But in 1894, the Bangor and Aroostook drilled its

way through the big woods of Maine and penetrated the township and village on it's way to the north. Since then Houlton appears more like a city than a country village.

A company of State Militia composed of young men of the town, and the only organized body of the kind in the county is kept at Houlton.

Near the public library stands a massive soldier's monument erected by her patriotic sons and daughters in commemoration of the brave men, who gave life for country.

Houlton in Ashes

In 1902, May 30th, (memorial day) while the citizens were preparing to decorate the soldier's graves, a fire broke out, and as a high wind was blowing at the time, it was soon beyond control of the firemen. Before night, 107 buildings were in ashes, and the loss was \$365,000. In a year's time, however, the burned district was rebuilt, more modern and substantial than it was before.

Nickerson Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, lies a few miles west of town. It is the summer resort for many of the citizens of Houlton, and many beautiful cottages are built along its shores. There is also a steamer and many gasoline launches on the lake.

The Houlton of Today

The Houlton of Today is large, prosperous and very wealthy. It contains many splendid public and private buildings, also factories, mills, and foundries, eight handsome churches, a fine public library, two newspapers, an up to date fire department, two electric light plants, a fine system of water works, sewage and a well regulated police force. The public school system is said to be as good as any in the state. Ricker Classical Institute and a commercial college are located in the town. It has three banks and seven fine hotels. The county jail and courthouse are located here. The Free High School building is large and handsome and built of brick. The streets are studded with beautiful native trees. The trade in hay, potatoes, lumber, starch and woolen fabrics is enormous. It also has a large and modern opera house. Taken as an agricultural town, it is one of the best in New England, and many of the farmers are wealthy.

Two railroads, the Canadian Pacific and the Bangor and Aroostook, carry the products of factories, farm and forest to the tide waters of the Atlantic, where they are taken to the marts of commerce.

Houlton has a large class of influential brainy men. She has already produced two U.S. Congressmen, a governor of the state and a judge of the Supreme Court. Also, presidents of the state Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives. She also produced a large percent of the County officers.

We have followed Houlton through a century. We have seen the little struggling settlement on a hostile and unfriendly frontier, in the days when the New Republic was weak and poor. Struggling for its very existence while a wild and unbroken wilderness separated it from home, friends and kinsmen. Stern and hardy were its founders or it would have perished. We have also seen the turnpike take the place of the blazed trail, the broad well tilled fields take the place of the forest, tall stately mansions the place of the log cabin, the automobile and locomotive the place of the ox cart and canoe, and wealth and happiness the place of hardship and despair. The clouds have rolled away and the Houlton of today contains a thousand happy homes.

Clapboards, Shingles and Farms

About the year 1850, pine timber ceased to be to any extent, a product of Aroostook. The big tall pines were gone and no wonder; for 25 years, each spring, the rivers ran so thick with timber that the settlers could cross at times on the floating timber by stepping from stick to stick. Many big crooked pines were left and these were cut down and sawed into four foot clapboard cuts, but no lumber with a knot in it was taken and the cut was counted as "little stuff" if it did not measure farther across the end than it did in length. A cut four feet long and five feet across the end floated on end in the river and a sure way for a smart young man to get a ducking was to try to ride on one of those floating cuts.

At first great drives of clapboard cuts were floated down the St. John river. Later, however, clapboard mills were built all along the Aroostook border from Houlton to Fort Kent. The heavy machinery was generally⁴² hauled from Bangor but some of it was brought up the St. John river and hauled with teams into the big Aroostook woods. Those mills were also built along the Aroostook river as far west as Masardis and many a swift flowing trout stream was harnessed to run a clapboard machine. Rude homemade overshot wheels were made by those early millwrights to run the machinery. The clapboards were put up in bunches, 50 in a bunch and securely bound with withes. They were generally floated down the brooks in single bunches to the river. A boom stopped them at the mouth of the brook where they were taken out and built into rafts and floated down river. Those coming down the Aroostook had to be taken out at the falls and hauled around and again rafted in the basin below the falls. When they reached the St. John many of those small rafts were fastened together and floated to market down the big river. There were no bridges or piers on the river at that day and rafts whose surface would measure an acre were often floated to market in comparative safety.

⁴² http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100526_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 24 He Was Uneasy⁴³

Speaking of rafting reminds me of a true little story. The English officers always called the Yankees uncouth and green. In the spring of 1851, an English soldier strayed away from his company that was stationed at Fredericton, NB. If and after wandering around for days in the woods, he came out on the banks of the river where some men were putting a raft of clapboards together. The rivermen fed the hungry redcoat and then took him on the raft and gave him a ride to Fort Fairfield. Here the soldier traded his uniform with a teamster, and not finding any work decided to return up river. All the forenoon he stood on the riverbank with an anxious look on his face watching the rafts and boats go by on their journey toward the falls. Then, one Richard Norris, an Englishman and ex soldier, approached his countrymen and said: "What are you watching for, friend?" And the soldier replied: "Hi was watching for a raft going hup river, hi want to go hup that way again."

This man later took up a farm on the "Reach," married and reared a large family. At the time of the Civil war he enlisted in the 7th Maine Regiment, served three years and returned with stripes on his coat. His remains rest in his adopted country, and he has three daughters and two sons living in Aroostook today, and for that reason I do not mention his name.

Cattle Buyers

Those men who came to manufacture pine clapboards, as a rule, came from outside. Every family that came from New England to Aroostook, came from "outside" and the phrase is still used and were Americans. Each millman was given 400 acres of land by the state. Another class of "outsiders" were those who came and took up farms. This latter class cleared away the hilltops, and raised many cattle and sheep that were driven on foot to the cities in the southern part of the state. Every fall, men buying cattle, called "drovers," came to Aroostook and bought all the neat stock they could find. As there were no banks then north of Bangor, those cattle buyers carried large sums of money with them. But I never heard of a drover being robbed while attending to business in Aroostook. They used to travel all over the settled part of the county and usually bought large droves of stock in the Madawaska settlements. Those who attended to farming also raised large quantities of grass seed which sold for cash, at high price at Bangor. A farmer in winter would load a ton of clover seed onto his sled and haul it to Bangor where it generally sold for 25 cents per pound. He would bring a load of freight back for which he would be paid \$1.00 per cwt

Big Crops

⁴³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100602_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Large quantities of oats, hay and beans were raised and sold to the lumbermen. Good prices for those staples were paid for those times; oats sold for 75 cents per bu., beans \$3.00 per bu. and hay \$20.00 per ton. The rich, new soil produced enormous crops, 100 bushels of oats and 500 lbs. of clover seed being an average yield per acre. The old "poverty mauls," the flails, were thrown away and threshing machines and seed grinders were hauled from Bangor. The stock yards were replaced with small, but substantial barns, and a few frame houses were built. It took those early pioneers 10 days to go to town, but they went several times every winter, and many of them laid up snug sums of money. After they had lived on their farms five years, the state gave each man a warrantied deed. A State deed is a small, simple looking document, but it is one of the best titles on earth. They are getting scarce now, and many of the present generations never saw one.

Now this class of pioneer farmers I have been describing, those "outsiders," were the people that came to the new country from the older portions of the state, and, in fact from every state in New England, to better their conditions. They were genuine Yankees, the old Puritan stock of New England. They built the first schoolhouses and meeting houses, and were the first to attend to the organizing of plantations. About every middle aged man was a deacon, and consequently sharp in a trade. They were good, substantial citizens and enjoyed life in the backwoods immensely.

Pine Chip Brought Last Smile

But there was another class of citizens in Aroostook; they were the old timber makers and their descendants. The early and original settlers that came from New Brunswick, the so called "Bluenose" stock. "They were good, patriotic citizens, and were proud that they had become Yankees under the treaty, honest and hard working, but they could not farm. When the old timber makers had hunted up the last of the big pines and made them into timber, they gave up the ghost and were buried in Aroostook soil. The last one on the Aroostook river died a few years ago; he was very old and had worried in some years at making birch timber, a disgraceful calling for a man who had felled and made a thousand big pine, but birch was all there was left. When his first and last illness came he lost his reason, and raved about great groves of towering pine and Yankees coming down the river] to drive him away from those great trees. His wife, his third or fourth, I have forgotten which, called one of her sons and told him to go and find her a pine chip. When the young man returned with the chip which he had cut from a big pine stump, the weeping wife placed it in the dying man's mouth, and an hour later he breathed his last breath with a smile on his face.

Making Cedar Shingles

Those men who did not know how to farm, made cedar shingles. As a rule they kept a cow and a few sheep, an old horse or a yoke of oxen, raised a field of buckwheat, had a little patch of potatoes behind the old log barn where the land was good and weedy, and made

shingles. The women and children as a rule tended the growing crops and assisted the shingle weavers in their spare moments.

Nowhere on earth did the great, white cedar, the arborvitae of the north, grow as large and handsome as it did, and still does on Aroostook soil. It grows all over New England, in Canada and New Brunswick, but not like it does in Aroostook. I can go to stumps today where the great trees were cut half a century ago, that are four and five feet in diameter with 30 feet gone that were made into shingles. I can show you where one hundred thousand of shingles were made from one half acre of ground; and in later years the tops of those great trees, and the trees left standing, were taken to a shingle mill and another hundred thousand of sawed shingles were manufactured; and after the shingle rift was all taken, there were lots of small poles left for fencing. And in the great Aroostook wilderness there is standing today thousands of acres as heavily timbered as the half acre mentioned above.

When the pine was gone, the settlers turned their attention to those great trees. On every brookside and swale, those great trees grew in abundance, and even on the hardwood ridges, they grew straight and tall, and free rifted, while the swamps were so thickly covered with them that a moose with horns could hardly get through, and when chased by dogs or men would circle around one of these swamps.

Cedar was found on every farm. On many a well tilled Aroostook field, where now the grain and potatoes grow every summer, those great trees once grew, and the butts were made into shingles by pioneers of Aroostook.

In making shaved shingles, like making pine timber,, about one half of the wood was wasted but valuable lumber was not very valuable in those days to the early settlers.

A shingle weaver's outfit was simple and did not cost much. An ax, a cross cut saw, a shingle knife, a froe, bunching gage and a shave horse were the tools required. He could carry them all into the woods with him at one load. The shave horse and bunching gage he made himself; the drawing knife, ax and froe, were made by the local blacksmith, but the saw, worth its weight in silver, had to be imported from Bangor or St. John.

The best trees only were selected and cut; those were sawed into lengths four feet long and split into quarters; the bolts were then sawed twice each and made three 1/4 inch blocks. These were set on end and split with the froe; each shingle would be split as nearly as possible one half inch thick. Then came the shaving. The shave horse was made of wood about five feet long; two wooden legs a little above the centre with an outward slant at the bottom, held it position; one end rested on in the ground, and the body of the horse pointed toward the operator at an angle of about 45 degrees. A small piece of iron bent at a right angle was nailed to a piece of wood that came up through a mortise in the centre of the horse; this was fastened in place by a wooden pin. At the bottom of the horse head was a stirrup made of a twisted wither through which the operator put his foot and held the shingle fast; with the "froe end" fastened securely, he would draw the keen knife toward him and quickly shave the soft cedar to a point

and it would become a shingle. A good shingle weaver would make a shave horse about as quickly as I have written how it was done and it was all the [i]iorse many of the shingle weavers owned.

The froe was a piece of steel 18 inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick on the back; at the butt end was a stock hole for a wooden handle; the shingles were split by placing the froe in proper position on the bolt and striking it with a wooden mauL. Women often used to rive (split) and bunch shingles. Instead of using spun yarn to bind the bunches together, green twisted withes were used.

The shingle weavers never got rich. A man working alone would easily make six bunches a day, and these would sell for at least \$1.00 per bunch. There was no stumpage to pay and no rent, for a log house could be built in a short lathe beside any spring or brook. Every little backwoods halm let was a shingle market, and the buyers would stand on the corners with their shining steel shingle gouges and bid on the loads as they came in, much as the potato buyers do today. (A shingle gouge is a slim, steer chisel used to pry open the end of a bunch of shingles to examine the quality). Acres of ground would be covered deep with shaved shingles. Aroostook shingles brought a dollar per M more in the Boston market than those made in Canada or in other parts of Maine. The buyers could not get enough of them. It was claimed that the wood was lighter and whiter, and that the shingle would bend and buckle on uneven walls and roofs without splitting. The greater part of the shingles were hauled in winter to the St. John river and floated down in great rafts; they would then be loaded on schooners and taken to the American markets. But many loads were hauled to Bangor by teams going after supplies.

Several men made fortunes out of the shingle business, but it was not the men who manufactured them. Most of these men died in poverty, and lay today in unknown, unmarked graves. This class of men, like their fathers, the timber makers, despised the tillers of the soil. They could make big wages making shingles, but as they had to buy about everything by weight and measure, they were generally in debt. Hauling supplies from Bangor by team cost money. Western pork, when sold from an unAroostook store, cost 25 cents per pound, molasses \$1.00 per gallon, tobacco \$1.00 per pound, tea \$1.00 per pound, and our shingle weavers drank strong tea. Clothing and footwear was very high, and the shingle weaver who had an account at a shingle buyer's store, was, as a rule, always in debt and consequently happy.

Old Time Prices

The following will illustrate the exorbitant prices the poor shingle makers had to pay the local traders. Remember they had never been to school, and arithmetic was all Greek to them. The late Col. McClosky had a small store at Fort Fairfield. He was also a heavy shingle buyer and bought exclusively from a class that was always owing him. His old and confidential bookkeeper left to go into business for himself, and McClosky sent up a bookkeeper from Bangor. When McClosky came up he looked over the books and said: "Mr. _____ we appear to be making an enormous profit. You are not charging those poor people too much, are you?"

"Guess not!" said Mr. _____. "This brand of flour that costs us \$10 here at the store, I only charge them \$20. per barrel and throw the barrel in; and those boots that cost \$5. I sell for \$10, per pair, and allow them to pick a pair to suit them." "I guess that's about right" said Mac, and he lit a cigar and went over to look at the mountain of shingles.

The shingle weavers were generally on the move. They would take up a farm with a good clump of cedar on it, and after making up some of the choicest of the trees they would move to another location and let the farm go back to the state.

I will relate one instance to illustrate the habits of those uneasy settlers: One William Field, a man with a large family, between the years of 1850 and 1865, built 36 log houses on 36 different farms; all of those houses were within a mile of the Aroostook river, and one of them is still standing. Mr. Field did not stay long enough on any one of those farms to get a State deed, and when he died he did not own a square foot of land on the surface of the earth.. All a man had to do at that time was to live five years in a place and assist a little in grubbing a road for his own convenience, and the state would deed him 160 acres of the "Garden of Maine."

Many shingles were made on streams and brooks, and the shingle bunches floated down as the clapboards were. They were always moved from forest to⁴⁴ market in summer by water when it was possible to. Buyers would take them anywhere on the banks of a river. Those drawn from the woods to a trading post were hauled in a sled.

For twenty years the shingle fever raged in Aroostook. From Houlton to Fort Kent the woods were alive with men making shaved shingles. Not only the settlers worked at the business but the buyers built camps and hired big crews to assist in robbing Aroostook of its wealth. No attention was given to the stumpage question; the state owned most of the land and a cedar swamp was counted common booty. Sometimes the local land agent would be consulted, but more times the operators would find a location that suited them and go to work. They were seldom if ever bothered.

And our Acadians caught the fever and had a severe run of it. While they never made pine timber, they took to shingle weaving like ducks to water. Men, women, children worked at the business for years, and it is said they made the best shingles that went to market. When the shingle mills came and ruined the industry, those simple people regarded those mills as a plague sent by the Almighty to punish them for their sin.

Ninety percent of those shaved shingles went down the St. John River to the tide water. Great rafts as big as a modern battleship were navigated down the big river wherever there was a raise of water. The timber shingles, clapboards and other lumber taken from Aroostook to St. John. and Frederickton in the years that have passed have done more towards building up those cities than any other cause. But all this will soon pass. Aroostook is rapidly being covered

⁴⁴ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100602_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

with a network of railroads and in the future the products of the so called "wooden county" will pass over its own soil to the sea by rail.

Chapter 25⁴⁵ They "Made Good"

With the advent of the shingle mills which were introduced about the time of the civil war closed, (say 1865), the shingle makers had to go out of business. Like their fathers, the timber makers, they thought there was nothing more to live for, and many of them pined away and died. A few of them, however, lived for years and cursed the shingle mills and the man who invented them. And the shingle knives and shave horses, and froes are gone too. Very few of the young people of today ever saw a shave horse or a froe, and would not know what they were if they found one in their soup.

Well, what became of the shingle weaver's sons and daughters? Those children reared in the backwoods; those boys that had to work in the shingle swamps all the week and chop firewood all day Sunday? Those girls who wore woolen dresses and long legged boots or moccasins, and hoed the potatoes and carded the wool, and milked the cows and learned the calves to drink, and spun yarn and wove cloth, and made their own clothes, and made soft soap and tallow candies, and never dreamed of stays and never heard of a corn on a toe? Those young ladies who made a dollar hat last them seven years and then gave it to a younger sister?

To use a slang phrase, "they made good." Those boys were worth their weight in gold, and the girls each worth their weight in diamonds. Children born from scrub stock, whose parents and grandparents were unlettered and uncouth, who were deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, made their mark in the world. The climate of their native county, combined with pure water and balsam laden air, gave them perfect health and well knit frames. Their training in the school of want taught them economy, and the pinch of poverty in their youth gave them an appetite for wealth, or at least comfort. Many of them went west. Many of our Aroostook boys and girls of today have rich aunts and uncles in western states, who left home 40 years ago with their earthly possessions tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, and many, very many of them, stayed at home, and by hard work and strict economy cleared away the forest, made elegant model homes, and laid the foundation for Aroostook's future.

Say stranger, let us take a ride out in the country, in any direction. There are no sand banks, boulders or bog holes up this way to shun. Do you see those two great red barns over there, and that big, white house, and that potato house, and that long row of sheds and outbuildings, and that pretty stable with the martin house above it? Well, let's drive in. Who lives here? Smith. His father was an old shingle weaver. Over there by that bunch of alders near the brook is where the old log house used to stand; Joe was born there; old Smith got the land from

⁴⁵ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100609_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

the state; he never tried to farm much, said it was too frosty here. When he died, the bright boys all went west and Joe had to stay and take care of his mother, and he thought he would try farming. There were lots of debts to pay and times were hard, but Joe was gritty. Once he got a chance to sell the farm for \$300. That was a big price then for there is only 160 acres in the farm, and good land then only brought about \$1.00 per acre, but his mother didn't want to leave the old place so he stayed.

When the old man died all he left on the place was a kit of shingle tools, an old horse and a sled, and as I have said a lot of debts. What's the farm worth now? Well. Joe was offered \$20,000 for it last spring, but he didn't sell and I don't blame him; he doesn't owe a dollar in the world, has a snug bank account, and knows he came honestly by every dollar. See those two big Percheron teams coming this way with those two mowing machines? Cut a wide swath you say? Yes, each machine cuts seven feet Big horses? Yes sir, each pair weighs about 3300 lbs.; and as they stand with those costly, brass trimmed harnesses, they are worth about \$1000 per pair. When Joe was a boy, he used to mow there among the stumps by hand with an old bush scythe and his sisters used to carry the hay on poles on their shoulders and stack it to winter the old horse on.

Hello! found something new have you? That's a patch of potatoes, goes clear to the woods half a mile away; only fifty acres in it; Joe has probably got another patch like that out in the back field. Don't see any rows? Why bless you man, this is the first of August, don't potatoes always cover the ground this time of year? Of course you can't tell which way the rows run by looking at them. See smoke over there? Ha, ha! that's a good one. That's a sprayer at work Horses on it, you say? Why of course, spray by hand, where do you live? Great scott, man! here take my old hat! Ha! see coming! that girl on the hay rake with the red lips and bright eyes? She has been out raking hay. That's one of Joe's daughters; she's home from college on a vacation and is helping them get the Hay. Think that is a wide rake? that's only 12 feet wide; we used to have those little rakes here once but they are back number now. Joe, when he was a boy used to gather the grass with an old borrowed hand rake; wonder if he remembers? How many horses does Joe keep? Well, I think he only has nine this summer, eight workers, and a driver; that pair on the rake, those on the sprayer and two pairs on the mowing machines are all I can see anyway.

What does he keep in those long sheds? Let's go see. Those two long,, mud colored heavy machines over there in the corner are potato diggers; those two steel gigs in the yard with the cushions on the seats and the sun shades over them are cultivators; and there are his two reversible sulky plows; that is a seed drill to sew grain with, and those are disc horse hoes, and those are the smoothing horse hoes, and that is a disc harrow and there are two spring tooth harrows, and those are I leveling harrows, and that is a potato planter, and that is a drag wood saw, and here is the circular wood saw, and here is a gasoline engine, and there is a threshing separator, and here you have a sweep rake and reaper, and there you have a binder, and that thing your hand is on is a grain cleanser, and that is a feed mill, and over there in the potato house he has a thousand barrels stored, besides racks and sacks and scales and other machinery; and over in the wagon house he keeps his sleigh and pungs, and top buggy and

riding wagons and automobiles; and that mill pumps the water and it is stored in an air pressure tank, and there are faucets in house, barn and stable, and all one has to do is to turn a faucet and the water runs itself; and over there in the ice house is a cream separator, and— What! you'll go crazy? well, I'll stop. Let's go over and see Joe, That girl in the window? that's Joe's wife; she is past fifty. Yes she looks young; she was born over there in the swamps in a shingle camp. Everybody born here at that time looks young till they are 75, and sometimes' longer. You'll bet you can pick out Joe? well, go ahead. That fellow with the hard hat and big watch chain? No, that's some agent. That fellow with a blouse and belt? No, that's one of the teamsters. That fine looking old gentleman? No, he tends the sows. That's Joe over there by the fence in overalls and straw hat Joe is not saying anything, but he does a lot of thinking. That music we hear is one of his daughters playing the piano. Those big buildings across the road belong to his brother. He has another brother who keeps a big provision store in town. That big granite monument in the cemetery on the hill marks the cemetery on the hill, the resting place of his father and mother. Joe does not know where his grandparents are buried, but thinks it is somewhere on the banks of the Aroostook rivers. Their graves are unknown. Stout hay? I suppose that 40 acre field will cut about 100 tons, guess its good average; and there is 10 acres of wheat over there that will shell out about 350 bushels this winter. thought we couldn't raise nothing but potatoes? O, yes stranger, we can raise lots of things here, but the best crop we have ever raised yet is the children.

Reader, in my crude and homely style, I have tried to draw a pen picture of an Aroostook farmer of today; one of those Aroostook boys who stayed at home and helped make the "Garden of Maine" one of those boys who went barefoot and often ate buckwheat pancakes and black molasses, or potatoes and salt; one of those boys who got his limited education in a log schoolhouse, and furnished his own books. I have in mind one of those boys who never went to school a month in his life; who now owns business blocks and large tracts of land, and can write his check (not very good writing) for \$200,000. He did not have a dollar when he became of age. I think of others, modest, unassuming men who are wealthy as far as rich men go in Aroostook. The Aroostook starch king was one of those poor boys; he can remember the time when a silver quarter looked as big to him as a full moon. There are hundreds of those men scattered along the border from Houlton to Van. Buren, and on the Aroostook river. There are others who came 50 years ago and settled on the rich Aroostook soil, who have done fully as well as the Aroostook boy, but no better.

It was those men, when the railroads hesitated about extending their lines into the big woods, who held out their hands filled with money toward the timid capitalists and bound themselves to pay the cost of construction if the roads did not pay. Yes, those are the old boys, assisted by plucky wives, who made Aroostook what it is today, and they are still on deck steering the goodly ship, fashioned by their own hands, into the harbor of fame and fortune.

Those who live here know I have not exaggerated. If others, who live elsewhere, chance to read those lines and do not believe them, come and see. There is room for all the live men and women who may come; there is always room at the top and the "garden land" lies at the top

of New England. It is the jeweled crown of the Pinetree State, and the shining north star on the shield of Maine.

Other jealous counties with homied words and low priced real estate may coax away some of the wealth and brains of Aroostook, but they cannot stay the incoming tide of prosperity that is rushing toward the north,

A spider may induce a few flies into her silken parlor; they cannot get out but the housewife never misses them. Restless, uneasy water is continually falling over a dam; it cannot get back but pure, cool water comes swirling into the vacant space, and the wandering water is never missed. The "rolling stones " may crow over the sandhills and farm buildings they have bought mother counties for a song, but the hum of business from the north will drown the feeble sound.

Aroostook is rapidly gaining in wealth and population, and in a few decades the young giant will push aside his sister counties and advance to the footlights of the stage of Maine and wave before the great audience of states a banner, on which is inscribed in golden letters the word "Dirego".

Did they get the cold?

Before we leave the Aroostook war too far behind, I think I will take space to write of a little incident that caused the writer's family to feel like a schoolmarm when she gets a new bonnet wet.

In the autumn of 1841, the state sent some \$10,000 in gold from Augusta to Fort Fairfield to pay the militia men stationed at that post. All messages at that time were sent by what was termed "mounted express." Hardy members of the US cavalry mounted on swift, strong horses, would take sealed orders and ride "post haste" to a distant fort. Post haste meant 10 miles per hour if possible..

One day, one of those riders' came to the fort, delivered a sealed dispatch, took the officer's receipt and returned to Augusta. The message was carefully read by the officer and then burned. It was strictly confidential, or was supposed to be. It stated in substance that Maj. Johnson, a US officer, would reach No. 10 since Masardis at a certain date with specie to pay the men at the Fort. He would come on horseback, dressed in citizen's clothes, and would carry the gold in his saddle bags. His escort would be a squad of U. S. cavalry; those men would go as far as No. 10 and no further. The Major would come to the Fort The message directed the commander at Fort Fairfield to send a detachment to No. 10 to escort the Major over the latter part of his journey.

A detachment of 24 trusty men were detailed from different companies, and under the command of a Sergeant, were ordered to dress as lumbermen and proceeded to No. 10 and

escort a "land agent" to the Fort The men were to take their guns, go on foot, obey their officer and conduct the gentleman safely to the Fort In due time they arrived at No. 10 and there with the Major and his troopers, remained overnight, and when morning came the mounted men rode toward Augusta; and the Major alias the land agent, proceeded down river via the State road.

Only a few women, officers wives, were at the Fort at that time. How the secret leaked out that money was coming to the Fort I know not. But the poor women got the blame as usual. But how did the women learn it? We must assume that a good husband tells his wife everything. Anyway, the secret was out and spread like wildfire.

When the little posse got as far as the Kennedy brook, some two miles below the Presque Isle mill, David Buber, barefooted and frightened, stumbled out of the woods and told them that down in the woods where the road crossed the Reach mountains, there were a lot of men with guns. They had ordered him to stop, but he was afraid of them and kept right along: Then one of them fired at him and the bullet "hummed" by his head Now David never lingered long where firearms were exploding so he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He said they then fired a whole volley at him, but he was running down hill⁴⁶ and the bullets went right over his head. The Major looked at the big, bare feet, long hair and dirty face of Mr. Buber and was inclined to disbelieve the story. But the soldiers all knew David and assured the "land agent" that he always told the truth.

Just below where they had halted, was a logging road that followed the river down to the Johnson place on the Reach. From here we have seen there was a road across the hills to the Fort over which the soldiers passed when they came in the winter of 1839. By taking this circular route they would go around those armed men in the woods. Sergeant Watson wanted to go right along the State road, but the Major thought it best not to take any risks, and they finally took the Circular route.

When they came to the top of the high hill near the Lovely brook, they could see the stars and stripes, floating above the Fort some three miles away. The men cheered and Sargeant Watson assured the gentlemen on horseback that in an hour's time they would be eating a good, warm supper. But the Sergeant wasn't a fortune teller.

The cheers had hardly died away, when McCoy, the old Aroostook bear hunter, met and told them that more than 50 armed men were apparently waiting for them on the Whitney hill. He assured them they were not soldiers from the Fort, but the most of them were scouts and hunters from the Tobique river, and many of them were the meanest villains that ever run unhung,

⁴⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100609_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 26 Scented Trouble⁴⁷

Major Johnson now took command. The timid, easy going land agent now turned into the stern soldier. He wrote a note on the back of an old envelope and gave it to McCoy. He then put a piece of gold into the trapper's hand, and told him to carry the note as quickly as possible to the commander at the Fort. He saw that an effort was being made to secure the money and was sending to the Fort for assistance. He believed their movements were being watched by scouts, and that there were men in the little posse who were in league with the ruffins who were trying to rob him. He drew a brace of heavy horse pistols from the saddle and ordered the men to fall in and march. McCoy disappeared into the woods and was never seen by a living man again.

They soon came to the brook and halted; nearby stood the Sam Work's cabin; the same at which the fleet footed young timber maker stopped and gave the startling tidings that the Yankees were coming down the river. It will be remembered that Works took him to Woodstock and spread the startling news along the St. John river.

But Works had fled and the cabin was deserted. They were at the foot of the Whitney hill, and if McCoy had told the truth, less than half a mile ahead a band of robbers were waiting for them to approach. The militia men had not been Told they were escorting a man carrying a fortune, but they probably mistrusted it.

Buried the Gold

Maj. Johnson dismounted and ordered Sargeant Watson to select three men and come to him. He then ordered the others to cross the brook and advance 300 paces and stop. After the men were out «of sight in the woods, he told the men at his side that he had two bags of gold in his possession belonging to the state and did not want to lose them. One young man volunteered to take the saddle on his back and sneak through the woods and carry it to the Fort. Another suggested fighting their way through, while Sargeant Watson advised dividing the gold among the men and let them scatter in all directions and make their way to the Fort. But the US officer appeared suspicious and decided to act upon a plan of his own. He ordered the men to dig a hole in the road with their bayonets, and in this, he deposited the two bags of gold. A big, square rock was then rolled up from the shore of the brook and placed on the treasure. After all traces of their recent work had been obliterated, the squad then moved forward and joined their companions who stood in the road. The guns were then piled behind a big pine top and covered with the new fallen leaves. Then the party moved forward, unarmed, and dressed as lumbermen; they thought they would pass unmolested

⁴⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100616_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

They soon reached the top of the hill, and the Fort and the old flag was again in sight only two miles away. It was many a long day before those Yankee soldiers saw that flag again, and some of them never saw it more.

The Capture

The expected challenge to halt soon came and men sprang from the woods and surrounded them with leveled muskets. The Major was dragged from his horse, his saddle bags were ripped open and his luggage hastily searched the soldiers' blankets were unrolled, and their pockets ransacked, but no money was found.

"Captain, said one of the men,, "we have made a mistake; this is nothing but a gang of woodsmen; do you notice they have no guns? Let us hurry on or the gentlemen with the bag of yellow, boys may escape us. "

"We have made no mistake," said the leader, who was white with rage. "Do woodsmen use US cavalry saddles? Do they all wear shoes exactly alike? Do they wear blue shirts? We have made no mistake; that old skunk that was here today is a black old traitor. "Attel," said he to a sneaking looking Indian who stood near, "follow that old sneak and bring me the top of his old, bald head, and I will see that you get twenty bottles of rum he is probably nearing the Fort now to warn the garrison and send a pack of snarling Yankees after us. We must get out of this. Fall in boys! prisoners form in the centre! forward, march! And the line of men hurried away toward the St. John river. The hungry Yankees did not get that warm supper at the Fort, but after a three hours' march they got a few mouthfuls of hardtack and salt pork. They were then taken in boats to Fredericton as prisoners of war. Soon after smallpox broke out in the prison, and Maj. Johnson and four of the men died.

No Trace Left

When morning came at the Fort, and the expected posse had not arrived, a company of soldiers were sent up the new State road to meet them, but after a ten mile march and nothing of the missing men had been' seen or heard of, the soldiers returned to the Fort. Scouting parties were then sent out and the woods were cruised in all directions, but no signs of the missing men found.

The officers at length decided that the escort. had killed the missing paymaster, sunk his body in the river and took the gold and lied. A dispatch was sent to Augusta and the missing men were, minutely described and a reward offered for their arrest. A notice with a description of the deserters and the amount of the reward was posted in the cities along the New England coast, but the affair was kept quiet as possible in the disputed territory. Some of the officers, however, suspected foul play, and believed the missings men had been captured and taken to New Brunswick.

Let us go back to the winter morning in 1839 when sheriff Strickland and land agent McIntyre came through the woods like a thief in the night with an armed force and surprised and captured a lot of timber makers on the Aroostook river. You will remember that when Capt. Rines was captured, and the sheriff hastened to Augusta, the soldiers and prisoners were left in charge of a young officer at the Johnson place on the Reach. Also that the few settlers among the prisoners were paroled, but the men from New Brunswick were still held as prisoners and taken back to No. 10.

Taken to Augusta

These men were taken to Augusta and charged with the crime of stealing timber from the State's wild land. When Gen. Scott came to Augusta and arraigned a truce with Sir John Harvey, then governor of New Brunswick, Capt. Rines and his men, who were then prisoners of war at Fredericton, were released. When Gov. Harvey asked for the release of the New Brunswick citizens, Gen. Scott informed him that they wore civil prisoners accused of crime against the State, and not prisoners of war, and that he had no authority to act in the matter, but referred him to the State's governor. When Gov. Fairfield was appealed to, he replied that the men would stand trial at the coming session of the Supreme Court. But as no court had been established yet in the new County of Aroostook, those men by some hitch in the law, were turned over to the Federal court, and if the writer is correctly informed, they were held at Portland and not allowed to return to their homes until after the treaty had been signed at Washington.

A Woman Told

Now those men had friends in New Brunswick; who were watching for a chance to even things up. It is said that one of the officer's wives at the Fort had told one of the settler's wives that her husband had told her, that an officer was coming through the woods with a big load of gold to pay the soldiers, and when her husband got his pay she was going to send to Bangor and get a new silk dress,. The settler's wife said: "Land sakes! I wish my husband was an officer too? Then the officer's wife tripped back to her quarters on the hill. But the fuse had been lighted, the mischief was done, and the result was, that a band of innocent men were charged with desertion and robbery, were confined in a foreign prison and one man, McCoy, was probably murdered. It did not take the sharp young leader of New Brunswick raiders long to find out by asking sharp questions; that the American soldiers had bidden their muskets just before they were captured; but they knew nothing of any money. Gov. I Harvey was informed that the Yankees were captured on New Brunswick soil, bearing arms, and, in disguise and were soldiers from Fort Fairfield. If the governor knew anything different he kept his own counsel, and the Yankees remained in Deerance Vill.

The American prisoners were not released until after the treaty had been ratified, but they had been well used and some of them had been allowed to work in a shipyard. and earn wages. This report from the men themselves, and the good feeling then prevailing all over Maine because the disputed territory had been surrendered to the United States, caused the New Brunswick raiders to be forgiven.

The writer has been told by residents that the leader of that somewhat remarkable, but little known secret raid into the disputed territory, was conducted by a captain Arbuckle, who commanded a company of New Brunswick militia. It is said he was assisted by daring members of his company, and a band of hunters and trappers from the Tobique river. He was of course acting without orders and at the same time playing with fire, and had the American posse defended themselves as they should have done, the two nations might have been forced into the war they were trying to avert.

The writer's father, an exBritish soldier, a member of the regiment I have mentioned, was hurried from the West Indies to St. John, and marched from that city to Fredericton in a driving snowstorm, clad in the light uniform he had worn in the tropics, soon after came to Aroostook and became a permanent settler.

Sam Works had built a cabin on the Lovely brook between the Reach mountains and Whitney hill, close beside the old trail that cut across the great bend in the river. For centuries the Indians had used this trail. After the Indians left it was used later by the timber makers and the soldiers when they came to Fort Fairfield. In this old road, a hundred yards from the Work's cabin, Maj. Johnson had buried the aforementioned gold.

Works hated Yankees as the devil hates Holy water. It is said his father was a member of the crew of the British war frigate Shannon that captured the ill fated Chesapeake, commanded by Capt. Lawrence. This event happened in the 1812 war; and if you will look it up in your histories, you will find that it was more like a massacre than a naval battle between civilized nations. The British disgraced themselves.

While Mr. Works should not be blamed for what his father did, it is said his own countrymen nicknamed him "Chesapeake," a pet name he greatly disliked, but when the Yankees came and used that title when addressing him, it was more than he could stand and he retired to New Brunswick.

Gold was Buried on Ashby's Farm

Mr. Ashby moved into the deserted cabin and began to clear up land. When he had lived there five years, the state, through one of its local land agents, gave him a deed of 160 acres. This American title not only gave him the land but all in the land as far down as the center of the earth; and all on the land as far up as the center of the earth. As there was no game law then, he owned all the wild animals that came onto the farm. While they remained there the birds in the woods, the fish in the brook and even the Wild Geese while they were flying over. All the

timber that grew on the soil was his, and all metals and minerals, if any in the soil were his. All this a land holder was entitled to at that time under a State Deed in Aroostook at that time. Mr. Ashby was rich in one way and poor in another way, but he liked the free independent life in the woods, and did not care to exchange it for any other. He finally married, reared a large family, underwent the hardships that all the pioneers at that time were obliged to endure, and toiled, and stayed and sweat like many others of that time to provide food and clothing and a good, but poor home for his family. And all this time \$10,000 in gold coin was lying under a rock a few rods from the doorstep.

As time passed, the little clearings in the north woods grew larger, schools were established, the mail came twice a week, produce and shingles sold for a good price and the pioneer families began to live more comfortably.

Dark Days

Then came dark days, for Aroostook, and all the union. Rumors were afloat that a great war was brewing. A blazing comet was hung out in the western sky, and night after night the northern lights were as red as blood. Superstitious people predicted war and pestilence, and for once they made a good guess. Diphtheria broke out and took a heavy toll, from nearly every family. Every mail brought sad news for those who had absent ones at the war.. Some had fallen in battle, some were wounded and some had been captured and taken to southern prisons. In another chapter I will try to describe more fully how this awful war affected the settlers in the backwoods of Aroostook.

After the war over, a young man whom we will for the present call John Jones, came to Aroostook and bought a farm from a widow whose husband had gone to the war and never returned. As he was a young man and had no family, he allowed the widow MaShane to remain in the house and boarded with her. The MacShane farm was in the so called Ashby neighborhood, and the Lovely brook ran through it Jones bought an ax and went to cutting trees and there we will leave him for a short time.

Found Muskets

One fine morning in May in the spring of 1865, the little Ashby boys were out in the chopping, piling brush. The writer was one of them. They had made a big pile of sticks and brush on an old pine top and set it on fire. When the pile was⁴⁸ pretty well burned down, there was a loud explosion and the ashes and fire flew in all directions. The frightened boys ran to the house and told their mothers. She said it must have been a hot rock that burst and paid little

⁴⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100616_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

attention to their story, but when their father came home the story was told to him and after he had eaten his supper, he took a shovel and went over to the spot to investigate. He scraped away the ashes and close against the old timber top the shovel clanked against something which sounded like iron. He stooped down and commenced to throw something out onto the ground that looked to us boys like a short crowbar, at the same time telling us to run away back. When they had cooled off a little, we went up to them and he told us they were musket barrels. That was just what they were. 24 musket barrels; one of them was split open; the socks had either rotted or burned away. A rusty bayonet was attached to each one. Father took one of the rusty ram rods and dropped it down into a gun and said they were loaded with powder and a ball; the barrel that was burst open had exploded with the heat. There was no telephone in those days, but the news got around just the same, and by dark there were 20 men and boys in the dooryard looking at the old guns. All the men agreed that they were relics of the Aroostook war, but how they came behind the old log none could tell.

Did He Find the Gold?

All of the settlers were more or less interested in the old muskets but young Jones acted as though the discovery had affected his brain. Early the next morning he came and got me to go and show him the place where the guns were found. I went with him, and after he had looked at the place he sat down on a log and took a map out of his pocket and while he was looking at it apparently went to sleep, for a while he was dozing, two ducks came from the lake and dropped down into the brook nearby, but I could not make him look at them and went home disgusted. He soon came out of his trance, however, for we saw him pacing off the distance from the old pine to the brook.

Chapter 27 Jones Got the Gold⁴⁹

Jones turned out to be a very lazy young man, and the industrious, hard working settlers predicted that he would never pay the \$200 he had agreed to give for the farm, and they were right, he never did. Jones put in the most of his time fishing along the brook, and he appeared to be too lazy to fish, for my brothers and I when fishing ourselves often found him sitting in the shade studying that everlasting old map. He was also paying attention to a pretty girl, the belle of the settlement, and after a while she got interested in that map too, and evenings they would take a walk over to where the old guns were found and look at the map, and then he would pace toward the brook again.

He appeared very much interested in the old trail, and used to often come over and ask mother if she knew exactly where it crossed the brook, but as the land on both sides of the

⁴⁹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100623_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

stream had been cleared and stumped in the last 20 years, mother was not sure of the exact spot. Mother was born on the river, and Jones used to ask all manner of questions about the early settlers and the Aroostook war. One night she happened to tell him, with other gossip, a story she had heard about a squad of soldiers who had been sent from the Fort to conduct a pay officer through the woods, and how they had killed him and fled with the money. She said the young man's eyes bulged out so that she might have hung a dishcloth on them. Young Jones was pronounced stupid, and I might add there were others tarred with the same stick.

Just over the pasture fence, near the old Work's cabin in which I was born, used to be a big, flat rock sunk into the ground almost level with the pasture sword. Many a day I have played on it and around it with brothers and sisters that are now in distant states, or have passed over to that unknown shore. Many times when I have been carrying water from the brook, my bare feet have stood on that stone while I turned on a little water from the pail, and wondered how the pure, clear water could turn the stone a darker color; I can shut my eyes and see it yet; and every time I go over to the old homestead I can see it without shutting my eyes, for it is a corner stone under one of the barns. It does not look as big as it did when I was a boy.

One showery afternoon in August, young Jones came in to wait till a shower passed by. He had been to the Fort and had a new pickaxe and shovel with him. He said the cattle roiled the water in the brook and he was going to dig a well. As the rain continued, father asked him to stay all night, but he said he must go home, and went away in the rain. It was a terrible night. Shower succeeded shower; the blue chain lightning flashed, and the thunder crashed, till the windows in the old house rattled. None of us slept much during the night. Morning came, and while mother was getting breakfast, I took a pail and went to the brook for water. Imagine my surprise when I saw the big rock rolled out of its bed and lying on the grass; rails from the fence that had been used for levers, were lying around it; the hole was full of water; there was a new pickaxe and shovel standing in the hole. I dropped the pail and ran to the house. The whole family, including the dog, were soon on the spot. Two big \$26 gold pieces were picked up in the mud which was a God send to poor people in those days, but of all the sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, it might have been the whole pile.

Jones slept in the old log barn, and when Johnnie MacShane went to tell him breakfast was ready, he was not there. Soon after, the sweet girl I have mentioned, went to Lowell, Mass. to work in a factory. Three weeks later she wrote home she was married. Young Jones was a shoemaker by trade, and the summer he was at the settlement he often put neat patches on the boys' boots. He is still a shoemaker and owns one of the big shoe factories at Brockton, Mass. His wife is dead, but some of her children returned to her native land and are in business in a certain village. Her brothers and sisters are still living here, and as they are a very modest, sensitive family, I have been requested not to use their names.

At the time of the border trouble, young Jones' father lived near Belfast, Me. and came to Aroostook with the militia. He was one of the men who helped Maj. Johnson bury the gold, and heard the order given to the posse to advance 300 paces and halt. With the others he hid his musket behind the old log, and we have seen how he became a prisoner. After his release

he went to Massachusetts and engaged in the shoe business. While he often told his family of the hidden gold he would not go to look for it, for he was told while a prisoner at Fredericton that it had been found and removed. He, however, drew a map of the country for his son and described the shape and color of the big stone under which it was buried. You know the test

One more little story and I will close this scrap of history which I think never was written before. Johnnie MacShane took one of the old gun barrels home and it was used for a poker around the big, stone fireplace. One evening the following winter some boys gathered at the widow's home. There was a roaring fire in the old fireplace. One boy was playing a jews harp and two others were on the floor dancing. Mrs. MacShane came along and set the poker and teakettle close in toward the fire so the boys would not kick them over. The old gun barrel got hot, the charge in it exploded and an ounce ball went up the old stone chimney and sent down a shower of soot and ashes. "Holy mother, save us!" said Mrs. MacShane as she crossed herself and ran for the bottle of holy water. "I told John there might be a dead Yankee's soul in that domed old gun when he brought it into the house; throw it out of doors!" The next morning the widow told me that she would knit me a pair of mitts if i would take the old musket barrel and sink it in the lake. I cut a hole in the ice and let the old relic sink to its muddy grave.

Fort Fairfield

Somber and staid in its beauty and pride,
Along the valley and on Fort Hill,
The village smiles like a dreaming bride
From Boundary Line to Stevensville.
Through township and village,
past hamlet and farm,
The river glides like a silver band;
Mid rustic beauty and rural charm,
It wanders away to a foreign land.
'Twas here, at a time when war clouds rolled,
And hung like a pall on the Border dim,
That a fort was built and our flag unfurled,
And hung in the sky on the Border's rim.
O, long may it wave in our northeast land.
And prosperous, happy citizens shield;
O'er the pearl that was snatched from Britain's hand
And the embryo city, Fort Fairfield.

Fort Fairfield was settled in 1816 by people from New Brunswick.

The above is the old, rusty, stereotyped, cast iron phrase that has been kicking around the state for generations. Every sketch of the town, historical or otherwise, starts off with the above sentence. The school girls decorate their essays with it, and I have heard ministers

repeat it in their sermons. We are told that what everybody says must be true, and it may be so, but there are no records existing to prove it.

I will tell you what I have learned of the matter after a search of years; I was born in the historic old town and have been much interested in its history. I have never found anyone yet in Maine or New Brunswick who can tell who those settlers were, nor where they lived. Read on and draw your own conclusions.

In the spring of 1816, Ferdinand Armstrong and Jonathan Parks came from Canada and explored the Aroostook river. They found families living at Aroostook Falls at the mouth of the Lovely brook, on the Reach, at the mouth of the Presque Isle on the islands in the river above there, and three families near the present site of Ashland.

These families lived in camps, made no attempt, whatever to clear any land, kept moving from place to place and were engaged in making pine timber. This was the cold year and the so called settlers had not even attempted to make a garden. They appeared to be churlish and unfriendly and the two travelers did not even learn their names nor where they came from, but supposed they were from the St. John river. If Fort Fairfield was settled in 1816, so was Presque Isle, Washburn and Ashland.

Let us look for the real settlers who burned bridges behind them, by selling their farms in New Brunswick and came to the town to clear up farms and make homes. And I find it a very hard matter to find the exact date of their coming, for those early pioneers could neither read nor write, and left no records behind them. From the best information I can gather, it appears that James Fitzherbert was the first real settler and came in the fall of 1820. He built a log house and stable, also a log blacksmith shop. The New Brunswick government gave him a certificate for a large tract of land provided he stayed a certain length of time and worked at his trade, that of a blacksmith. He settled with his family on the Fitzherbert brook and kept a tavern in connection with his blacksmith business. He built a long, log raft that was used as a bridge when the stream was high and teams could not ford or cross, on the ice; it was called the floating bridge. He was an Englishman and said to be related to the English Queen Victoria by a morganatic marriage of the queen's father. A big sum of money was recently left to his heirs in England on account of that marriage, and at this writing it looks as though they were about to get it. He built the first frame house on the river, and it was at this house that land agent McIntyre was captured. When the Aroostook war came, he did what he could to assist the English. His property was confiscated and he fled to New Brunswick. Many of his descendants, however, are still living at Fort Fairfield. For years the little settlement was called "the Fitzherbert place".

Michael Russell came, in the spring of 1820. He settled on the east side of the Aroostook river, a short distance above the falls. On one side of the falls is a natural fish way cut by nature through the rock. In the spring thousands of salmon used to pass through this narrow channel on their way up river. In this channel Mr. Russell used to hang a salmon net, and in his day he caught tons of salmon. He probably took more salmon from the Aroostook river than any other man who ever lived. The little notch in the rocks is to this day called "Russell's hole." Mr.

Russell was an Irishman and remained neutral, during the border trouble. He became an American citizen under the treaty. Very many of his descendants are now living in Fort Fairfield.

In the spring of 1821, John Dorsey, Benjamin Weeks and William Johnson came. Mr. Johnson did not remain long in the settlement. There were now five settlers between the Aroostook and the (later) Lovely brook, a distance of only about four miles, and as Mr. Johnson did not want to be crowded; he moved across the bend in the river and settled on the Reach. His place was where the soldiers left the river when they came down the ice and where the old trail started that went overland to the Fort.

Mr. Dorsey settled near the mouth of the Johnson brook, and Weeks built his cabin nearby. Dorsey was an Irishman and when the soldiers came he cast his lot with the Americans, and gathered much information regarding the events transpiring in New Brunswick during that exciting time. He reared a large family and many of his sons and daughters made homes and died in Fort Fairfield. One of his sons, William, is still living and claims to be the first white child born within the limits of the present town. The Dorseys of today are, many of them, wealthy, prominent, business men and own large sections of the town and village. In a previous chapter relating to the Aroostook war, I mentioned Benj. Weeks. I could not very well write up that event without giving a part of the early history of Fort Fairfield, which it will be unnecessary to repeat here.

So you see, reader, that I think the first permanent settlement in the present town of Fort Fairfield was in 1820. Other white people may have resided there for a season. In fact there is an Indian legend that a band of expatriates and scalp hunters at the time of the old French and Indian wars, threw up a fortification and defended themselves for weeks on the Fort hill. Old men have told that they could see the prints of the old earthworks as late as 1825. The Indians probably made permanent settlers of those trespassers.

In the spring of 1822, five other families came; none of them settled in the limits of the present village, but all settled within the limits of the town. They were John Twaddle, John Lovely, Margaret Doyle, Alexander McDougal and David Burtzell. McDougal soon after moved to the settlement on the Reach. John Lovely settled at the mouth of the Lovely brook, and for him the brook was named. He was a blacksmith and skilled at making edged tools: If space permits, I'll tell of one of his son's wives who still lives in the old place. She has passed the century mark in years, and for more than 80 years has made her garden on the same patch of ground. No one has lived in Fort Fairfield as long as she has. When she was 90 years old, she walked 10 miles one morning to visit her baby, a kid of 65 years. A train of cars goes thundering by her house several times a day, but she never rode on the cars. William Dorsey has lived in town almost as long. He was born in 1823, and claims he was born in the town.⁵⁰

⁵⁰ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100623_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Other settlers came and built their cabins close to the river; there were no roads; every settler owned a canoe and a hand sled and some of them owned a horse. When the Aroostook war broke out there were some thirty families of squatters on the two townships that now form the great town of Fort Fairfield, a tract of land covering 72 square miles. I am speaking now of the actual settlers, but at the same time the surrounding forest was swarming with red shirted lumbermen. who were stripping the country of its valuable timber. In 1843, the number had increased to 68 families, but it still took every able bodied man in the two townships to raise the frame of a 36 x 36 barn.

After the boundary dispute was settled and emigrants could tell whether they were settling in Maine or New Brunswick a great change for the better took place. The Fort was named for Gov. Fairfield and the little settlement that had sprung up around it was called Fort Fairfield. The "FitzHerbert place" was now blotted off the map, when the scattering settlements were made a plantation it was called letter D plantation but when it was organized as a town it was named Fort Fairfield. Prior to 1853 the citizens had to go to Houlton to vote.

Chapter 28⁵¹

The first plantation meeting was held in the Black schoolhouse two miles from the Fort on Monday, April 11, 1853, and on March 28 1858 the last plantation meeting was held in the same building.

On March 10, 1858, the town was incorporated by an act of the legislature, and the first town meeting was held April 19, 1858. At this meeting deacon E. S. Fowler was chosen Moderator, H. W. Hyde Town Clerk, O. A. Ellis, Frederick Ellis and William F. Hopkinson Selectmen, Thomas Hoyt Treasurer, and Freeman Ellis Town Agent. \$250 was raised for schools and \$800 for roads and bridges. It was decided that the honor of office was compensation enough for the town officers.

The population of the new town was estimated to be about 800. There were no town paupers and none applied to the town for assistance till the winter of 1862.

At the close of the Aroostook war we have seen that hardy, energetic Yankees from all parts of New England flocked to Aroostook, and of those, the present town of Fort Fairfield got its share. Instead of settling along the rivers as the settlers from New Brunswick had done, they struck back onto the rock maple ridges and built their cabins; they soon made clearings, built roads and schoolhouses and organized a Plantation.

⁵¹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100630_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Large grants of land were given by the state to anyone who cared to come to the new country and build mills. In 1840, one Daniel Leavitt obtained a grant of 3000 acres of land for which he was to build a mill on the Fitzherbert brook. He commenced the mill but soon sold his claim to Pattee and Frisbee, who finished the mill in 1841. This was the first saw mill in the town, and the name of the brook was then changed and it has since been called the Pattee brook.

In 1844, J. Wingate Haines obtained a grant of 1000 acres of land for which he was to build a sawmill on the Weeks, or what was called later the Johnson brook. It will be remembered that 20 years before, Mr. Weeks had come and settled at the mouth of this brook. He held a land patent from the New Brunswick government and claimed all the land where the village of Fort Fairfield now stands. Later he traded his claim with Wm. Johnson and moved to the Reach. The state, which at that time had more land than money, and was trying to act fair and square with all of the original settlers, had honored some of those New Brunswick grants. Mr. Johnson was now claiming the mill privilege near the Fort, also the land.

Mr. Haines was what would be termed today a "hustler." He came and looked over the site and decided to build his mill some four miles from the Fort away up the stream. He came through the woods with a long string of ox teams loaded with household goods, provision and machinery for his mill. He brought with him the first blooded cattle and hogs that ever came to the town or to this section of the county. He settled on a fine tract of hardwood land near the southern center of the township. The place was called Maple Grove then, and now. Other settlers came with him, or soon followed.

He built the mill, one of the old up and down affairs of that day in which the saw went up today and down tomorrow when cutting through a big pine log. But Haines was a farmer, not a mill man, so he soon sold out and turned his attention to cultivating the rich soil and raising stock.

The old military road was cut from Houlton to Presque Isle, and from there to Fort Fairfield. It left the border townships near the northern line of the present township of Blaine, and "cut across via Presque Isle to the Aroostook river. Mr. Haines came over the route and decided that on the latter end of it he had travelled a long way to get a short distance. Between the southern line of Letter D. and the northern line of Alva Plantation (Blaine) was a big strip of woods that nobody appeared to know anything about. The "paper plan" of the county showed two townships in this apparently unknown territory; one, the north, was marked C and the one south of it Marhill (Mars Hill). Mr. Haines and his energetic neighbors decided to have a road through this strip of wilderness and immediately took the necessary step to have one grubbed through. They found a fine fertile country, but heavily timbered; but the pine trees had been cut and hauled away. It is said the New Brunswick lumbermen worked over this strip of territory all the time while the soldiers were at Fort Fairfield. When they had stolen all the timber they took everything that would make a log. When this road was opened, Fort Fairfield was as near Houlton as was Presque Isle, or in other words, the distance between the two towns was shortened about 10 miles.

First Post Office

Prior to 1849, Letter D. had no government mail. About once a month someone was hired by the settlers to go through to Houlton and get the mail, and those who got mail had to "chip in" and pay the carrier. Now that the new road was cut, steps were taken to have a mail route between Houlton and the Fort. In 1850, arrangements were made to have mail come twice a month. A post office was established in the kitchen of a log house at the Haines Settlement and named Maple Grove; and another was opened in a little store at the Fort. The postmasters used to carry the letters in their pockets for safe keeping. There was also a post office in the western part of the town on the State road in what was then known as the Powers Settlement. Addison Powers was the first postmaster. This office was named Fremont and the mail came from Presque Isle.

First School

Up to the winter of 1840, Fort Fairfield had no schools. That winter a school was taught in the barracks by one of the soldiers, and the settler's children were allowed to attend without paying tuition. Young men and women learned their letters there that winter, but Sergeant Stivers, the teacher, could not make them believe that the world was round.

A sort of school fever now started and several private schools were taught in old lumber camps or shacks, with more or less success; ,but as the parents had to pay the teachers, they soon decided that "book learnin" didn't amount to much anyway, and the school interest wilted.

In the summer of 1848, the first schoolhouse in the town was built in the Haines Settlement at Maple Grove. The next summer, 1849, four more school buildings were erected; one in the Powers, or Hoyt Settlement; this was painted red and called the Red schoolhouse; one at the corner of the Houlton road, this was painted black and called the Black schoolhouse; one on the east side of river, two miles above the Fort, which was called the Bishop schoolhouse, and one near the Pattee mill called the Pattee schoolhouse. Those were all small, low, frame buildings; the hewn timber in the frames was bigger than the timber used for barn sills today. Those schoolhouses were all built by private subscriptions from the settlers in their respective settlements. In each, there was a row of hewn planks around the wall for seats; no desks of any description were used. A big box stove in the center of the room was the only piece of furniture. For books the scholars had newspapers, almanacs, hymn books and Bibles. Some of them even learned their letters from labels on liniment bottles. In summer all of the scholars, big and little, went barefooted; in winter many of them came to school with their feet tied up in rags. I once went to school with a boy who had to wear his father's old pants; there were holes in the knees and through those holes his feet protruded while the bottom of the pants legs dragged behind. That boy is now independent; he still lives in the town and is a very prosperous farmer.

In my opinion the children of those backwoods schools used to learn as much in one day as the smart scholars of today do in a week.

Those school houses were used for meetings of all kinds, funerals, shows or anything else of a public nature. In the old Black schoolhouse, two miles from the Fort, the annual plantation and town meetings were held for years. You must remember there was no village at the Fort then. The first 4th of July celebration the town ever had was held in the road in front of the Black schoolhouse. There was a gathering of some 60 people. This historic old landmark was known to all the old settlers from Houlton to Fort Kent, and the corner on which it stood, is still spoken of as the "Black schoolhouse"..

Churches

When the first settlers came wandering preachers from New Brunswick came also. Meetings were held in unoccupied camps, in log barns and in groves. When the soldiers came and built the fort, a chaplain was sent and used to hold meetings in the barracks. This clergyman was a Methodist, the Rev. E. Pingree. In 1844, a Methodist church was organized. I could give the names of the members of the first churches that were organized in the town, but it would take much space and I can perhaps, instead, write something that will be more interesting.

The same year a Congregational church with five members was organized at Maple Grove. In 1858, a Baptist church was organized. The meetings were held in the Black schoolhouse. This was the denomination known as the "hardshell" Baptist. Later a Free Baptist church was organized. In 1859, four families from Kennebec County organized themselves as the Society of Friends or Quaker church. Other organizations followed, and today Fort Fairfield has its share of churches.

In 1855, the Catholics built the first church in the town; it was erected about six miles above the Fort on the river. In 1856, a Union meeting house was built near the Black schoolhouse two miles from the Fort. This was built by Addison Powers, one of the settlers, and the pews were used by the Methodist, Baptist, Free Baptist and Congregational churches, each occupying it one Sunday in the month. In the settlements were several prominent Universalist families, and arrangements were made so that when a month had five Sundays this denomination had the use of the house the fifth Sunday. In 1859, the Friends or Quakers began to build a meeting house at Maple Grove. It was not finished, however, for several years.

The first permanent minister was a Methodist; he came in 1843 and remained during his lifetime. The state gave him 160 acres of land according to the custom of those days. He was the Rev. Alphonso Rodgers.

The first Congregational minister was Rev. Elbridge Knight. He came in 1852, became a permanent settler in the southern part of the town, and died on his farm in the comfortable home he had made after a long and useful life. Mr. Knight was also a surveyor and resurveyed the

greater part of the town. He was for many years superintendent of schools and did as much, or more for the advancement of education as any man in town.

Rev. Lincoln Given was the first Baptist minister, and Rev. C. C. Purrington the first Free Baptist preacher. Mr. Given came in 1859 and Mr. Purrington 1860. The last named clergyman was chaplain in a Maine regiment during the Civil War. Those early ministers were hard working men who cleared up farms and made homes in the wilderness. Their salary was paid, if paid at all, in pork, buckwheat meal, shingles, wood or any old truck the settlers had to spare. They dressed in homespun and could not even afford to carry a silver watch. (They knew nothing of split tailed coats, tan shoes, choke collars or lavender ties. They preached religion instead of politics, and; their religion was the genuine made article that lasted a lifetime, and those who donned it in youth, if living, are still wearing it. "Those good men have gone to their reward. Do the clergymen of today fill their shoes?

The Fort Fairfield of today has nine churches; seven of those costly, modern churches are in the village and two are out in the country; one at Robie and one at Maple Grove. Space forbids a' description of those magnificent places of worship.

Notes

Charles R. Paul was the first supervisor of schools.

The first white child actually born in the limits of the present town was probably Edward Dorsey, in 1825. There are other claims for the honor, however, but the chances are that their mothers were in New Brunswick when the children were born.

The first grist mill was built at the mouth of the Lovely brook by E. P. Whitney in 1848.

In 1858, William F. Sampson bought the mill privilege on the Johnson brook near Maple Grove from C. H. Ellis, and built a grist mill which was run by steam. Soon after he put in machinery for carding wool. The sound of the steam whistle from this mill was the first ever heard in northern Aroostook.

In 1848, the pine timber was taken from the fort on the hill to the Pattee saw mill and made into boards. From one of those boards the writer's father had a table made that was two feet square. The late Joseph A. Conant soon after had a circular table made from a board that was five feet wide. Of course it will be understood that the table tops were all in one piece taken from a single board.

The first shingle mill was operated on the Johnson brook near the Haines mill in 1854, This mill which was built by Oscar and J. F. Ellis in 1848, had previously been used to saw clapboards and long lumber.

William Johnson was the first Trial Justice and Almon S. Richards the first Deputy Sheriff.

In 1846, John B. Wing attempted to construct a wooden railroad around the Aroostook falls. Large quantities of birch timber was then being hauled around the falls. Mr. Wing got⁵² the road graded and part of the timber track laid when his cash gave out and he was obliged to suspend business. The road was a mile long and would have been what is called a "gravity road" on which the car would run down the grade and when unloaded be hauled back with horses.

Stephen Pattee opened the first general store of any consequence near his mill on Pattee brook in 1846.

Washington Long and Jesse Drew, under the firm name of Long & Drew, soon erected and opened a large variety store. Col. McClosky soon opened another above the Fort near the upper blockhouse.

The first postage stamps were sold from the stores in Fort Fairfield in 1848. It took a five cent stamp then to send a letter.

The first friction matches came in 1850; they were made in New Brunswick and cost 10 cents for a single bunch. One fourth of a gross could be bought for \$2.00.

Chapter 29 Notes Continued⁵³

The first riding wagons and sleighs appeared about 1860.

The first doctor was E. G. Decker, who came in 1858. When the soldiers were there, there was a surgeon at the Fort who sometimes could be induced to attend to sick or wounded settlers. Dr. Decker was called on occasionally to make a trip in the night on snowshoes to some distant settlement. Like the ministers he was paid in whatever came handy and many times never got any pay. He was a skillful physician, He died in the town a few years ago.

Fort Fairfield furnished 116 soldiers in the Civil war which was about all the able bodied men there were in the town at that time.

The first Odd Fellows' lodge in the county was instituted there Feb. 22, 1881.

⁵² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100630_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁵³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100707_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Lumbering was the leading industry in the town for a quarter of a century.

The first railroad came to the town in the fall of 1875. It was a narrow gauge road and came from New Brunswick.

In 1867 Plymouth Grant, then known as Sarsfield Plantation, was made a part of Fort Fairfield by an act of the legislature. The town now is six miles wide and 12 miles long from south to north. It is bounded on the north by Limestone, east by New Brunswick, south by Easton and west by Presque Isle and Caribou.

The Aroostook river runs nearly east and west through the town and divides it into two nearly equal parts. The river also runs through the village.

Stephen Pattee was the first local land agent.

When the town was organized the block houses and fortification timber was sold to John Whitten who tore it down in 1859 and sawed the timber into boards. There is no block house at Fort Fairfield now, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first bridge was built across the river in 1868, and opened to the public in the spring of 1869. The structure cost \$6,000; much of the money was raised by private subscription. It was replaced in 1899 by a modern steel structure.

As late as 1870 Fort Fairfield could hardly be called a village. Where the main part of the village now stands the farmers had fields of hay and grain. It looked more like a thickly settled place in the country than it did like a town; rough crooked rail fences were built close to the long, muddy street, and cows and hogs often were seen running at large or lying in the shade of the buildings. The main part of the village then was down on the Pattee brook near the mill, but with the coming of the railroad and the starch mill the town began to boom.

Fort Fairfield of Today

We have not the space to follow the rapid developments of the past 40 years, but let us take a glance of the Fort Fairfield of today.

The surrounding farms have been cleared of the trees and blackened stumps and looks more like city parks than farmers' fields. The unsightly fences have been removed and neat wire partitions now take their place. The rickety, squeaking, old ox carts and wooden plows and harrows have had their day and the most modern and improved machinery is used on the surrounding farms. In the town the unsightly, unpainted, little, old buildings have vanished and tall, modern blocks now occupy the space. The village has crept from the river bank up over the hilltop where once the cannon were planted and the blue coated Sentinel paced his beat. Fine modern residences with handsome lawns now cover that eminence. Forty stores now deal out

merchandise of all descriptions to the jostling crowds; two banks do a thriving business; ten starch factories grate the unmarketable potatoes; a modern roller mill turns the plump, golden wheat into flour, four livery stables and a large, fireproof automobile garage are kept busy furnishing the public with means of conveyance; two railroads with well equipped trains come to and leave the town every few hours; thirty five school teachers attend to the education of the rising generations; six blacksmith shops each with a well equipped force attend to the wants of the prosperous farmers; a dozen secret societies offer fraternal greetings to the travelers who come in great numbers to the busy town; a large corp of legal, medical and theological professors are always on duty and ready to give counsel and legal advice, saw off limbs or snap out teeth, or direct the sin stained soul to mansions in the skies. Many other industries, such as wood working shops, shingle mills, barrel factories, repair shops etc., too numerous to mention are located in the town.

At the time of the bloodless war the big guns at the old fort were pointed toward the border and threatened death to the invaders should they come. At the present time their well equipped liquor saloons stand a few inches across the line and with gilded signs and open doors beckon to the prosperous Yankee to come and sample their liquid wares. And the story goes that betimes the thirsty travelers from other states when at the Border town on business or pleasure sometimes visits those gilded palaces of sin, and before he stops to look at iron posts or granite pillars—moistens his parched throat and drives dull care away with potations from the flowing bowl. Sad indeed is the tale, if true.

The population of the town according to the census of 1900 was 4,181. It is estimated now to be at least 5,000, and the valuation, it is thought, will exceed two million dollars.

The town was named for the fort and the Fort was named for John Fairfield of Soco, the 11th governor of Maine.

Eastern Frontier Lodge F. & A. M. was organized in June 1862.

Prior to 1855, the Catholics from ten townships used to hold worship and funerals in a rough shed like building near the mouth of the Lovely brook. They had no regular pastor, but were supplied occasionally by priests from HouTtoh, Van Buren or the Indian Village of Tobique, NB.

Park Holland

Who was Park Holland? He was the first surveyor who ever set foot in the Aroostook wilderness. He was born in Massachusetts and was a young lieutenant in the Continental army and served in the war of the Revolution. He was an educated man and one of the best surveyors of his time when given a fair chance. But his work in Aroostook was not a very good job. He was the first man to blaze out the line from the source of the St. Croix northward to the St. John river. Early in the 19th century he surveyed the grants in the southern part of what is now Aroostook County, and in 1806 was sent to survey some grants on the Aroostook river. His

orders were to measure 50 miles from the monument and run out a township of land; he got north, however, more than 50 miles and his line on the boundary did not correspond with the survey that was made in 1842 as it was over 200 feet farther eastward than the permanent survey, where the two lines struck the St John river. Consequently the two lines formed a long, narrow V with the angle on the starting point at the monument.

But Mr. Holland's was only a preliminary survey and was made as a test to see what the New Brunswick government would say or do. He was poorly supported and his time was limited. As he had to measure around great trees and over windfalls, lakes and streams, we wonder that he did as well as he did. He died in Bangor in 1844, when nearly 100 years old. He predicted great things for Aroostook. He noted the heavy forest growth and reasoned that a rich, fertile soil must lie underneath. Where trees had been uprooted he noticed the soil was rich and mellow. He admired the clear, sparkling river, the crystal lakes and the pure bracing air. In the last years of his life, had been settled and a new county created, he predicted that the time would come when the favored land would be covered with a network of railways, would outstrip and excel in wealth and population all the other counties in Maine and finely become a state and a bright star on the National banner.

But, the network of railways did not commence to spread over the northland until the close of the century, for reasons we shall give later in this work. But the rich mine has been discovered and opened and Mr. Holland's dream will soon be realized.

Wild Animals

When Mr. Holland returned from his surveying journey to the northern wilds, he reported to his governor that there were more wild animals in the northern part of the Province of Maine than in all the rest of New England.

The great moose deer, a species seldom, if ever, seen in any other state in the union, here roamed in droves. Great herds of the American reindeer or Caribou were encountered hourly. The great Canadian catamount, or Indian devil, and his smaller, cousin, the panther, the northern lynx, bobcat and wildcat yelled and screamed in the treetops; and packs of gaunt, hungry wolves threatened nightly to devour the little band of surveyors. Black bears with half grown cubs at their side ambled away at the approach of the intruders. Very few deer were seen, as at that time they had fled from the hungry wolves. But the villages of the beaver were found on every stream; the sleek, clumsy otter sported and splashed in the pools, droves of mink frolicked around brook and stream, the sly fox barked in the thickets and the supple sable pursued the squirrel among the benches of the towering pines.

The Indians had gone, the white man had not yet come and the wild denizens of the forests held undisputed sway. Was this wild, gloomy forest in the far north, swarming with wild, savage beasts worth striving for? Could civilized men contend with the winter snows and hew away that heavy growth of tangled wild woods? Yes, Mr. Holland thought so and so reported to the chosen umpire of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. People could live there, for on the

northeast rim of the New Republic a band of Acadian refugees had lived and flourished for half a century.

When the early settlers came they had much to contend with. Wolves and wild cats destroyed their flocks and herds, bears robbed the pig stys and wallowed down the ripening grain; foxes, wild cats, skunks, weasels, eagles, hawks and owls, killed, carried away the poultry, while clouds of wild pigeons darkened the sun and swooped down on the little grain fields and stripped them in an hour. Violent deaths often occurred in those early days. Settlers have been killed and devoured by wolves, bears and panthers, or trampled under the sharp hoofs of angry moose or drowned in rivers and lakes, or met death by falling trees, or perished while lost in the woods and the outside world knew nothing of it. No newspaper reporters ever came to those little huts in the woods and the nearest newspaper office was hundreds of miles away. No mail came in those early days, and as letter writing was not practiced, the news of an accident or tragedy never got into print nor beyond the limits of a given circle.

But those early settlers were not to be dismayed at little trifles like bears killing a cow, wolves killing a calf, frozen sheep, or a panther carrying off one of the children. They trapped and shot, and poisoned the prowling beasts, tanned their hides and many times ate their flesh.

The crash of falling trees, the crack of muskets, and rifle and the great fires from the choppings soon frightened the wolves and panthers back into the forest, but the bear tribe hung around the little clearings till they were nearly exterminated. As late as 1860, one traveling in northern Aroostook could hardly pass a settler's home without seeing a bear hide or two tacked up on the old log barn. They were caught in steel traps and deadfalls, and shot in the oat fields at night and dug out of dens in winter. Sometimes a large quantity of new rum and molasses would be mixed together and put in a pan or a sap trough and carried out to the grain field and left. Now all black bears love rum and molasses and can smell it a long distance. When the shades of night settled over the little clearing the bear would come to the oat field, sniff the air a few times, go to the tempting bait and proceed to clean out the trough. Of course the heavy dose would cause him to become intoxicated and his brain would waltz around awhile and fall over and go to sleep. In the gray of the morning the settler would come and tunk the sleeping bear on the head with an ax.

The following story is told of one of the early settlers on the State road: A monster bear came each night to his oat field; he tried to induce the bear into a dead fall but the cute animal preferred the new milky oats to the salt pork with which the trap was baited and would not be caught. One night the settler mixed up a pan full of rum and molasses and carried it out to the oat patch. Now this settler liked rum and molasses pretty well himself and thought he would taste the mixture; so he set the pan down on a log and pulled an old sap spile from a nearby tree, he tasted, and licked and smacked. It tasted good and thinking the bear would not eat it all, if he came at all, he ate a portion of it himself. Soon his head grew dizzy, a drowsy feeling came over him and he went to sleep. Soon after the bear came and quickly ate what was left and went to sleep also. Late in the night the good wife in the cabin awoke and discovered that her husband was not beside her. She arose, lit the old tin lantern, and went down the path to the oat

field. She called her husband but he did not answer. Trembling with fear, and dreading every moment finding the mangled remains of her husband she started around the margin of the little clearing. But soon her fear was turned to joy, for she found her husband on one side of the pan and the bear on the other, both sound asleep. She returned and got an axe and killed the bear and then punched her husband⁵⁴ in the ribs with her bare heel til she woke him.

The early settlers ate bear meat and called it good. The skins, if not needed for rugs or clothing, were taken to Bangor and sold for a good price. The fat was excellent to fry doughnuts in, and the backwood's belles used it to oil their hair with.

Bears do not bother the farmers now. Many of the young folk of today never saw a wild bear in the woods. They are rapidly decreasing in Aroostook and in Maine.

Chapter 30 Animals Continued⁵⁵

The panther, that great cat of north woods, has gone also. Like the Indian, they do not thrive near civilization. The wild woods of Aroostook were once their home; there used to be two kinds here, the common mouse colored panther, once common in Vermont, New Hampshire and New York, and the big fierce man eating catamount or Indian devil. Those were never found south of the 45th parallel of latitude. Some of them are black in color and all of them are nearly so. The panther and Rocky mountain lion are about the same thing but a little different in color. They will weigh, when fully grown, about 125 pounds each. But a full grown Indian devil will weigh 200 pounds; they leap from tree top to tree top and often go for miles across the woods in the trees; they leap from the tree onto their prey. They are a terrible animal and it is a blessing that they have left Aroostook. They kill for the love of killing. One of them will spring from a tree top, drag down a deer, tear out his throat, and suck the blood and leave the carcass for the wolves. An old Indian once told me that those great cats killed more of his people in olden times than all the diseases the Red men ever had. Like the tiger, once they get a taste of human blood, they are not satisfied with any other. The Indians feared them more than all the other wild animals together, and if all the stories and legends about them are true, well they might. It is said that a catamount would spring from a tree, catch an Indian (or white man) in his mouth, tear out his throat, suck his life blood and then pursue and catch another of the same party. Can a cat that weighs 200 lbs. carry a full grown man in his mouth? I once shot a weasel that was running away with a piece of liver. The weasel weighed six ounces and the chunk of liver weighed 16. I once shot a mink that was carrying away a duck it had killed; the duck weighed six lbs and the mink weighed three. I see no reason why a catamount cannot carry as much according to his weight as a mink or a weasel.

⁵⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100707_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁵⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100714_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

The Indians say those cats sometimes killed moose and bears. There is a story told that many years ago when Shepard Cary of Houlton was making pine timber on the Allagash, one of those great cats came and broke down the stable door and killed a horse while the men were all asleep. Not over 30 years ago we are told, one of them killed a man on Fish river. The man was coming home at night from a camp where he had been boiling down sap. His body was found a mile from where he was caught, and as no blood was seen from where the cat caught him to where he was killed, it is thought the devil played with him as a cat does with a mouse.

Perhaps if I take space here to tell a couple of little panther stories it would interest the average readers as much, or more than the description and number of the lots on which certain settlers occupied in such and such townships, or a long string of other dry figures.

The following is taken from Maine woods and sportsmen and is said to be a true story. It happened in the hard, old days before the war on the Aroostook river above Presque Isle. I will copy an abstract:

An Exciting Race

I was quite a bit younger than I am now, and the dear wife in the room yonder was the sweetest girl in the whole world to me. She lived on the State road and between that and the river, where we lived, was a three mile stretch of road "grubbed out" but not turnpiked.

For sometime there had been talk of an Indian devil that was said to be traversing the river section, and more than one person declared that he had heard it's weird cry in the night. I did not give the matter much thought for I didn't believe the stories.

When Sunday night came I harnessed for the usual ride to the State road. I needn't say that I was proud of that mare. She was a Morgan with a dash of Messenger blood and very fast. But we did not count much on speed in those days. The folks did not want me to go, but I laughed at their fears and started. After crossing the pasture I closed the gate carefully and hurried on to the one across the woods Jennie was glad enough to see me, but she had heard the stories and said she did not expect me to come. I guess she did not think any less of me for coming. When I left that night we were engaged to be married at Christmas. I don't mind telling in confidence that it was after midnight when I did leave.

The moon was nearing the horizon making weird, dismal shadows along the way. In spite of my new found joy, I could not help noticing that the mare was acting strangely. I often boasted that she would not be afraid of the devil himself, but she shied at her own shadow more than once before we crossed the open field. I had to learn that an imaginary devil with two legs is far less to be feared than a real devil with four.

She would hardly wait while I opened the gate at the edge of the woods. I led her through and turned to close it, when a dry branch snapped nearby and she started. I was lucky enough to catch the tall leopard, then I clambered into the wagon and over the seat as quickly

as possible. I seized the reins but not to hold her, no sir, I was perfectly willing for her to go as fast as she would. The dry leaves and branches were rustling right lively at this time and about 15 feet from the road to the right, and easily keeping pace with us, I caught a glimpse occasionally of a long, lithe, tawny brute with a round, catlike head. I didn't need a dictionary to tell me that it was a North American panther, nor that a big I and D stood for Indian devil. That's the name the Indians give, and I've heard more than one of them say he'd rather face anything else that runs in the woods than one of them.

Every leap the mare made she gave a snort of terror, but she needn't have been so scared, for it was me the thing was after. The brute was soon beside the wheel looking up with eager, fiery eyes, when he sprang full at me. I slid to the other side of the seat in a hurry; he landed on the hind wheel and was turned under. He didn't seem to mind the fall, he was so intent on reaching me that he tried again and again as the wagon bounded over the rough road, and once he got a fair bite out of the sleeve of my Sunday coat. The animal would bound off into the woods after each trial screaming as it went, until I could hardly hear it in the distance. But when he came back he came so stealthily that I did not hear a sound until he was beside me ready for another sprinor. Why he did not spring into the back of the wagon and finish me, is an unexplained mystery to this day.

I had all I could do to keep the terror stricken mare in the road, and the wagon from being smashed against the trees that stood dangerously near the track. And all this time I was thinking what must come when the gate was reached. I knew well the mare would keep on over it no matter what became of the wagon and me. I have often seen a cat play with a helpless mouse, and I wondered if the great cat would use me in the same way, and what the sensation would be. Then I thought of Jennie and all the bright future had promised such a short time ago. Would she mourn for me? Would my tragic fate cloud her young life?

Soon I could see the open field through the leafy boughs and tried desperately to nerve myself for the horrible end. I had no weapon, not even a knife, I could hardly believe my own eyes when the mare dashed through an open gate and straight across the field and through the big barn doors that were open also. My young brother, hearing those fearful yells in the forest had pluckily acted upon his impulse to open the gate and doors, and had thus saved me. He shut the great doors with a bang as the mare bounded through them and throwing his arms around my neck cried like a baby.

"I knew he was after you Joe," he breathed convulsively. All the rest went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Then I heard it and did what I could while the awful yells came nearer and nearer."

The writer of the above now lives in Hopkinton, Mass. In a note to the Editor he declares the tale to be true and I have no doubt but what it was.

Another Panther

Benjamin Lovely, a man who once lived at Mapleton, but now resides in Oregon, once told me the following story. I will relate it as nearly as I can in Mr. Lovely's own words:

"My parents were very poor and when I was 16 years old they sent me into the woods, when I should have been attending school. I went with the crew away up on the little Madawaska early in December, The late James Doyle conducted the lumbering operation, and his brother Edward or "Ned," as everybody called him, was a foreman in our camp. The crew at our camp got out pine logs and clapboard cuts.

Another boy about my age, one Ruben True, came in the camp and he and I worked together, and from dawn till dark we pulled a long cross cut saw back and forth through the big pines. Our camp was near a little lake, and on the margin of this, two Indian trappers had built their camp. We boys often went to this camp evenings and became acquainted with the Indians.

One night they told us that early in October they had gone to Lake Tamoscouтта in Canada to hunt and trap, but an Indian devil had come and scared them away. They told us many stories of those savage animals and how they would follow an Indian for miles and desert all other prey to catch them. "Dey make noise like baby crying" said patch nose Pete, who was telling the story.

When we went home that night we ran all the way, fearing a catamount might be in the trees. The next morning at breakfast we repeated some of the Indian stories.

"Don't believe there is such a thing as a panther on Aroostook waters," said big Jim Tolan, the teamster. "It don't take much to scare an Indian anyway."

"Easy thar youngster," said old Dan Day. "When I was a boy and lived on the Tobique, one came one night and killed our only hoss and leyen sheep and not a one of us dare go out doors."

"Give him a hat," said Tolan as he arose from the table. "If one ever gets you Dan, tell him a whopper and he'll bring you back in the morning."

That day after Rube and I had finished sawing a big pine into cuts, we stopped a moment to rest, when from down in a swale there came a faint sound like a baby crying. We both heard it and looked at each other.

"Do you hear that noise Rube?", I asked, "or do I imagine I hear it?"

"By geei I hear it plain enough," said Rube. "Let us go over where that chopper is!"

We told the chopper what we had heard, and we all listened again but could hear nothing. That night in camp the men teased us unmercifully.

The next morning, however, when Jim Tolan went to the landing with his load he found a deer in the road; its throat had been torn out, and its back had been lacerated with the marks of great claws.

Before Tolan had got back from the landing, or any one in camp knew anything about the dead deer, the boss came to us and said he wanted us to take the old horse and sled and go over to Beardsley brook to the marsh, some five miles away, and get a jag of hay. We hated to go, and told him we were afraid there might be a panther around. He laughed at our fears, said he did not believe there was a panther within a thousand miles, told us to take the dog and rifle and go along. "When a panther comes the Injuns will let us know," he added.

A few minutes later we were on the road and made a quick trip to the marsh. It was December but there was very little snow. We soon built a load and bound it on solid with ropes at each end that were securely fastened to a pole that ran lengthwise along the top. Then we started the old horse toward the camp while we walked behind carrying the gun and playing with the dog.

We had gone about three miles when we both stopped stock still and nearly fell into the road. From behind us in the gloomy woods came sharp and clear, the long, sad wail of a child. The dog bristled up, gave an angry growl, and tried to crawl under the sled. The old horse stopped, looked back and listened, then snorted and tried to turn around in the road. Again the long mournful wail smote our ears. It was nearer this time. For a moment we were dumb with terror. We well knew we stood a slim chance to kill the great beast with the axe or old muzzle loading rifle. The horse snorted and started. Rube quickly squeezed in behind the ropes that held the front of the load and seized the reins of the now thoroughly frightened horse, and I wedged myself in behind the ropes on the hind end with the rifle in my hands.

The cries grew nearer and louder, and the horse was going up the raising ground at a canter. I expected every second to see the panther coming up the road. Presently I heard a loud scream almost overhead. I looked up and saw the great cat leaping from treetop to treetop. I don't think I was frightened then, I was hypnotized. The dog, he would weigh some, 60 pounds, now began to whine and again tried to get under the hind part of the sled with his nose at my feet. I yelled to Rube to keep the horse in the road and be careful not to upset the sled. Suddenly the brute leaped from the branches into the road about 100 feet behind us, and with a yell that made the woods echo, came leaping toward me clearing 20 feet at each bound. I tried to cock the rifle but my fingers refused to move. I tried to shut my eyes but couldn't. The dog was leaping⁵⁶ along with his nose under the sled between my feet. On came the devil and when he got close he laid down his ears, opened his great mouth and seized the dog by the back of the neck. For an instant he sat and growled and then ran up a tree with poor old Jack in his mouth. Ten minutes later we galloped into the camp yard. When the boss came out and saw

⁵⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100714_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

two white faced frightened boys and the horse white with foam, he gave us each a handland said: "Thank heaven, boys, you're safe".

There was great excitement at the camp. The Indians had come bag and baggage. They had heard the cries of their enemy in the night and begged for shelter behind the strong walls of the logging camp. Tolan had returned with the carcass of the deer, the men had been called in from work, and a crew with guns and axes had just started to meet us. We soon told our story. Old Dan Day stood leaning on his rifle and squirting tobacco juice. "I'll tell ye what boys," said he; ``we must kill that varment or drive them cussid Injuns, or some of us will go after the dog."

Chapter 31 Caught The Indian Devil⁵⁷

The Indans who had stood apart from the others talking in their own language now went to work. They got an old peavy stock and made the small end as sharp as a bayonet. Then they got some of the men's discarded clothing and made an image to resemble a man. Mitts were put on the hands, a meal bag was stuffed with hay and shaped like a head, an old hat was put on and the sharpened stake concealed in the image.

Their Plan was to carry the image down to their camp and set it up; perhaps the devil would mistake it for a man and jump on it from a tree top, but they would not go alone.

After dinner the boss told old Dan to take his rifle and go with them. He also told rube and I we might have a half holiday to to pay for the scare we got. We went along too.

Setting the trap was a simple affair. One end of the peavey was inserted in a hollow stump. Near the dummy a fire was built and a quarter of the dead deer laid on. We then returned. The odor of the burning meat could be smelled for a long distance.

That night we had to tell our story over a dozen times before we went to bed. I was awakened in the morning by the Indians shouting and jabbering outside the Camp, Old Dan who was with them was swearing. Presently the camp door burst open and they came dragging in the great cat. It had leaped on the dummy and the sharpened stake had passed through his body. In his death struggles he had nearly cut the seasoned peavy stock off with his claws and teeth. He was jet black, a male, and one of the largest of his kind, a genuine Canadian Indian Devil."

The writer has been told that once each year a female panther has from four to six kittens, but the grown males destroy the young kittens whenever they can find them. It is said

⁵⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100721_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

the panther often lives to be 50 years old. Unlike the Puma and mountain lions they will not live in captivity and the Indians say that a full grown Indian devil cannot be taken alive.

The Caribou

The Caribou, or American reindeer roams the eastern part of the continent from the north shores of Hudson bay to the coast of Labrador, and as far south as the 45th parallel of latitude, and in mountainous sections they are found even farther south. They are not as large as their European cousin, and unlike them will not live in captivity. A moose or deer can be easily tamed and become a domestic animal, but the Caribou like the Panther will die if confined and if given his liberty will wander away. Caribou care but little for browse, grass or leaves on which moose and deer subsist. They live principally on moss, lichen, rotten wood, toadstools and mushrooms and the fungus growth on decaying trees. They are a roaming animal and do not stay long in a place.

They never heard like moose and deer. Their feet are large and their hoofs are split up a long distance, big doo claws protrude from behind; when they travel over the snow they spread their hoofs and let part of the leg come down on the snow, thus forming a snowshoe for each foot. When they run on a frozen lake or a hard logging road their hoofs clatter like a minstrel rattling the bones. As winter approaches their hair grows long and thick and turns almost white. They like the deep snow for it enables them to reach higher up on the trees for their favorite moss. Their hides are valuable for filling snowshoes for it tightens when wet instead of stretching and bagging. The flesh is considered by many to be superior to moose or deer meat as it has a wild, gamey flavor of its own not found in any other animal.

The caribou has great speed and endurance; they can run ten miles an hour and keep it up all day; dogs and wolves may follow them for a while but soon get tired and give up the chase. Their scent is keen and once alarmed and on the run the hunter may as well give up. Yet there are times when they do not appear to be afraid of men. They are an inquisitive quadruped and I have seen them follow a man wearing a red shirt or come up close to a fire or tent where men were talking and smoking.

In religion the caribou is a Quaker; they will not fight. A partridge with a brood of chicks will drive them away any time. The deer whip them and they never stay long where deer are plenty. A few years ago great droves of them roamed the Aroostook woods. Their mounted heads are still found on the walls of many an Aroostook home. But the deer came in great numbers and they left in a night. In the early winter of 1894 they crossed the St. John river and emigrated to the headwaters of the Tobique river in New Brunswick. Some well informed guides and hunters think they will never return, but I can assure you this is not the first time they have left Aroostook. If the deer should change feeding grounds and leave northern Maine the caribou will come back. But if they never do, the name will not be forgotten, for a large and prosperous Aroostook village is named for the fleet caribou. They do not raise as many young as the deer; they have a habit of hiding the young calves and going away to feed without them. Wild cats and foxes kill many of the little ones in their absence.

The males carry a fine set of antlers which they shed every winter. A full grown male caribou will weigh about 500' pounds and when dressed the meat will weigh about 300. Many of them, however, are much smaller. Like all wild animals they are fond of salt, and in the pioneer days the settlers used to make salt licks in the woods and set guns and shoot them.

Let me tell you how the gun was set when I was a boy. A hollow tree was cut down and skidded up so the hole in the tree was about three feet high; a hole was now dug in the ground close to the hole in the tree and filled with salt; then a musket, or any gun, was heavily loaded with powder and ball, or buckshot. A chalk line was tied to the trigger and put below the guard, then drawn toward the muzzle. Now the gun is carefully primed and cocked and inserted in the log, muzzle outward. The line is then carried to a stake 10 feet away and fastened. When the caribou comes to the lick he runs against the taught line and the gun goes off; the caribou is generally killed.

The Moose

The moose, the largest of all the deer kind, the monarch of the forest, the king of the north woods, is a native of Aroostook. There are probably more moose in Aroostook County today than in all the rest of the United States. The so-called Allagash country is the greatest moose park in the world! It is so far from railroads and civilization that few hunters go there. But moose are found all over the county. In summer they come into the farmers' fields and pastures and are often seen with the cattle. They visit all the lakes and ponds and eat lily pads that grow on the water. Sometimes they stick their heads down in the water and pull up the succulent lily roots and eat them. While the water lily is their favorite food in summer they eat many other things, such as green leaves, tall weeds, grass and growing grain. Their legs are long and their necks are so short that they cannot feed from the ground without getting down on their knees; this, however, they often do when the grass and grain are short, but when the oat fields are headed out they enjoy the juicy, young oats without kneeling. In winter they retire to the deep Woods, and on the south side of some hardwood ridge near an open spring brook, a family of them will make their yard. They subsist on bark which they gnaw from the trees and bushes. A moose will eat frozen withs as big as a man's thumb and break down moose wood trees three or four inches in diameter.

When the snow is deep and covered with a hard crust they are prisoners in their yards. When driven into the stiff crust they are almost helpless and can be easily killed. Years ago when there were no game laws men used to kill great numbers of them for hides; the bodies were left in the woods.

I will relate an instance that I well remember. Leonard Thomas lived near my father when I was a small boy. Each spring he would go to the woods; on snowshoes with a gun and dogs and kill moose enough to get a two horse load of hides. At the last of the going he would make a trip to Bangor and sell moose hides. About 40 made a good load and they sold in Bangor for about \$2.00 each. In getting 40 moose hides in those days he had to go far from home. He

often killed a half a dozen in a day and came home to supper. The meat was not considered good in the spring and was left in the woods.

Near the old Work cabin in which I was born, stands a high hill. It is a spur of the Reach, mountains and the south side is j very steep. A spring breaks out near the top and sends a tiny stream down to the Lovely brook. One winter seven moose came and yarded on this side hill about a mile from the house. The hillside was so steep that we could see them traveling about in the yard and when they came to the spring to drink. I have seen them with their fore feet against the trees reaching after browse. We could see them from the window, and often when the children got too noisy mother would tell them to go to the window and watch the moose.

One bright morning in March my brother and I were out playing on the crust and heard a dog barking up in the moose yard and the bang of a gun. When we looked we saw a moose coming down the steep hill toward the clearing plunging through the deep snow; soon there were other shots fired and loud shouting. Toward noon two men came to the house and asked for some dinner. They were dragging a big handle on which were seven gorey moose hides. The next morning mother and we boys took a walk up the hill on the crust. What a sight met our gaze. There lying dead near the edge of the clearing in the trampled and bloody snow were the skinned bodies of the poor moose. We boys looked at them and began to cry and then mother cried too.

This is only one instance. All along the border the moose were slaughtered in this manner for years. It is a great wonder they were not exterminated as the buffalo were in the west

At one season of the year the bull moose is a dangerous animal to encounter. They roam the woods bellowing and looking for trouble, and woe to the man or dog that crosses their path.

Like the caribou and catamount the moose never go very far south. They are fond of water and in summer, may be found in great numbers around our lakes and rivers feeding on the water lilies and snapdragon and wallowing in the water to get rid of the flies. Like the caribou and deer, the moose shed their antlers every winter. The early settlers used to visit the deserted moose yards in the spring and gather up the great pronged antlers and fence the gardens with them, but of late a little boring insect attacks the moose horn as soon as the warm weather comes and it is soon reduced to powder.

The bull moose kill the young calves if they come in their way. When spring comes and the moose leave their yards,, the female wanders away to some lonely bog or thicket, and there the little moose are born. Those little moose calves are long legged, awkward, homely creatures, but soon gain strength and are able to keep away from their ill natured fathers. The Indians say, "when moose one day old man ketch em, when two day old dog ketch em, when three day old devil can't catch em. "

Moose are easily tamed and the females become great pets and are very docile. But as no fence will stop them, and when kept on the farm they spend most of the time in the summer in the garden, they are not very popular. Away back in the fifties, Mr. E. C. Blake of Houlton had a tame mouse broken to harness. He often drove to Presque Isl6 and sometimes to Fort Kent. The moose is very speedy but cannot endure as much as a horse. Their hair is so long and thick in winter they perspire and pant when driven any distance, and in summer they cannot stand as much heat as an ox.

A full grown bull moose will weigh 1400 pounds and dress about 900, The average moose will weigh from 1000 to 1200 pounds and dress from six to eight hundred. The head and horns are heavy, and when the neck is attached to them they will sometimes weigh 200 pounds. Many of our Aroostook moose are black in color in summer. Like the deer and caribou, they have split hooves and chew the cud.

Wolves

There are no wolves in Aroostook now to amount to anything. Sometimes during a hard winter a small flock will come from Canada to the extreme northern part of the county, but of late years' they never stay long. They are cowardly brutes any way, and unless driven by hunger they seldom linger around the haunts of man. The sound of the woodsman's axe, the mill whistle, the crack of the rifle, the rumble of railroad trains, and the peal of the church bell appears to unstring their nerves and drive them away to the great Canadian forest north of the St. Lawrence river. The great packs of wolves that used to pester the early settlers on the border left the eastern part of the county during the Aroostook war. Some old settlers think that the large number of men in the woods cutting roads, and the boom of the evening guns from the forts frightened them away.

In the winter of 1840, David Buber was coming from Houlton with mail for the soldiers at Fort Fairfield. The snow was deep and he was on snowshoes. One stormy afternoon he heard a wolf howl in the woods behind him; soon after he heard a long, dismal howl on the trail ahead. Mr. Buber knew nothing about firearms and had no weapons except a small hatchet. As darkness came the wolves sur⁵⁸rounded him. He was still about three miles from the little hamlet of Presque Isle. As Mr. Buber attempted to pass around a tree top that had fallen in the road, a great wolf that was crouching behind, sprang at his throat and scratched his face with its fangs, David killed it with one blow of the hatchet, but as they were closing in on all sides, he put the hatchet in his belt, dropped the mail bag, and hastily climbed a tree. The wolves soon devoured their slain comrade and then ate the mail bag and snowshoes, and stayed under the tree all night snarling and fighting. About sunrise they went away and David came down, gathered up what mail he could find in the snow, and wallowed through to Presque Isle. He was nearly

⁵⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100721_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

famished, and Mr. Fairbanks, who knew him well, and was quite sure he had escaped with his appetite, ordered the girls in the boarding house to get breakfast for five men. While breakfast was being prepared, David went over to the little store and traded his hatchet for a gallon of molasses which he drank without taking the measure from his lips.

The same winter an Acadian, on his way to Fort Kent with mail, was attacked by a large pack of wolves at night when only a few miles from the Fort. The man was on horseback; he managed to get into a tree and remained there all night. The wolves dragged down the horse and tore it to pieces,

I could tell many true stories of the early pioneers where men and horses were killed and devoured by wolves, but will tell instead of an event which I was one of the actors.

Chapter 32 Thrilling Adventure⁵⁹

The pioneers, for some reason I have never been quite able to understand, were all anxious to get their boys off into the lumber camps when they were very young. A lumber camp is a fine school for a boy. He can learn all the vile stories and obscene songs that have been in circulation for a generation, learn to smoke and chew tobacco, and drink strong drink.

When I was very young I was sent into a logging camp in the extreme northern part of the County. The camps were on the little Black river in No. 18, Range 11. The little Black is a tributary of the St. John. Sinclair and Page were the contractors, Sam Watson was foreman and had orders to cut nothing but pine. Our supplies came from Canada and had to be hauled over a rough tote road some 30 miles from a depot camp on the border of the two countries.

An old fossil named Hodge had drifted up that way from Houlton and was hired for a toter. He liked to be addressed by his full name, Oliver Cromwell Hodge, but the boys shortened this to "Old Hog." Mr. Hodge had for a team, using his language, "a big hoss and a little hoss," and a wonderful wooden measure that was a hundred years old which he said his grandfather brought from Miramichi. This circular drum of wood had the bottom near the center, or perhaps it would be better understood if I say the hollow, wooden cylinder had a circular partition near the center. Hodge said: "That ere measure is worth its weight in gold; one end holds zactly six quarts and t'other end a peck. I feed the little hoss out of the little end and the big hoss out o' the big end; wouldn't take a cow for it. I druther part with me wife any day, see?"

We had taken a few camp supplies up river with us, but as soon as the crew got settled Hodge was sent to the depot camp after a load of pressed hay, and aa.no team had been over the old tote road that season, I was sent with him to help cut out windfalls that had fallen across

⁵⁹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100728_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

the road during the summer. The distance to the supply camp was 30 miles. As several concerns got supplies there, two men were there to deliver goods and keep accounts. From our camp the trip could be made in a day, but coming back loaded took two days. A toter's camp and stable had been built about half way for the accomodation of the toter on his return. It was late when we got to the depot camp so late that we did not load up that night. After Hodge had fed his team for the night he brought his wonderful measure in the camp and took it to bed with him. "No dern sucker is going to steal that, " he said.

We were astir early in the morning, and after loading the hay and getting about forty small packages the cook had sent for we hurried away, for the road was soft and the travelling hard.

The day before I had noticed tracks in the light snow that looked like those of a big dog; they had Crossed and re-crossed the road several times. I told Mr. Hodge I thought they must be wolf tracks, and he grunted back: "no wolves in the kentry now bub; track o some rabbit or lucyvee." But when we got to the depot camp, the Acadian cook was telling that he had heard wolves howling in the night, but the other man, an American, whom the customs officers kept there, said he had heard it and was nothing but an owl. "Wolves nuthin," chipped in Hodge; "they used to chase me grandfather in Miramichi, but there aint a one here."

On our return trip when we stopped to bait the horses and "bile the kittle," Hodge missed his precious measure; in the hurry and the bustle of the morning he had forgotten it. "Say Bub, " he whined, "run back and git me measure afore some cuss steals it. " I refused to go. I offered to take the team along and let him go. I told him it would be dark before I got back to the tote camp and that I was afraid of wolves. Then Hodge got mad and told me I had been sent along to wait on him and if I was too mean and lazy to do a little errand, he would tell Watson and have me discharged.

Then I stripped off my warm, woolen jacket and threw it on the load, ripped out a big oath that I had just learned, and started back on the run. The snow in the newly trodden road was soft and the travelling awful. When I got to the supply camp I was steaming and my clothes wet with sweat. I got the measure and the kind hearted French cook came out and gave me a big piece of bread and meat. He would not talk about wolves but said he thought if I hurried right along I might get to the tote camp before dark. I started back on the trot with the old measure under my arm. When I got to where we ate dinner the short December afternoon was drawing to a close. I was steaming like a locomotive. I stopped a minute to get my breath and to see if Hodge had left anything to send me back after, and to my horror discovered that the wolves had been there. The snow was all trampled down and every bone and crumb was gone.

I sprang forward on the run. I had gone perhaps half a mile when I stopped to listen. A wild, mournful, long, drawn howl smote my ears; it was a wolf behind me. I was thankful then that I had not attempted to go back to the supply camp. Again I ran forward over the loose snow; my legs were getting weak and tired and I began to fear I must soon slow down to a walk. I was a fair runner on good hard footing, but in the soft, yielding snow I appeared to be making

little headway. Presently I came to a turn in the road, and in the gathering evening gloom I saw the dark form of some animal ahead in the road. I stopped, looked again, but it was gone. Had my eyes deceived me? No. A long, dismal howl told me there was a wolf ahead of me, and this was answered by another behind me. I felt my hair rising in my cap.

I ran again, and as I ran I made the forest ring with shouts and yells. This appeared to have the desired effect, for when I stopped and listened I could hear nothing but my heart beating.

About half a mile from the tote camp I was so anxious to reach, was one of those formations called horsebacks. I had reached the top of this and stopped to listen. It was now quite dark. I looked behind and a big, gaunt wolf snooked out of the bushes and sat down in the road ahead of me. I started back but the one behind had advanced to within a few yards of me. A yelp at my right and a snarl on the left told me I could go no farther; I was surrounded. A small sized hemlock with branches near the ground stood near the road. I threw down the old measure, gave it a kick and sprang into the tree. The wolves sprang after me and I heard a pair of jaws snap close to my foot. I knew they could not climb and did not go very high. They quickly surrounded the tree. It was quite dark but I could see them plain enough; there were five. I could hear them gnawing and crunching the measure, and wished that old Hodge was there too.

Well, here I was in my shirt sleeves, wet with perspiration, alone in the woods on a bitter winter's night. Half a mile in the toters' camp old Hodge was probably getting supper and singing his favorite hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and below the wolves were snarling and fighting. Would Hodge come to look for me? Probably not. He would think I had stayed at the depot camp and again measure out the oats in his cap for the "big hoss and the little hoss" and then go to bed and snore and talk in his sleep as usual.

I shouted and yelled till I was hoarse, but the wind had sprang up and was now blowing a gale. My feet and hands were already freezing. I threw down my cap to see what the wolves would do. They seized it and tore it to shreds before it reached the ground, and had a fight over the fragments. And that was what would happen to me when I got numb and cold and fell to the ground. I crawled higher up the tree and came near falling when a small, frozen branch gave way beneath my feet. Near the top the tree forked. I got astride of the crotch in the tree, took off my leather belt, ran it through the arm holes of my vest, and buckled it around the fork of the tree in front of me. Here I would die and probably my body would never be found, but the wolves would not get me. I thought of the folks at home; they were probably sitting around the big open fire, the children learning their lessons by the firelight, and mother knitting, but at that moment I never expected to see them again.

I was sinking into a comfortable doze when I was aroused by a familiar sound; I looked in the direction from whence it came and saw a gleam of light. The wolves saw it too and began to get uneasy. As it came nearer they silently scattered into the woods, each in a different direction. It was old Hodge coming with his lantern, singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I

Stand." I yelled and pounded my freezing hands on the tree, managed to unloose the belt and slipped to the ground.

"What ye doin here?" was his greeting. "If he'd walked right along Bub, the lucyvee wouldn't ha teched ye, they's cowardly animals them lynxes." Then his eyes fell on the two iron hoops and the fragments of the priceless measure, and he howled with rage and grief. "O , me measure, me measure that me grand daddy brought from Miri michi! If I'd only stayed in Houlton and hauled cord wood I'd had it yit."

Later in the winter, one stormy night the wolves attacked Oliver Cromwell Hodge himself and drove him into a tree. His team ran away, cleared themselves from the tote sled, and the "big hoss" broke a leg and had to be killed. A Canadian hunter was then sent for who shot and trapped the entire pack of wolves around the carcass of the dead horse.

With many a groan the old man rigged up a one horse sled kept on toting with one horse. When spring came the boys all gave him a dollar apiece toward buying another horse. The old man took the money and after he had wiped a tear away with his coat sleeve, he said: "Thank ee b'ys, thank ee. Money's good to by bosses with, but it can't bring back the measure me grandfather brought to 'Rroostick from Miramichi; If I'd only stayed in Houlton and hauled cordwood me "big hoss" and me measure would ha both been alive to day. O, dear, O dear!"

I stayed in the camp all winter, got \$10 per month and learned a lot of new "swear words" that I have never forgotten. I also learned to swear in French and steal tobacco.

Among the relics which I have gathered and shall keep while I live, is a bit of wood from that old measure. It is nothing but a small, curving sliver of white ash, but it reminds me of the terrible two hours I passed in a treetop when hope had fled and I was face to face with the "grim monster" death.

The Loup Cervier

There are two species of those animals in Aroostook, the bobcat that is found all over northern New England and the Canadian Lynx that is found nowhere else in the United States except in North Aroostook. Those latter animals are much larger than the bobcat and darker in color in winter, while in summer they turn a tawney yellow and have stripes like a tiger. In winter their hair is long and shaggy and long pencils of hair extend from the inside of their ears that at a distance look like horns; consequently they are sometimes called the "horrid lynx." They belong to the cat family and are night prowlers. They have no lair or den. but depend on their thick coat of fur for shelter. In the night time they go to the swamp where the rabbits are plentiful and get up in a tree above a rabbit path or runway. When the unsuspecting bunny comes hopping along the lynx leaps down upon him. When the partridge dives from the treetops into the deep snow to escape the severe cold of a winter's night, he falls an easy prey to the snooking loup cervier; and when the birds go to roost in the low, fir trees they are often caught by those cats which stealthily climb the trees. In daytime they sit in the snow under a tree and

sleep. They will not attack a man, neither will they run from him, but if you should be in the woods and chance to see one sitting under a bush winking and blinking and looking innocent, do not molest him, for he is chain lightning and a buzz saw when aroused. The lynx has sharp, strong claws and teeth, and a big, round head. Their screams can be heard a long distance and are not pleasant to listen to, especially if one is alone in the woods at night. A full grown Canadian lynx has been known to weigh 50 lbs. The average weight is about 35 pounds, but in winter they look as though they would weigh as much as a sheep. The bob cat, which closely resembles them, will weigh from 15 to 25 pounds.

Many of the loup cervier tribe now in the upper Aroostook are a cross between the bob cat and the lynx and may at first sight be taken for either. Their principal food in winter is rabbits. They have large feet and a short tail. Their numbers are rapidly increasing in the wooded sections of Aroostook and it is reported that they are now killing many young deer, and sometimes flock together and drag down the old ones. The females have from three to six kittens every summer; foxes are their greatest enemies; as the kids are blind and stupid when they are little and the mother has a habit of going off in search of food the sly fox comes and carries away the young.

A Loupcervier is a hard animal to tame and seldom live long in captivity. Sometimes traveling showmen get a Wolverine from the West and palm him off for a lynx or a bobcat but the northern lynx is seldom, if ever seen in captivity.

Deer

Deer are so common that they need no description. There are probably more in Aroostook today than there was when Columbus discovered America. They are found in every township in the County and great numbers are killed every fall, it is safe⁶⁰ to say that 2000 are killed annually by the people of Aroostook alone. If the County contains 80,000 permanent citizens this is only one deer to 40 people, 2000 is probably a conservative estimate. Good authorities tell us deer are increasing every year.

The Beaver

Aroostook today is swarming with beaver. At this writing they are protected by a State, law and none are allowed to be taken. Of late years, they have come into the clearings and built their dams and homes on brooks, in fields and pastures and along the public highways. The traveler in Aroostook today may see beaver dams and houses almost anywhere along the public roads and close to the farmer's buildings. Sometimes three or four different colonies make their homes on a single brook perhaps not more than half a mile apart. Many patches of valuable timber is killed annually by these little animals overflowing the land. The beaver is a strict vegetarian. They belong to the rodent family and are prolific breeders. Their habits are

⁶⁰ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100728_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

more peculiar than any animal that lives in woods or fields. In building dams the little quadrupeds select a location ,where swamp willow, white birch or other small hard wood growth is abundant. The dam is generally built zig zag fashion across the stream, thus making it stronger. Brush is thickly interwoven with sticks, stones and mud making it very substantial.

Chapter 33⁶¹

The houses are built in the pond near the edges where the water is not so deep; they are built of sticks and dry brush and plastered each fall on the outside with mud. This freezes hard and not only keeps them warm, but prevents wild cats or other wild animals from tearing the houses to pieces. They are lined on the inside with dry grass and moss and generally contain two rooms each. There is always a small hole left in the top for ventilation. The part of the house above water is about the size and shape of a haystack. The door is at the bottom of the pond on the downstream side. There is no way to get in or out of the house above water.

As a rule, two beavers, a male and a female occupy each house. The nest is just above the water line and in the bottom are two holes. When the beavers are asleep they allow their tails to hang through these slits into the water. If the dam is molested and the water begins to fall, the beaver knows it at once and hurries away with his mates to repair the break.

In August the beavers commence to cut their winter supply of food. This is generally a small growth of willow, popular, white birch and alder. It is cut in proper lengths and piled up in the pond near the doors of the houses. If the pile is large it means a long winter, if small, a short winter. Man is their natural enemy. In winter when the ponds are frozen they are' safe from all animals except man. Nature has provided them with the means of staying under water. When they leave their houses and go down to the wood pile to eat breakfast they carry a bubble filled with air on their nose about the size of a baseball. When the air in the bubble is exhausted, they either come to the top of the water and get a supply from the little space between the water and ice or else go up to their chamber. They drown very quickly when caught in a trap under water.

Besides their regular houses the beavers have holes in the bank that go back some distance and generally terminate under a tree. In this strong hold the little beavers are born in summer, and if the dam is cut in winter the whole colony takes refuge in these dens and subsist on roots below the frost line till spring. You may tear out a beaver dam and demolish every house, but you will find no beaver. When all is again quiet they may return and repair the dam, and the man who sees them must be in a tree for their scent is keen and it is hard to catch them at work. Beavers, when taken young, are easily tamed, and like a tame duck, can be kept without living in the water. They are continually building dams out of sticks, stones, sods, stove wood or anything else they can drag or roll, which shows they work by instinct instead of reason. On a kitchen floor, I have seen them build a dam out of chairs and plug the holes with

⁶¹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100804_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

clothes and pillows they had dragged from a bed. While they cannot be trained to cut cord wood, they will cut down a fine shade tree or a dozen apple trees in a short time. Beavers vary greatly in size. A full grown male is as large as a good size dog and will weigh 25 or 30 pounds. The average beaver weighs about 18 pounds.

Now Aroostook has so many wild animals that I have no time nor space to describe them all. What I have written about them will probably be disputed.

When the American traveler in Africa was invited to a feast and asked to tell a story, he told the simple natives that in his country there were rivers of pure rum a mile wide. This yarn so pleased the natives that they made him a present of 12 wives. But at the next feast he was asked to tell another story, so he told them that in winter in his country the surface of the rivers and lakes became so encrusted with a substance called ice which became so hard and solid that an elephant could walk on them. This appeared to the native to be such an awful lie that they killed the traveler and his wives roasted and ate him.

There are many men today who were never in the woods more than ten miles and who would get lost in a good sized orchard, who sit day after day behind brick walls in some of our big cities and write wild stories about the wild animals of the big Maine woods. Guides, woodsmen and hunters who read those yarns know at once that the authors are fakers, but a great majority of the readers swallow them whole, smack their lips and cry for more. Unfortunately for the public the men who live in the woods and know the habits of the beasts of our great forests as well as the farmer knows the habits of his domestic animals, seldom, if ever, write about them; in fact the greater part of our guides and hunters are not able to do so. So it is left to the city chap who has interviewed some professional man who has been to the Maine woods on a fishing trip. The author perhaps has a college education, wears a No. 6 hat, owns a bulldog, thinks he knows all about the woods and the public thinks so too.

Many well informed men are very ignorant in regard to the wild animals of northern Maine. They think Aroostook is all woods and swarming with bloodthirsty beasts of prey. A few years ago a Caribou firm got a letter from a wholesale hardware firm in Boston asking if the moose yards in Aroostook woods were constructed of barbed wire or boards, and if the beaver dams were made of logs or concrete, and if they were built by the State or the County Commissioners.

A City Letter

Some years ago I kept Polled Angus cattle and wrote to a firm in Ohio who kept this particular breed for sale. Soon after I got a circular stating prices and a letter from the head of the firm. Here is an extract from that letter.

"We have a park here on the ranch in which we have buffalo, elk, bears, deer and many fur bearing animals. I notice you live near Caribou. I have a friend who is in the jewelry business and is up there in the woods selling watches to the men who work in the lumber camps. His last

letter was dated at St. John Plantation and he writes that while going into a camp one morning he met a savage French totter who made him get out of the road into the woods. The sleigh was broken in the scrap and my friend had to walk seven miles and lead his horse. Now, James is no coward and always goes well armed, and I am sure the totter must be a savage beast or he never would have driven James into the woods.

Now as you are there in the woods and probably know the habits of those animals, I am going to make you an offer. If you will capture for me a pair of those totters and ship them by express C. O. D. I will give you F. O. B. on a fine pair of three year old pure blooded Pollard Angus cattle. We have no totters here in the west, and I desire very much to get a pair.

Now perhaps, this man thought that Caribou and St. John Plantations were both located in the same block of woods, and the farmers made a business during the winter of hunting fierce totters for their hides.

Fur Bearing Animals

Aroostook has many fur bearing animals, and the annual sales of fur from the County brings in more money than many people imagine. The fur bearing animals are larger according to the species and the fur is better and brings a bigger price in the market than from any other County in the United States. To illustrate: At this writing red fox is quoted at \$4.50 @ \$5.00. Red fox skins from Aroostook are selling readily for \$7.00 each. One hunter recently told me that he sent a bale of fox hides to Geo. R. Hunnewell, South Auburn, Me. and got an average of \$7.21 per pelt.

All other fur from our forests and streams, taken at the proper season, will bring 25 per cent more than any other county in Maine. All wild animals grow larger here than anywhere else, and as we are located farther north the skins are better colored and heavier, consequently always in demand.

Among our common fur bearing animals is the black bear, lynx, bobcat, red fox, otter, sable, mink, black cat, muskrat, weasel, skunk, beaver and a few silver gray foxes and coons. Black foxes are sometimes seen here but they are very rare.

The most common game birds are plover, snipe, birch partridge, spruce partridge, several varieties of wild ducks, mud hens and woodcock. Along the lakes may be found in summer, the stake driver, gray heron, blue heron, loon and fish hawk. The birds of prey consist of several species of hawks and owls, eagles in the northern part of the County, and large numbers of crows. Song birds are too numerous and well known to discuss in this brief work. In summer their name is legion. Birds of very many different varieties come annually, and one posted in bird lore could write a volume on our feathered songsters, to say nothing of those that are not feathered. The blue jay, moose bird, cross bill, chickadee and several varieties of woodpeckers, remain with us winters; also the owls and grouse.

Among the smaller animals that are found in the rural districts and sometimes in the villages, are the chipmunk, red squirrel, rabbit or hare, skunk, woodchuck and a small species of the porcupine. A few gray squirrels are found in the south and eastern part of the County, and weasels are abundant everywhere. Those animals are harmless or nearly so. The skunk, however, is no respecter of persons; he carries an atomizer and will spray a person or a dude as willingly as he would a tramp or a school boy. It is said skunks may be easily tamed and make very affectionate little pets.

The little spruce porcupines that hang around civilization are harmless if left undisturbed. At the approach of man or dog they waddle away as fast as their short legs can carry them. If overtaken they curl up in a ball. We will assume that everybody knows that they are covered with sharp needle like spines; the outer end of those little quills are very sharp and covered with beards or barbs; once in a dog's nose or a boy's foot, a horse's leg, they will stay until removed with pincers or some surgical instrument, and work in deeper with every movement, making a painful wound. Boys and dogs after one frolic with them generally learn to leave them alone. Owls and hawks often kill them without injury to themselves. When the little quadruped hears the swish of wings above him he curls up; the bird of prey comes down and after pulling out a patch of quills with his beak proceeds to make a meal. In vain the porcupine switches and threshes his tails which is also filled with spines, but the spines have no effect on the wings of the bird. These animals are sometimes called quill pigs or silver cats; they resemble the regular porcupine of the north woods, but are not so large or handsome. The latter subsists on pine bark, and when they walk their quills rattle like a starched petticoat.

And the woodchuck, that sleek, puggy little creature known to every boy and girl in Aroostook. Farther west he is called a "groundhog." On Candlemas day I've heard folks say, the woodchucks come out of their dens to play, but if they see their shadow they retire for another nap, for they know the winter is not over. As I have no papers to prove this story you will have to talk with someone who lives in a city and if I am not mistaken they will tell you all about it, and while talking with them ask them this: How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood? He would chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would if a woodchuck would chuck wood.

Bears in Den

Bears, skunks and woodchucks are sometimes called "seven sleepers." This is because they are able to hibernate and sleep seven months without food. As a rule, however, they only sleep about five months. When those animals come out of their dens in spring they are not hungry and half famished as one would suppose, but their appetites are poor and they eat sparingly for several days. Animals that hibernate do not lie in one position and sleep and snore as some people would have us believe. They sit up and mope around part of the time; they are stupid and blind and very cross and crabby, but not asleep by any means.

Now someone will wonder how I know. Well, I will tell you: We once had tame woodchucks and they denned in the corner of a cellar and I often used to look at them. Once I

worked in a lumber camp and early in the winter myself and another man found a bear's den. A big, spruce tree had blown partially over and lodged in another tree. The great network of roots at the bottom had lifted with them as the tree tipped, a patch of earth and moss some 10 feet square; under this mass of roots and earth a cave was formed about four feet high in the center, but nearly all the way around a cape of turf covered the opening. We saw the tracks where the bears had traveled back and forth while carrying in their bed of moss and grass, and as there was not much snow we tore down the door the bears had made of brush and sticks, and by lying down and poking them with a stick we could see them. There was an old bear and her two cubs. As it would be better to wait till the snow got deep before trying to capture them we carefully filled up the hole and went away agreeing to keep the matter a secret.

Now it happened that when one of the logging roads were cut later in the winter it went close by our bear's den. The snow was now deep and the raised roots of the big spruce looked like a big knoll, but a close observer might see the bushes on one side of the knoll covered with frost. I once asked an old fellow who worked on the road, what made the frost on the bushes? and he said there was a spring there.

My chum and I were both driving teams and passed this spot several times each day. One Sunday we felt like looking at our property, so we got a shovel and ax, and an old handsaw and sneaked away to the den.⁶² After shoveling away a piece of turf some two feet square this we lifted out and just below were the bears. The old bear snarled and showed her teeth and the cubs edged up close to her. After we had looked at them, we replaced the big sod or cover, we piled on fir Troughs and then fell a little fir top to cover our works. If anyone ever noticed our works they probably thought the old "road monkey" had been getting skids. Several times during the winter we looked at our bears. I never saw them asleep and each time we looked they had changed their positions. Toward spring the bears were shot through the hole in the top of the den, and I took the old bear and my friend Kelly took the cubs. This happened in the winter of 1880 at the late Ezekiel La Vasser's camp in No. 15, Range 4, now Westmanland Plantation.

Now, reader I have given a brief and partial description of some of the wild animals of Aroostook. I should like to go farther and tell of those which are carnivorous and which are herbivorous, and of those that live on fish, and how the sable catches the nimble red squirrel, and how the hunter catches the sable and mink and otter, and about the loons whose legs are almost, useless and other water fowls, and many other things about the! "fur fin and feather" of our great County, but space and time forbid, and there are so many things in our great County to write about that I must desist.

⁶² http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100804_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 34 Kidnapped⁶³

I have taken a course in woodcraft which should qualify me to write intelligently on the subject. When I was three months old, one June morning, mother took out the old half sash of 7x9 glass that served as a window in the Sam Work's cabin, and set it on the hanking. She then went out to pick some cedar boughs for a broom leaving me in the cradle. A gaunt loup cervier that had a litter of half grown, hungry kittens under some hazel bushes a few rods away, jumped through the window, seized me and dragged me through the open door. I suppose I was frightened for I am told that I screamed and howled. Mother heard my cries, and coming around the house strenuously objected to the lynx carrying me away. When she finally got me and started for the house, the brute followed her and tore her skirt to ribbons with teeth and claws. But daddy who was a short distance away making shingles, heard the outcry and came on the run. The beast was still sitting on a stump spitting and showing her teeth. A charge of buckshot soon finished her. The little ones were soon found and killed, and one of them was skinned and the hide stuffed and it was given to me to play with. I had it when I was ten years old and used to call it my "Lucy." I suppose today if a child had a toy like that to play with, it would be called a "Teddy loup cervier."

Since that day I have been chased by bear and treed by moose and wolves. I was once alone and asleep in an old camp, when a big bear came up onto the roof and fell through; I managed to get out through the hole in the roof, but as my rifle was inside I had to go six miles to get a man to come shoot him. I once had a ride on the back of a live caribou. The story has been printed and widely copied in sporting papers, and there is at least one man still living who was an eyewitness to that wild ride. I have slain the giant moose and stolen the cubs from the she bear. I once carried a cub 15 miles wrapped up in my jacket. In my boyhood days I helped to kill the snarling bears in traps, helped to skin and dress them and tack their hides up on the old barn door. During my life in the woods, I have eaten the flesh of all the game animals from the rabbit to the moose, and many times it has been more rabbit than anything else. I have also learned how to make canoes, moose calls, snow shoes and moccasins, and how to tan skins by the Indian method, which is very simple. Now, I am not telling this to boast, as very many of the natives of Aroostook have had the same experience, but to show that I know something of the wild animals of my native land, the greatest game county in the United States.

Bull Moose

And, if you are going to admit that I know anything about the wild beasts of the great north woods, allow me to say that there is only one animal in the Aroostook woods but what will run from man if they have a chance, and that is the bull moose. In the fall of the year those monsters are positively dangerous, and they are in no hurry to get out of the way at any time.

⁶³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100811_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

Those who go forth to stalk moose should either be a good shot or a good tree climber. Bull moose fight each other and are sometimes found dead with their antlers locked together.

The pigeons that in the pioneer days used to come in clouds and devour the settlers' growing grain are gone, not only from Aroostook, but from the continent. The early settlers used to shoot and trap them in great numbers; they were excellent for food. The panthers have gone also, and today wolves and caribou are almost unknown on Aroostook soil. If the wolves ever come back, and they are liable to, the deer will leave and the caribou will also return, for wolves cannot run down the fleet, long winded caribou.

Reptiles

The reptiles of Aroostook are hardly worth mentioning. They consist of two species of little green frogs, the common garden toad, a little striped snake and now and then a mud turtle. The little harmless snakes are called by learned men, "garter snakes." But if it were the fashion to wear them for garters there are few of them long enough to accomodate our Aroostook ladies.

Birch Timber

Before we get too far away from the past let us take a glance at the birch timber industry which was once carried on to some extent in all the border towns of Aroostook as well as along the Aroostook river. Now I will venture to say without fear of successful contradiction, that there is no place on the continent where the yellow birch grows so tall and large and free rifted as it does in Aroostook. The yellow birch grows all over New England, in New Brunswick and Canada, but the trees as a rule, are tapering, short bodied, crooked and windy. The birch timber, like the pine, was valued according to the size of the stick; consequently when a demand came for birch timber the Canadian timber makers flocked to Aroostook.

Now a stick of pine timber is so light that when it floats the center of gravity is above the water line and it tips over and floats cornerwise. But a stick of birch timber is so heavy the center of gravity is below the water line and it floats flatwise. In fact some sticks are so heavy that they float along under the water and finally become waterlogged and sink. So in order to get birch timber to market by water it has to be assisted by floaters.

Away back in the 50s, after the pine fit for timber was gone, many of the old timber makers commenced to make birch. Now at that time spruce was considered the most useless culch in the woods, but it was light and floated readily, so big spruce trees were cut and rafted in among the sticks of birch timber to make them float. When the timber get to St. John it was taken out and the spruce was cast adrift and went out to sea.

But one day a man who owned a little saw mill down on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, picked up some of those floating logs and sawed them into planks. Great was his surprise to find that the planks were as light as pine and strong and elastic. Now for miles around this man's mill the shores of the bay were covered with a studded growth of black spruce, but still the millman did not know the big logs from up river were spruce, so he called them "blue pine" and bought all that came down the river and had them rafted to his mill. It soon became evident that they made better spars for the old, square rigged vessels than pine, and the demand was soon greater than the supply.

Those who made birch timber in northern Aroostook were handicapped in getting it over the falls. Those who operated on the Aroostook had the Aroostook falls to contend with, and those working at the business on the Woolastook and Fish rivers had the Grand Falls in the way.

When a raft of timber came to the falls the raft had to be "snubbed" and taken apart and hauled around the falls and re-raftered. Then a skillful river man was taken on board as pilot and the great raft started on its long journey down the big river.

All of the largest birch trees in Aroostook or anywhere are hollow butted; timber had to be perfectly sound, consequently the big overgrown trees were not taken. A stick of timber two feet square and 30 feet long, would be a nice stick and better than the average. 18 inch timber was called good and some of it was made as small as 14 inches square. Birch timber was made all lengths; it was girted in the center of the stick and scaled by the same rule as pine timber.

The great Aroostook elms were also made into ton timber.

Notwithstanding the waterfalls that blocked navigation the New Brunswick lumbermen found it more profitable to come to Aroostook and make timber than on their own territory, for in the "garden land" the yellow birch grows bigger and better than any other place on the planet.

Birch timber was once extensively used in ship building, especially war ships, ice breakers and gun boats. A wooden warship with a tier of heavy birch timber well bolted together inside the planking, had nothing to fear from any projectile fired from a smooth bore, muzzle loading cannon. With the advent of the iron ships the market for hardwood timber vanished. There are still thousands of those great yellow giants standing on Aroostook soil; but the chances are there will never be another stick of birch timber made in the county. Those great trees will sometime in the future be sawed up in mills and go to market by rail.

Non Development

Let us go back to the close of the Aroostook war. A large block of heavily timbered, fertile, well watered territory, has been surrendered to the United States and the lion's share of it went to Maine, and from it a new county is formed and named for one of its principal rivers. Up

to this time it is almost unknown and has never been fully explored. Very little surveying has been done, and that imperfectly, and the "paper plan" drawn by Park Holland, which extended 36 miles to the westward and from the source of the St. Croix to the highlands, was all prospective settlers had to go by. This great territory lies within the St. John basin and all of the products of the great forest must go, if by water to a foreign land. After the war many people came to the new territory. Some came to clear up the hardwood ridges and make farms and homes, some came to build mills, and some came to engage in the lumber business.

We have seen that before the war everything was free and easy between Aroostook and New Brunswick. But now all is changed. A boundary line has been established, a tariff wall is put up, and customs officers on both sides are on duty. The farmers find they must go 200 miles through the wilderness to dispose of their stock and produce. The merchant must pay more to have his goods hauled by teams than the original cost of the goods, and the lumbermen may cut all the logs they choose and drive them to market, but he cannot take the manufactured lumber back into the states without paying the government a duty.

The wild land belonged to the state and spruce stumpage was dirt cheap. The result was that New Brunswick lumbermen invaded the county, bringing men and teams with them, and as a rule they smuggled their supplies and cut billions of feet of our best lumber and floated it to a foreign port.

I will compare the prosperity of Aroostook in those days as a great cow that stood with her head and shoulders in Aroostook County and her hind quarters in New Brunswick, The cow was fed from the products of the rich Aroostook soil and the Canadians milked her. They had lost the territory by treaty, but they were now getting the cream, while the cow stood and chewed her cud but never offered to switch her tail. The cow belonged to the United States and was grazing in the tallest clover in the pasture of Maine, but Uncle Sam never tried to change her position, and Maine, her keeper, appeared too lazy to milk her, and for 50 years the the citizens of Aroostook never got as much as a drink of skim milk.

From 1820 to 1870, the rich products of the Aroostook forest, poured in a stream down the St John,, river and built up the cities and towns on the Bay of Fundy and stimulated business in the entire Province.

In vain the humble and honest people of Aroostook protested and cried for help. They wanted a railroad over American soil to tide water, or in other words, a road to Bangor; almost on their knees they pleaded with the capitalists of that city. If Bangor had heeded the cry at that time, it would be today the largest city in Maine, but Bangor was deaf and blind at that time. The State Legislature was then asked for help, but instead of assisting the struggling pioneers in the northland, the members of that honorable body appeared to be ashamed of the county in the great woods and turned a deaf ear to the prayer. The Aroostook citizens asked the state to give some of the wild land toward building a road. At that time it refused, and we shall see how it disposed of the land later on.

Soon after the Aroostook war, a Portland man well equipped with wealth and brains, came to Aroostook. This man was John Goddard and he soon became extensively engaged in the lumber business. He rapidly acquired large tracts of the state's land, in some places whole townships. He also rented large tracts of the crown lands in New Brunswick, and in a few years became the greatest lumberman on the St. John river and its tributaries. In his lumber operations he used oxen instead of horses. He cleared up farms in the woods where he raised hay and grain and kept his hundreds of ox teams in the woods the year round.

Goddard was a brainy man, a businessman and any man's friend as long as he could get a dollar from him. "He was something of a bully. He could apparently hypnotize a crew of men and make them work for less wages and longer hours than any other man on the river. He rapidly cleaned up the remaining pine that were fit for timber and then went to cutting spruce logs. In fact he dealt in all kinds of lumber long or short, from which he could make a dollar. All his supplies came from St John, and at that Provincial city he built a large saw mill. It was through his influence that a line of steamboats were put on the St John river, for the clumsy horse boat was too slow for John Goddard.

Many a stream and lake in northern Maine were named for his great lumberman, and many an abandoned farm now grown into forest again show traces of his devastation. When the Civil war broke out he raised a regiment of men and became Col, John Goddard. He was sent south but when he discovered⁶⁴ he could not command the whole Federal Army he resigned, came home and went to lumbering again. He died from the result of an accident in St. John in 1869.

Whether Mr. Goddard was a friend or foe to Aroostook's prosperity, each must judge for himself. That he did his share toward stripping our county of its most valuable timber none will deny. With his wealth and influence he might have had a railroad the entire length of the county as early as 1860, but he absolutely refused to have anything to do with such a scheme, and it is rumored he prevented the E. and N. A. from coming when it entered the southern part of the county.

It is quite evident that for a quarter of a century Mr. Goddard helped milk the "cow" standing astride the boundary line.

Chapter 35 First Newspaper⁶⁵

⁶⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100811_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁶⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100818_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

In 1857, a newspaper man was induced to come to Aroostook and start a weekly paper. W. S. Oilman, a bright intelligent journalist from Kennebec Co., was the editor and proprietor. The plant was located at Presque Isle and its object was to induce capitalists to build a railroad into the county and otherwise develop the new territory. It was called the Aroostook Pioneer, and was the first newspaper established in the county. Of course the press and all the furniture of a printing office had to be hauled a hundred or more miles over rough roads through the woods. It was an undertaking that few men would have attempted, but Editor Gilman was equal to the occasion and proved to be the right man in the right place. But there were dark days ahead for Aroostook which none at that time could foresee.

Despite the drawbacks and long distance from markets the population was steadily increasing. When the first census was taken in 1830 the population was 3,399, in 1840 9,413, in 1850 12,529, and in 1860 22,471. But the valuation of the entire county in the latter year was only a little over a million dollars— (\$1,105,796) and there were only 2098 polls which goes to show that the early pioneers had large families.

The Fair

With the assistance of the Pioneer and its editor, who, by the way was greatly interested in agriculture, a society was formed and named the North Aroostook Agricultural Society, but to the average citizen it was known as the cattle show and fair. It was held at that time late in the fall and attended by about all the citizens in the upper part of the county, who took with them not only the children, but all the livestock, poultry, cats and dogs. The organization still exists and is now known as the Northern Maine Fair. It is now held some three weeks earlier and lasts three days instead of two, as in the old pioneer days.

In 1858, Editor Gilman invited all the members of the Maine Press Association, or in other words, the editors of the newspapers of Maine, for I think at that time they were not organized, to visit the annual cattle show and fair at Presque Isle. Many of those gentlemen responded and came to Aroostook and had the time of their lives. For many a mile they drove through the beautiful autumn woods and admired the great trees of different varieties that then covered the greater part of the country. Game birds were very plentiful and tame and as some of the party had fowling pieces along, they loaded their carriages with plump partridges and pigeons.

When they attended the exhibition a few days later, they saw a sight that amazed them. It had been a warm favorable season and the display of vegetables and grain was astonishing. Farmers came lugging in potatoes on their arms as they would stove wood; great yellow pumpkins as big as flour barrels, cabbage heads that a small man could hardly lift, turnips, the Aroostook apples as big as peck baskets were piled up on all sides, sheaves of wheat, oats and barley as tall as a common man were stooked up around the exhibition ground. Wingate Haines was there with his herd of blooded cattle, as good as any in the state at that time, and there were droves of big sheep and swine as well as poultry, dogs, cats and a couple of tame bears.

The visitors were fed on game and fish, buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup, and other dishes that were new to them.

They were surprised at the size of the men for there were giants in Aroostook in those days.

On the second day of the Fair there was a large open air meeting in a nearby grove, and many of those distinguished visitors made speeches. After visiting some of the nearby farms the visitors returned to their distant homes and printers' ink soon after announced to the world that Aroostook was destined to become the greatest county in New England.

Fight For Railroad

This visit from representatives of the press of Maine greatly encouraged the citizens of Aroostook. W. S. Gilman, editor of the Pioneer, was flooded with letters from railroad men, and capitalist, and land speculators, and the air was full of railroad talk from Baskahegan lake to the St. Francis river. Railroading was then in its infancy in Maine but a road was at that time being built up the Penobscot river, and in 1859 it looked as though inside of three years the iron horse would come snorting through the woods to the Aroostook river. But it was many a long year before the iron horse crossed the forest and drank from the Aroostook.

Many things prevented the road from coming: lack of confidence on the part of capitalist, misrepresentation, jealousy and greed were some of the features unforeseen and unavoidable events. To commence with the mill owners and lumbermen on the Penobscot river did not want to see a railroad go up into the "Wooden County," for they were afraid a large amount of lumber would be shipped over it to compete with the products from their mills. As they were rich and powerful and many of them interested in the so-called E. D. Jewett & Co. road, they threw trigs to block the first attempt.

Then came the Civil war; money depreciated in value, about all of Aroostook's able bodied men were in the army, their families at home, in many instances were struggling for existence, the little clearings were again growing up to bushes and widows and mothers were weeping for those who would never return. Our citizens were not thinking of railroads in those dark days. And during those awful years when brave Americans were crippling and killing brave Americans, and the fate of the Republic hung by a single thread, the New Brunswick lumbermen were at their old job, stripping Aroostook of its most valuable lumber, and the old 1 cow astride the border gave richer milk than ever.

About this time the state began to dispose of some of its wild land and several Aroostook townships fell into the hands of Bangor mill owners and capitalists. Business men marvelled that Penobscot lumbermen should buy land on the tributaries of the St. John, but later events showed that those shrewd men knew what they were doing. The war feeling had changed the politics of the northern states so that one party had supreme control. Maine was no exception

and some of her crafty citizens commenced to play politics, and I think you will all agree with me that they are at it yet.

At the fall election of 1862, Hon. Fred A. Pike of Calais, was elected to congress He served six years and introduced a bill which was passed and became known as the "Pike law." This law provided that Maine forest products upon the St. John and St. Croix rivers and their tributaries, owned by American citizens, and sawed or hewn in the Province of New Brunswick by American citizens, and being otherwise unmanufactured, should be admitted into any port of the United States free of duty. You may be sure the Americans soon built a number of big saw mills at St. John. Those mills got their supply from the Aroostook forests, and, perhaps from the forests of New Brunswick. Now boards cut from New Brunswick spruce and Aroostook spruce look very much alike but we are told that a customs official can tell them apart by the smell, and we will also assume that no Bangor man would attempt to cheat his government out of a cent of revenue. This Pike law made the old cow of prosperity switch her tail and move, and she quieted down again with one hind foot in the city of Bangor and the other in St. John. The cream had to be divided now, but as Aroostook was still feeding her and she was giving more milk than ever; the robbers did not fight over the spoils.

Well, time dragged on and all attempts to get a railroad into the northern wilderness proved unavailing. The state kept giving away the wild land or selling it for a song, and a select gang of crafty capitalists who now owned the rich timber land and the sawmills at St. John were wearing diamonds and tall hats and using their money and influence to keep a railroad out of Aroostook. In vain did mill owners in other parts of the state protest against sawed lumber coming from a foreign country duty free to compete with the output from their own mills. In vain did Aroostook citizens protest against a system of robbery that was stripping their country, a system from which they were deriving little or no benefit, for as I have said, the lumber was cut almost exclusively by men from New Brunswick, who brought their own teams and smuggled over the greater part of their supplies. This clique of land owners became rich and powerful and were often accused of controlling the State Legislature. They were not only robbing the people of Aroostook, but insulting them at the same time. Such slurs as follows coined by this cunning gang were often, it is said printed in the state papers: "Aroostook would be a fine county if it were not for the fact that there are a few weeks in dog days that the sledding is poor up there."

"Scientific men now agree that the North pole is located in Aroostook County."

"Cabins are now built on the Aroostook river from blocks of ice; they are said to be handsome huts and in that climate will last as long as granite."

"When the wilderness railroad is built to Aroostook a tunnel will have to be bored under the snow the entire distance. Well informed lumbermen say that a thaw comes up there in the woods about once in seven years that will cause the roof of the tunnel to cave in."

"They do their own photographing up in Aroostook. When a mother wants to get her young hopeful's photo, she takes it out; in the woods when the moon is shining and catches its

shadow on a shingle billet; after three minutes exposure the shadow is securely frozen to the wood, and will never come off."

"A commercial man recently made a trip into the frigid Aroostook wilderness to sell axes. He put up at a place over night but when he retired he was unable to blow his candle out. He called for assistance and Canuck came into the room. "Show me how to blow that light out!" said the traveler. The Acadian broke the icicles from his whiskers and said: Sacre, damphoor! dat blaze froze on dere, he no come off any more."

There were also many jokes cracked about the natives living in caves, and living on rabbits and frozen buckwheat batter and sleeping with their snowshoes on, and of children being born covered with hair and wool, and many other slurs to belittle the great county, for well those rich landowners knew that with railroads would come competition and there would be such a cry for the Pike law that it would have to be heeded, and their grand opportunity of getting lumber of all kinds from New Brunswick into the American markets would cease.

The serious talk among well informed men was, that the snow lay so deep and the cold is so severe in Aroostook that it would be impossible to operate a steam road in the winter season, and there was nothing up there to haul if a road went there and never would be.

As time rolled on, schemafter scheme for a road was talked up and charters were granted by the legislature, but an unseen power from somewhere besides heaven blocked every effort. The state refused to assist by even giving a single township of wild land or a dollar in money. Several Aroostook people now got into the game and for a few dollars bought large tracts of valuable timber land, which it is said men in their employ cruised over and their report was accepted by the state, and the land sold without a state surveyor looking it over.

Now such transactions do not get into print very often. I have in mind a story that was told of a certain township of Aroostook land that was represented to the state's land agent to be alder land; we are told the township was sold to a certain Aroostook man for 12 cents an acre. There has already been sold from this township spruce and pine enough to build a city, and it is not stripped yet; on it there are many hardwood ridges covered with valuable timber, great swamps of cedar, and an alder swamp of about 60 acres. This is only one transaction out of many. This lumber, instead of being manufactured on Aroostook soil, went to build up foreign cities, and the profits to a few individuals, who were doing their best to keep a railroad away from Aroostook.

At last the people of Aroostook gave up trying to get a road through the big woods, and turned their attention toward the railroad men in New Brunswick. In 1870, the progressive people of Houlton, for a liberal consideration, induced a New Brunswick company to build a spur from the state line to the village, a distance of three miles. This branch now belongs to the Canadian Pacific system. The little road was literally buried with freight from the start, and gave Houlton a boom. Editor Gilman gave up the battle and moved his entire printing outfit to Houlton, but I am pleased to say that he lost nothing financially while in north Aroostook, if he

did lose in his fight for a railroad. With the coming of this road, came the first starch factories, and hundreds of tons of freight were hauled from northern towns to this depot, the first in Aroostook, Meanwhile the "old cow" became uneasy and switched her tail, and there was a rumor that she was not giving quite as much milk.

I must go back now and bring up other matters but will not forget to give a chapter on railroads.

The Civil War

The Civil war brought with it great hardships and suffering for the humble citizens of Aroostook.

Aroostook County sent more men to the war in proportion to her population than any county in the United States, and no better or braver men ever fought under the starry banner than those young giants from the north.⁶⁶

They were in every regiment that went from Maine and some of them were in every battle from Bull Run to Appomattox. They were strong and muscular, inured to hardships, good shots, intelligent and brave. The descendants of the Puritans and the descendants of the Loyalists, who made homes in New Brunswick, and later came to Aroostook and became citizens under the treaty of 1842, fought shoulder to shoulder and died side by side on many a bloody field. The hardy Acadians were there too; with a pocket full of parched corn for food they were good for a three days' march under a burning southern sun. They were daring, reckless cavalry men. and skillful artillery men. While they swore terribly in their own language and consumed large quantities of commissary whiskey, they made the best of soldiers and apparently had as many lives as a cat.

While our Aroostook soldiers were tall, strong and brave and could endure all kinds of hardships, they were not used to the climate of "Dixie's sunny land." Swamp fevers, malaria and dysentery, cut more of them down than the bullets of their enemies. Those homespun soldiers could cross rivers on floating logs, or if hungry, cut off a mule's ear and toast it for supper, they could sleep under the trees without blankets, and for breakfast scratch their backs on a protruding knot on a tree trunk, and then fall in and march for hours in rain or sun, charge on a rebel or fort, they could not withstand the diseases that attacked them in the land of the cotton and the cane,

⁶⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100818_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

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It should be remembered that those men were about all boys at the time of the war, many of them in their teens; all of them were young men, for the war was almost 50 years ago. They left weeping mothers and sobbing young wives; they kissed their little children who clung to their knees and hurried away to fight a well armed desperate foe in a southern land a foe that had sworn that the black man should be kept in bondage or they would destroy the Union; a foe that knew a southern climate would be deadly to northern men; a foe that knew that many of the European nations would secretly aid them and rejoice if secession succeeded, and by the way, England, jealous old England, knowing that the daughter would soon outgrow the mother, aided the south with money and arms and even fitted out privateers, armed with British sailors to scour the seas and prey upon the commerce of the north.

There were no railroads in Aroostook then. Many of our soldier boys walked from their homes to Bangor, or some point on the Penobscot river, where they took a boat to some city where they were armed and drilled for war. All political party lines had vanished and men of all parties were willing to fight for the old flag and the Union. I say all political parties, but I am sorry to add that we had a few men, a very few here in Aroostook who were rank copperheads and cheered when the rebels won a victory. As a rule they were despised by all good citizens, even by members of their own families.

During the first two years of the war, about all the men that could be spared from Aroostook had volunteered and gone to the war. You will remember that the entire number of polls in the county at that time was only a little over 2,000 and some of these were aliens from New Brunswick. Also remember that the families were large and hungry. Then came the draft. Every citizen between the ages of 18 and 45 years were enrolled and when the state was called on to muster in a new regiment, every town was given its quota of men to furnish in proportion to its population, and if they could not be enlisted they must be drawn or drafted, providing the town had enrolled men enough to fill the quota. Aliens were exempt from the draft.

So you can see what shape a township was in whose patriotic young men had all enlisted and left only a few bread winners to stand the draft. Perhaps a whole township would have only eight or ten men on the roll and would be notified to furnish half a dozen men on a given date. All had enlisted who would or could and a draft was inevitable.

Some of those drafted men who had money or property, with his wife and children clinging to him and weeping and begging him to stay with them, would hire a substitute if possible; those substitutes were generally young men from New Brunswick who went more for money than for patriotism, but I am pleased to relate that our New Brunswick cousins, as a rule, wanted to see the northern armies win. But the greater part of the drafted men had to go to the

⁶⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100825_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

war. A United State's marshall would ride up and tell them they had been drafted, and if they did not report at a certain place at such a date, they would be considered deserters and be liable to arrest and court martial. So they left the plow in the furrow, the ax beside the tree or the flour barrel empty and hurried away to the front.

Now, let us see what kind of men we had in Aroostook in those dark days. They lived in the border towns and from their doorsteps many of them could see the hills of New Brunswick. Many of them had relatives there ready to welcome them. There under the British flag they were safe; there was no draft there, no US marshal would come to them to order them away to war. Very few of them went and some of those who did go were to be pitied rather than blamed. They consisted of three classes: the men who skedaddled before they were drafted, the men who yielded to the entreaties of their wives after they were drafted, and sick and wounded soldiers home on furloughs. The latter class were generally persuaded to desert by wives and mothers and were very few in number. Those skedaddlers, after the war was over and they were allowed to return, were sometimes called the "First New Brunswick Regiment". There are some of them with us yet and there are no words in the English language that can tell how they look and feel when accused of being a member of that famous regiment while their country's fate hung by a single hair.

And how did the folks fare at home during those years of bloodshed and strife? The bone and muscle from the wooden county has gone to the war, wives, mothers, daughters, little children, cripples, livestock, farms and homes are left to the care of the ministers and the Lord. The prices of all commodities went up, food stuff and clothing, especially cotton, doubled in value. Money depreciated in value; silver and gold disappeared, and it took a basketful of the ragged skin plasters of that day to buy a barrel of flour. The soldier's wages were small and he had very little money to send home. The mail now came north of Houlton three times a week; letters came frequently from the absent ones and generally brought bad news. Someone who had left the neighborhood full of hope and spirit was dangerously ill or badly wounded, or had been taken prisoner or among the missing; and perhaps a day or two later a letter would come in a strange handwriting, saying in a few brief words, that such a one had been killed in battle or died in a hospital. Then the heartbroken widow would inform her children that their father was dead and would never return, or the mother would mourn till the day she died for the tall, fair boy who died by inches in a southern prison.

About the time the war broke out a new disease broke out in Aroostook. It was diphtheria, in its most malignant form. There were only two or three regular physicians north of Houlton at that time and they soon admitted they were unable to contend with the subtle disease. No precautions whatever were taken to keep it from spreading, and none knew it was contagious. It spread like wildfire and in two years was all over the county. It visited and took toll from about every dwelling in the county. It got into the lumber camps where the New Brunswick men were working and in some cases half of the men in the crew were hauled out dead. I have in mind one family where four sons were in the army. When the war was over they all returned, but in one short week in the winter of 1863 diphtheria took five of the family including the mother. At the next house five also died with the same disease. At one time the deaths were so

frequent that coffins could not be obtained and the bodies were put in homemade boxes and buried anywhere, but generally near the buildings, and sometimes in very shallow grass. Many of those bodies were later removed to the cemeteries, but there were no cemeteries in Aroostook to speak of during the war.

As we look back to these times when this dread disease was allowed to run unchecked and unmolested, it is a great wonder that any were left to tell the tale, and that the disease should die out of its own accord? When the disease first appeared the only remedy in use was to cauterize the inside of the throat with nitrate of silver or caustic, or cut out the patches with a sham knife. This remedy was about as bad as the disease, and probably killed as many people as it cured.

We are told that this disease came from Canada and first appeared in the Acadian settlements in the northern part of the county in the winter of 1860. Now those French people were hardly ever sick and never had any doctors. Their ancestors had learned from the Indians how to dress wounds and treat simple diseases, and the art had been handed down from generation to generation. But when diphtheria came and got into a family of 20 children in a little cabin 12 feet square it soon made room for others. We are also told that an Acadian priest made a study of the disease and decided that it was a form of blood poison as deadly as the virus of a rattlesnake and should be combated with a similar poison. So he recommended whiskey in large quantities. Strange as it may seem, those who went to guzzling whiskey soon recovered.

The news of the new remedy soon spread. The doctors along the border caught the idea but recommended that the whiskey should be the poorest kind and should be well sweetened with sugar and used liberally. This was the only remedy used. A jug full of cheap whiskey was kept in nearly every home, and the inmates drank it for a preventative long after the diphtheria had gone, and some of them are still drinking it.

We had temperance people then as now, some who would rather die than drink whiskey. Dr. E. G. Decker had a brother in law who was stricken with the disease. He took him to his house and recommended whiskey and sugar. The young man refused to take it. The doctor told him it was the only medicine he knew of that had any effect on the disease. The doctor refused to attend any cases and would not leave his patient long enough to go to the polling place and vote on election day, but the young man died that evening while sitting in his chair. Death generally came very sudden with diphtheria in those days. Those were the days of woe and sorrow. Perhaps a member of a family would be lying dead on a rude bier in a little home with others dangerously ill in bed, when the mother would get a letter telling of the death of her husband who was away at the war. There were mourners in every home, and even the little children went about with hushed voices and solemn frightened faces; and oft times They made a meal on raw turnips or potatoes and salt. Laughter was dead in the land.

Death always revives superstition. A great comet blazed in the west, and on every clear night the red northern lights danced in the heavens; around the sun and moon great circles

would form and the people would say a great battle was being fought in the south. And it so happened that at the time of many of the important battles, there were great rainbows, colored circles around the sun here in Aroostook, and people would eagerly await the news of the battle. Croakers predicted the defeat of the northern armies and the end of the world. Many people saw ghosts and got messages from departed spirits, or at least said they did, but all's well that ends well.

Let us see how some of the people existed during the war. Where the husband was gone the wife and children would manage to plant a piece of potatoes, get in a patch of buckwheat and turnips, sow some oats and plant some beans and corn. A good garden was always kept and well tended in which all kinds of vegetables were raised. In haying time a man from New Brunswick would be hired to help secure the hay. With the exception of a horse and cow and a few sheep, the livestock was dispensed of. Each family tried to have a pig to kill each spring and fall. The clothing came almost entirely from the sheep; each spring a supply of maple sweets would be made. At that time the brooks and lakes were alive with trout. The traders were kind hearted and liberal and would often give credit when they knew they would never get any paid. The towns furnished lots of aid and neighbors were neighbors worth having in those days.

The war finally ended, the most cruel, bloody war in the history of the world, and the survivors returned to their homes. The Aroostook boys had traveled hundreds of miles over rough roads to get to the war and no improvement had been made in absence, neither on road nor farm. They left bubbling over with merriment and health and returned shaking with ague and weak from sickness and wounds. They left, clad in gray homespun and returned clad in the Union blue. But many, very many of them never returned. Some of them were killed in battle and their bodies were hastily buried in rude trenches without a tear or a prayer. Some of them were killed but never buried, and the vultures and foxes and wild cats picked their bones; some were reported missing and were never heard from again, and their friends and relatives do not even know when or where they died or were buried; some died in those southern hells called prisons, and many died in hospitals; some returned on crutches with a leg gone, some with empty sleeves, and nearly all were suffering with wounds or diseases.

Those grizzled old veterans who wear the bronze buttons on their coats and the cord and tassels on the soft hats, are some of those soldier boys who saved the Union. It was not the officers on horseback in their gay uniforms, it was not the members of the U. S. congress, it was the privates, the long lines of infantry and cavalry, and the men who manned the artillery and did the shooting that won the victory and saved the Union. Those old vets are rapidly passing away. In a few decades their names will be chiseled on stone and marble in the cemeteries, and each Memorial day a grateful people will decorate their graves with flowers and place above them the banner they loved so well.

Climate, Soil And Productions of Aroostook

Let us have a look at this terrible climate. Stories started about it in days that have passed and have traveled around the world. When the Swedes came here they found some

snug log houses the state had built for them and were told by Jacob Hardison and others who had built them, they would be warm and comfortable in them during the winter, but the story of the terrible winters, had reached even to Sweden and they could not believe Mr. Hardison. They went to work and⁶⁸ banked the houses to the windows the n sealed them inside and out with shaved cedar splits and filled the spaces between with moss. The result was, they nearly died with the heat and made the startling discovery that it was not as cold in Aroostook as it was in Sweden.

Negroes cannot be induced to come to Aroostook, for they have heard the awful stories of the bitter cold and still believe them. Tramps, until recently, have never dared to invade our northern land, for they had heard the lies about the eternal winter and decided to keep away. Ten years ago an Aroostook man traveling in the west would be asked 20 times a day how people managed to live here on account of the cold. An Englishman who recently came here brought several trunks filled with woolen clothes and furs to keep him from perishing during the coming summer. To escape the rigors of the coming winter he says he will go to New Brunswick.

Up to the time the B. & A. railroad came into the county, the most willful and malicious lies that could be invented about the county have been scattered, broadcast by a certain clique of rich men in our own state. It is said that a lie will run a mile while truth is putting on her shoes, but in this case the lie was helped along with money and brains while truth was strangled and not allowed to put on her gown. All the geographies and maps that were ever published, until recently, have acted the lie about Aroostook. On many of the old maps the upper part of the county was cut off and did not appear on the page at all. Those geographies that had the entire map generally had printed across Aroostook the word "lumber" or "furs" thus giving the impression to the world that it was a desolate, barron region. But truth got up after a while and dressed her feet and overtook those lies, and is at work now exterminating them.

Chapter 37 The Climate⁶⁹

Even as late as the 90s the B. & A. road was afraid to come into the county, fearing the terrible winters and would not come until the county gave bonds to pay every dollar the road cost in case the road was a failure and did not succeed. It was true that there was a road at the time running the entire length of the St. John river, with two short spurs running into Aroostook, and there were roads successfully running north of Aroostook in Canada. But that was in Canada, and Canada had not been successfully slandered.

⁶⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100825_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁶⁹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100901_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Now, let us get at the truth. Aroostook has the best climate in the United States. People suffer more with the cold in Florida than they do in northern Maine. We are prepared for the cold here; they are not. We build our buildings to keep out the winter blasts. When a wild winter storm is raging our cattle lie and chew their cuds in a warm barn secure from the blast and storm. Southern cattle as a rule have no shelter and suffer with every storm. The Aroostook houses are built for comfort for either winter or summer. Men and women all wear fur coats and we never have a day so cold that they are not out doing business or attending to their work. Children go long distances to school every day in the winter and enjoy themselves; the trains come and go as regular as they do in any part of New England; the modern Aroostook snowplows keep the winter roads in excellent condition both on the highways and railroads. Nobody stays at home in Aroostook on account of the weather; men walk the streets bare handed and school children roll and tumble in the snow on the coldest winter mornings. Ask the children which season they like the best and they will tell you "winter." Ask the adults, and they will say the same. Aroostook citizens actually enjoy the winter season.

Now we will not deny that the cold is sometimes intense. The extremes of temperature in northern Maine is from 50° below zero to 100 degrees above, Fahrenheit. But those extremes seldom occur winter or summer. The air is so dry and light that the cold or heat is not felt as it is in damp localities. When the mercury is at zero on the coast the cold penetrates to the marrow, and an Aroostook man who chances to be down that way on one of those mornings hastens home to get warm. Peary, the Arctic explorer, once said that he did not feel the cold any worse in the Arctic circle than he did on the coast of Maine because there was no humidity in the air in the far north. There is no dampness in the winter air in Aroostook.

Now I will admit that as a rule the snow lies on the ground longer than it does farther south, but when it goes the ground is soon ready for the farmer. To illustrate: I was once sowing some grain by hand on a field beside a piece of woods. At the edge of the woods was a big snow bank; the field I was at work on was dry and dusty. I went to get a handful of snow and two feet from the drift found a chirping sparrow's nest with four eggs in it.

In the western states and in parts of New England the citizens enjoy three weeks of mud each spring. Which do you prefer: snow or mud?

We have no cyclones or earthquakes in Aroostook and such a thing as a crop failure has never been known. It is a hard country for doctors to live in as there is very little sickness. It has recently been discovered that the dry pure air of Aroostook is very beneficial to those afflicted with tuberculosis or any lung or throat trouble. To illustrate: A certain rich landowner who resided in the southern part of the state was suffering severely with asthma. His physician told him if he wanted to live he must go to Arizona or Colorado, but if he stayed in Maine his relatives would soon be doing business on his account with an undertaker. He came to a north Aroostook town to sell some of his land and was detained a month. He felt so much better at the end of that time that he decided to go to the Fish river lakes and camp out for the summer. When fall came his asthma was gone. He returned to his home and was again attacked by his old enemy. In the dead of winter, in spite of advice from doctors or friends, he again came to Aroostook and the

disease again soon left him. When he became well and sound again he decided to take a trip around the world. He returned panting for breath and nearly dead. But a few months in the dry, pure, bracing, ozone laden air cured him for a third time and he is now a permanent citizen, hale, rugged and hearty.

Now it is a well known fact that cereals of all kinds ripen quicker in Aroostook than any other place in the United States, and potatoes that are planted late in June often yield when dug in September, three or four hundred bushels per acre. I have seen buckwheat and oats sown as late as July 1st get ripe. There are often killing fall frosts in Vermont, New Hampshire and in the central counties in Maine, while Aroostook escapes unscathed. Lack of humidity in the air accounts for it.

The Soil

The story of the Aroostook soil is soon told. There is none better on the continent. The great growth of trees it has produced and is still producing, tells the story. It is deep, rich and mellow, free from sand and clay and very rich. No soil has ever been found that contains any more potash and nitrogen than the soil that produced the sugar maple groves in Aroostook Co. It is free from stone and admitted to be the best soil for the cultivation of potatoes in the world.

I have said there have never been a crop failure in the county, and I will tell you why. We sometimes have dry seasons and wet seasons here as they do in other places. Aroostook rests on a foundation of limerock and almost everywhere it lies but a short distance below the surface. This bedrock instead of being in one solid piece, is composed of slabs standing on end. When the rainfall is heavy the water quickly drains through the loamy soil and goes down into the cracks and seams in the ledge. When a drought comes the water in those natural cisterns in the rock evaporates and keeps the soil above moist and in good condition. This bedrock where it comes in contact with the soil is continually crumbling and rotting away. This rotten rock impregnated with lime and nitrogen makes the very best of foil. This supply of plant food from mother earth is one reason why Aroostook soil is hard to exhaust.

Aroostook is very free from insect pests. There is not a brown tail or gypsy moth in the county, and grasshoppers never do any damage. In fact there are none to amount to anything anyway.

Much of the mixed growth where the big cedars grew among the hardwood trees has been cleared and makes the best of potato land; and wherever a patch of those dense cedar swamps have been cleared, grass and grain grow abundantly on the rich black land.

The Products

The great staple crop of Aroostook today is potatoes. This county raises more potatoes than any county in the Union; more annually than many of the states raise; more than is raised in all Canada, and more than they raise in Ireland, and there is less than one fifth of the county

under cultivation. More bushels can be raised per acre year in and year out than on any other spot on the globe. Sixty starch factories grate up the small and unsaleable tubers; half of the world's potato starch is made here in Aroostook, and for ten months in the year long trains of cars • loaded with potatoes go every week day to the markets of the world. Thousands of bushels are used annually in the southern states for seed and command the highest price and have no successful competition from other northern states.

The table stock also brings the highest price in the great commercial centers of any potatoes raised in America or Europe. Unscrupulous dealers sometimes palm off potatoes raised in other states for Aroostook stock. Mr. E. E. Parkhurst of Presque Isle was once in Philadelphia when a big steamer docked, loaded with potatoes in sacks. Mr. Parkhurst strolled down to the docks where the steamer was being unloaded. A barker was standing on the wharf yelling: "Aroostook potatoes! Aroostook potatoes!" and the draymen were tumbling over each other in their haste to get their loads. Mr. Parkhurst approached the captain of the boat and asked what place in Aroostook the potatoes came from? "Houlton," said the captain. "And did they come all the way from Houlton on the steamer?" inquired Parkhurst. "Yes sir, yes sir," said the captain. "They were loaded at the docks in that city three days ago." As Houlton is about 150 miles from the nearest port, Mr. Parkhurst wondered how they got the steamer up through the woods.

Why are Aroostook potatoes better than any others? I will tell a little story and perhaps you can guess. When the starch business was in its infancy in Aroostook, Benjamin Gathercole of New Hampshire came to Fort Fairfield and built a starch factory. When the first potatoes were being grated in the new factory Mr. Gathercole was anxious and uneasy and predicted that the potatoes were so big they would be watery and would not contain much starch. A vat was filled and during the night water was drawn off. The story goes that before daylight Mr. Gathercole came to the factory, set his lantern down on the floor, donned a pair of rubber boots, and climbed into the vat. The engineer, who was in the engine room getting up steam, heard him say: "What in H is the matter here! If this is all starch Ben you are a rich man, but don't say a word about it, don't yip it to any one." It was all starch and the vat was half full. Mr. Gathercole retired from Aroostook, a wealthy man. Aroostook potatoes contain comparatively very little water but a large amount of starch.

Some people think nothing can be raised in Aroostook but potatoes. Allow me to mention a few other products. Sugar beets can and have been successfully raised here, but the farmers thought it was easier to raise potatoes and the business fell through. Hops have been raised here but it was almost impossible to get help to pick them and the farmers piled up the roots and planted the land for potatoes. Hay, oats, wheat, barley, peas, beans and turnips flourish on our soil. In fact it is the greatest wheat county in the Union, for from 25 to 40 bushels of spring wheat per acre can be raised anywhere in the county. Aroostook has today about a dozen patent roller flour mills. Where else can you find them in New England? Vegetables of all kinds flourish here, but cucumbers, pumpkins and squash vines have to be surrounded with a board fence to keep them from running off on to other farms and into the villages. Corn can be raised as far north as the county goes but the western people raise it and ship it to Aroostook

cheaper than we could shell it from the cob. Aroostook soil is too valuable to be poisoned with corn. Maple sugar and syrup are made each spring in the northern part of the county; some of the farmers make large quantities of this delicious nectar.

Honey bees flourish and the honey that the bees gather from the dewy clover fields bring the highest price in the city markets. Spruce gum is picked and exported by the ton. The prime furs that are taken from our forests and streams each winter are worn by the monarchs of Europe. Railroad ties, pulp wood, shingles, tan bark, manufactured lumber and many other products of field and forest are exported in large quantities, to say nothing of the large quantities of saw logs that are annually floated to a foreign market.

Aroostook is a fine grazing county and sheep, cattle and horses, mules and goats flourish and thrive in this garden land. Larger and better team horses are kept by Aroostook farmers than anywhere else in New England, but when twenty million bushels of potatoes are produced in the county in a single year, besides hay and other exports, it requires many large heavy teams to handle the produce, and our farmers are unable to raise horses fast enough, and have to import them from other states.

And I must not forget the buckwheat or Indian wheat which was found growing wild on Aroostook soil when the Acaaians came to the St. John Valley. It was raised by the Indians in their day and the meal made into bread has nourished many a brave on Iris raids and on his long journeys. It was the staff of life for the Acadian pioneers, and without it. they must have perished. The reader must not confound this noble cereal of Aroostook with a variety that grows in other parts of New England that has a white blossom and smooth hull and from which the meal is sometimes made black and bitter. This variety is good enough to feed hogs and the blossoms make a good pasture for bees; but it is no more like Indian wheat when cooked than putty is like cheese. Indian wheat flourishes in the Maritime Provinces, but will grow in no other part of the United states except in northern Maine. Aroostook people have tried to raise it in about every state in the Union and in Alaska, but it has proved a failure and disappointment.

Now you may talk about your oatcakes and your corn cakes, and graham rolls and breakfast foods of which to make bone, brawn and muscle, but in my opinion buckwheat pancakes leads them all. The early pioneers of Aroostook seldom, if ever, had decaying teeth and their bones were as good as any that ever were found in a human skeleton, and they ate buckwheat 21 times a week.

Let me illustrate with an anecdote or two. Away back in the 50s a young man had his leg broken by a falling tree; as there was no surgeon or doctor in Aroostook at that time north of Houlton, a messenger was sent to bring Dr. MacPheters, who had recently hung out his shingle at Tobique, N. B. As no anesthetic was known to the medical⁷⁰ fraternity at that time, the young man was given a pint of rum to steady his nerves, and the doctor, with the help of some of the

⁷⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100901_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

neighbors, proceeded to remove the mangled limb. But the bone was so hard that it broke the teeth from the doctor's saw and a boy had to be sent a mile to borrow a bucksaw to finish the job. We are told that the doctor swore in broad Scotch that the bones of the buckwheat fed pioneers were hard enough to cut glass.

A short time ago I was in a drug store talking with the new dentist, when an old Aroostookite came in. The man was born on the Aroostook and had eaten buckwheat flapjacks for 60 years. He is also a prosperous farmer, but his clothes that morning did not indicate it. The druggist and I knew him but the dentist evidently took him for someone else. "Say, uncle," said the tooth doctor, "where are you working now?" "At home said the farmer. "Well er could you pay me the 5 cents this morning that you owe me for extracting that molar last week? I have a note that comes due today, and " "Say stranger," said the farmer, "you're barking up the wrong tree; you jest look in my mouth and if you kin find a hole where tooth is gone or a rotten tooth in my pertater trap, I'll give ye \$50. instead of 50 cents. I want ye to understand I was raised on buckwheat." The dentist looked into the man's mouth, begged his pardon and sneaked away.

Chapter 38⁷¹

In the years before the Civil War, wheat could not be successfully raised in Aroostook on account of an insect called "wevel" which destroyed the growing kernel. In those days oats, barley, rye and peas were sometimes ground and made into bread, but it did not taste good and was generally fed to the pigs after it was cooked, consequently buckwheat became the staff of life for many years.

Buckwheat meal can be cooked in different ways. When mixed in a batter with buttermilk and fried on a hot griddle by an experienced housewife, the fritters are sometimes so light that the children tie fishlines to them and use them for kites; but should the batter be made with cold water and no soda added the cakes will be very heavy but still they taste good. The Acadians generally cook them by the latter method.

"Jumping Frenchmen"

There is a story of a scientific man who once went to the Madawaska country to study the habits of the so-called "Jumping Frenchmen". He noticed that the buckwheat cakes, which were mixed with water and cooked on top of the box stove, were exceedingly heavy, but he liked the taste of them when served up with maple syrup, fried pork or stewed rabbit. He concluded to tarry awhile in this Aroostook Acadia and learn the ways, manners and customs of the simple natives and what caused the nervous disorder called "Jumping," and then go forth and write a book on the subject.

⁷¹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100908_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

He secured board and lodging with a certain family who were all "jumpers", those peculiar kind that when startled will do anything told to do if it is to jump into the fire. In this family was a very handsome girl badly afflicted with the jump habit.

So our learned professor went to work to investigate things but soon ran onto snags. One day he took a tiny pair of scales from his grip and carefully weighed three pints of water and a pint of buckwheat meal and asked his boarding mistress to mix it and make him a cake. After it was cooked he weighed the cake and found it weighed a pound more than the meal and water did. This puzzled him and for days he studied on the problem and then gave it up and turned his attention to the "Jumping" disorder.

One day when the family were all out but the lady of the house, he laid the broomstick across two chairs and in a quick, sharp voice ordered her to jump over it. She obeyed, but she landed on the old trap door that went into the cellar, and as she weighed over 200 pounds, she broke through. When she crawled out of the cellar, she sailed into the Professor and pulled handfuls out of his whiskers, so he experimented with her no more.

One day the pretty girl was out in the garden weeding the onions, when the Professor appeared. When she arose to her feet at his approach he commanded her to kiss him; this, of course she quickly did because she could not help it. This so amazed the learned man that he followed the girl around and every time he found her alone he made her kiss him; so the poor victim soon got so nervous that if the learned man only pointed his finger at her she would throw her arms around his neck and embrace him. One morning at the breakfast table the Professor was told in broken English that he must pay his bills and seek a new boarding place. He settled up, packed his grips, and as he was about to leave he pointed his finger at the girl and she flew to his arms. Now this Acadian farmer kept two large dogs and they were jumpers too. So when the traveller got started the old lady pointed her finger at him and said: "Go for dat son of gun!" And the dogs went for him and tore off his lower garments and lacerated his flesh.

Late that night a pedestrian was seen to enter the town of Grand Isle clad in a peculiar garb. He had found an old bushel basket from which the bottom was gone and had slipped it down over his head and was wearing it for a skirt.

Our French citizens make buckwheat pies in the following style: Two large pancakes are fried on a stove cover, one is spread on a plate for the lower crust and stewed pumpkin or boiled turnips or any kind of fruit or filling may be put in; then it is sweetened by sprinkling on maple sugar and the other pancake put on for a top crust. The edges are then hemstitched in an artistic manner with red or blue yarn and the pie is ready for wedding, christening or funeral.

I am sorry to say that buckwheat is going out of fashion in Aroostook; many of our best farmers do not raise it at all, and in many families it is not used as a food. Our French citizens and the old pioneers still use it for food and could not live without it, but it has done its work for Aroostook and must now take a back seat while fashionable breakfast foods take its place.

There was a time when this grain was the staple crop of Aroostook, and with the exception of a patch of potatoes and a little hay, was about all the farmers raised, It does not sap the soil like other grains and I have known of 20 crops of it being raised in succession on one piece of ground and the last crop was as good as the first. When a crop of buckwheat is harvested the kernels that shell off do not sprout and spoil in the fall like other grain, but wait for spring, and when the ground is plowed and harrowed it comes up, and as a rule no seed has to be sown.

Some Notes

Here is a chunk of comfort for our New Brunswick cousins. When the French occupied the country they named every river and town after a Saint and when the names were all gone they named two rivers after St. Croix. Those rivers were about 15 miles apart and flowed south into Passamaquoddy Bay. The one to the eastward is now called Maguaguadavic, or as the natives pronounce it "Mockydavy." This river, according to as good an authority as Napoleon Bonapart, should have been the line between Maine and New Brunswick, and such was the intention of the treaty of 1783. But the British hastened to change the name of the eastern St. Croix and declared that the river that now bears that name was the one intended by the treaty, and the feeble Republic had to submit. Had the line been where it should have been, what an awful calamity it would have been for the good people of New Brunswick. The towns of Richmond, Woodstock, Wakefield, Wilmot, Simonds, Wicklow", Andover and Grand Falls, would all have been under the American flag and no doubt would have belonged to Aroostook. Now as the New Brunswick people are coming over every day and buying Aroostook for \$100.00 per acre, they should be proud and thankful for the present the United States was obliged to give them. But, I believe those subdivisions of land I have mentioned above, are called over there parishes instead of towns.

How Mail Travelled

The people of Aroostook today have a splendid mail service, and a two cent stamp will carry a letter to almost any part of the world. The people living in the towns get their mail several times a day, and those who live out in the rural districts have their mail brought to their doors every morning excepting Sundays and National holidays. Here is an illustration of how the early Aroostook pioneers used to get their letters; they had no papers in those days.

In 1809, the third year of the settlement at Houlton, a letter to Joseph Houlton was addressed thus:

"Joseph Houlton, Esq., Register of Deeds at Houlton, Plantation near St. John River. To the care of Messrs John Black & Co., Merch'ts, [St. John. " Money had to be sent to pay the postage before the letter would be delivered; there were no stamps then. Here is another sample letter of the old time. In 1820, Mr. Armstrong, then on the Aroostook river, got a letter from Upper Canada (Ontario) with the following address: ""Mr. Ferdinand Armstrong, Fredericton, On Aroostook river above the Falls.

Care of Peter Bull, Mill owner on Aroostook River." The postage on the above letter was 65 1/2 cents.

The late James Doyle once told me that his mother's first letter after she came to Aroostook was addressed: Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Aroostook River, New Brunswick."

As late as 1850 it took a letter three weeks to go to Wisconsin and three months to go to California.

Ice Jam

Prior to 1860 there was not a bridge, pier or dam on the Aroostook river from source to mouth. The old piers that were built at Fort Fairfield at the time of the Aroostook war had been torn out as they were a nuisance to men driving lumber.

It was then a grand sight to see the ice run in the Aroostook river. As there was nothing to hold or obstruct it, it went out much earlier than it does now and went in a solid mass. Roads that crossed the river in winter would go by with the little spruce trees that were set for guides still standing. When the great mass of ice went around a bend in the river, great trees and rocks were torn from the land and carried away on the ice. The roaring and crashing of the ice running sounded like distant thunder and could be heard for miles. Sometimes the ice would jam on an island and the water would raise rapidly driving the settlers from their cabins, which were then all built close to the river. When the water got high enough to carry the great sheet of ice over the island it would start again on its journey to the sea. Sometimes when the ice first got started it would run a few miles and then stop and then start and perhaps stop again.

Between the towns of Presque Isle and Caribou is a long, smooth, straight stretch of river called the "Reach." In the spring of 1846 an ex English soldier, who had taken a farm at the foot of the Reach mountains, came to the Armstrong place one morning enroute for "The Corner, " now called Presque Isle. It was a warm April morning and the shores of the river were badly broken up, but the road in the middle of the river was solid with two feet of blue ice under it. With poles and boards the Armstrongs assisted the Englishman over the broken chokes to solid footing and he went on his way on foot of course. The distance was six miles up river to his destination. The country was all covered with woods and the settler's cabin few and far between. The Briton had only got a short distance on his journey when the ice started running; he heard the rumbling and grinding along the shores, but did not know or care what it meant, and trudged along at a four mile an hour gait. An Irishman would probably have taken the hint and investigated, but our Johnnie Bull perhaps thought that "an American" river wouldn't dare play tricks on him and kept jogging along. But noon came and with it hunger and fatigue, but no "Corner. " Now the traveller had noticed on his left a settler's cabin. It looked familiar and it seemed to him, like a dream that he had been above it once. He was now below it but decided when he came up to it to go in and ask for some dinner, but the cabin appeared to be getting farther away all the time. Then he got angry, threw off his coat, and with it on his arm broke into a "double quick." Soon he heard shouting and saw men on the bank near the cabin waving their

hands and beckoning him to hurry. He put on extra speed and after a long run came up to the men. It was Armstrong and his sons. They threw him a rope and he was dragged ashore. After he had eaten dinner he borrowed some tea, saleratus and pork and went home cursing all rivers that would act as the Aroostook had that day. I would tell his name but he has sons and daughters, respected citizens, still living in the Garden land.

The Aroostook is now spanned by 10 bridges and three dams, and the millmen have piers all along from Masardis to Fort Fairfield, consequently the ice is held until it is so rotten that it is no sight to see it run.

Apples

Some 30 years ago there were very few people in Maine or New Brunswick who thought apples could be successfully raised in Aroostook. The story of the awful climate had been somehow broadcast and the nursery men themselves when they first came here to sell trees, advised the farmers to buy crab apple trees and graft them, and many of them did so. But it was later discovered that many kinds of apple trees that bear winter and summer fruit, both live and thrive, on Aroostook soil. We do not have the insect pests to contend with that they have in other parts of the state. Many young orchards are now bearing heavily and I have no doubt that in the near future Aroostook will be a great apple country.

Who Built The Cabins?

Now here's a mystery. When the white people first came to the Aroostook Valley they found tumble down huts or cabins of a peculiar design, scattered along on the north side of the river from Salmon Brook, (Washburn) to the Madawaska Creek. Those cabins were not on the river but far back in the woods. When they were built, and by whom nobody appeared to know. That some attempt was made to clear the land was shown by the little clearings grown up to bushes near the deserted and decaying huts. There were some 30 of those cabins in groups of five or six in a bunch. They were built of small trees or poles some six inches in diameter and the work showed that the men who had built them were handy with an ax; they were small and low each having a so called shed roof covered with bark taken from spruce and pine trees; this shows they were built in the summer when the bark would peel. They had no floors, but blocks of wood cut with a saw were used for seats. The fire was built in the center of the hut and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. Now who built those peculiar cabins, and when were they built? Where did the occupants⁷² come from and where did they go to? Some think they were built by half breeds of the St Francis tribe who refused to leave Aroostook when the tribe was induced to go to Canada, but half breeds did not build cabins of that style and never used a saw. It was not Acadians for they built substantial log cabins with a steep double roof covered with pine or cedar splits besides Acadians would never wander so far from their kinsmen. Were they built by hunters from New Brunswick or Canada? Probably not, for fur is not good when the

⁷² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100908_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

bark runs on the trees. Did a band of law breakers or counterfeiters seek shelter for a time in the great forest? Probably not, so far from civilization. There was a story in circulation among the early settlers that sometime about the year 1794, a big ship sailed from London for the newly established English Penal colony at Van Diemen's Land with 190 convicts on board. When the ship had rounded the cape of Good Hope and was entering the Indian ocean, a great storm came up, and one dark night the transport came near going to the bottom with all on board. Now among the convicts were many seafaring men and while the awful storm was raging in the darkness some of the men were brot on deck to help manage the ship. When morning came the storm commenced to abate, but a worse storm than that of the elements now broke forth,a storm of human passions.

Chapter 39⁷³

When the convicted men were ordered back to their quarters they refused to go. Some of them hastened to release their companions, and soon a fierce battle was raging all over the ship between the convicts and sailors. The ship's crew were fighting for their lives, the convicts for their liberty. Many were killed on both sides but the desperate prisoners finally conquered and the British tars were bound hand and foot and thrown into the sea.

Now among those convicts was a Scotchman, one Alexander McVane, who could investigate a ship. This man was chosen captain. He told his companions that there was only one place on the face of the globe they could successfully hide from the British authorities, and that was in the great forests of Canada. So the ship was turned about and headed westward and for the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

One dark night in May some three months later, the citizens of Quebec were awakened by the cry of fire. Just below the city a giant ship that had run aground was wrapped in flame from stem to stern. Not a soul was seen moving on or about the ship. In the morning many people gathered near the spot where the vessel burned and it was then that a broad trail was discovered leading to the woods in which were the footprints of many feet. The military officers of the citadel believed there was something wrong and sent an officer and about 30 soldiers to follow the fugitives and bring them back, but when the soldiers were eating their dinner they were surrounded by a crowd of rough men armed with carbines, pistols and cutlasses who took their muskets and ammunition from them and ordered them to go back. The soldiers said there were at least 100 of them and they were carrying many bundles and bales of goods. The next day a large force was sent after them but the fugitives had struck the old French and Indian trail that went to the St. John river and were beyond pursuit. It was reported in England that the transport foundered at sea and all on board went down. Such is the story as it was told to me many years ago by grandmother Armstrong.

⁷³ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100915_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Whoever the men were that built the rude cabins in the Aroostook woods, it is quite evident they did not perish, for not a tool nor an implement was ever found in or around the deserted huts. Did they, after a lapse of years, emigrate to Canada? Perhaps they went to the Tobique river in New Brunswick where it is said some strangers came and settled before there was a permanent settler on the Aroostook river. Those strange men who spoke the English language but called themselves Swiss sailors,, I am told took Mic Mac squaws for wives, or half breed girls from the MicMac tribe.

Newell Bear knew all about the cabins and often visited them when he was a boy. He could give no solution to the mystery and says his people knew nothing about it. Of two things he was certain: the huts were not built by Indians and that the strange people had moved away before he was old enough to remember.

John Eyers, Alias Happy Jack

In the month of August in the year of our Lord 1841, a British warship dropped anchor in the harbor of Halifax, NS, and an officer, with sealed orders for the commandant of the forts, was rowed ashore. When the officer got ready to return one of the oarsmen could not be found. A reward was offered for his capture and the ship proceeded to St. John, NB, its destination. The missing man was a little Englishman named John Eyers. He was dressed in uniform and it was supposed that he would be captured in a few hours and be then forwarded to St. John, where he would be hung to the yard arm of the warship for desertion, but he could not be found.

Some two weeks later a little man wan and ragged was picked up by a scouting party near Fort Fairfield and marched into the Fort. His story was simple and straightforward. He said his name was John Eyers and that he had deserted from a British warship at Halifax. He had a map and a compass with him and with their aid he had crossed the mountainous wilderness of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and reached the St. John river; he had subsisted on berries and trout caught from brooks along the route. He was left with five companions in charge of the boat at the wharf at Halifax, and when his mates left him to watch the boat while they went to a nearby inn to get a drink of grog, (Mr. Eyers never drank) he simply crawled into an empty crate in which dishes or glassware had been packed and pulled the marsh hay over himself, and his mates rowed away without him. When night came he crawled out and succeeded in finding a boat; but the oars were locked up in the boat house and he had to paddle across the harbor with his hands. He finally got into the woods and for the next ten days did not see a human being. He was a strong swimmer and crossed the rivers he came to by swimming. He asked for food and protection and got them. He became a permanent settler of Aroostook.

Mr. Eyers was a peculiar character; he was small in stature but could endure much physical hardship. He was active and spry, good natured and wise. Many people believed there was something supernatural about him. Birds and squirrels would approach him without fear and often eat from his hand; when he ate his noon luncheon in the open air in the woods with the lumbermen, the moose birds would light on his shoulder and eat from his hand; no dog,

however savage, would harm him, in fact they appeared afraid of him. One time while he was living on the Reach, so called, five deer came and yarded in a dense thicket near his cabin and on the little spring brook where he got water. Now there was no erame law then and any other man would have slain them and picked their bones and sold their hides, but Mr. Eysers ate salt pork and codfish and let the deer live. In fact, toward spring, he went out every day and cut down trees for them to browse on. He was never stung by a bee in his life.

At that time in Aroostook many oxen were used in the timber business and many times six and eight oxen were used in one team to draw the great pine sticks from the forest to the river, for the distance was becoming farther each year to haul. Some of the sticks were now hauled from four to six miles.

Now "Happy Jack" was an Englishman, and as a rule that nation does not furnish the world with many ox teamsters; they murder the English language so in speaking it that the oxen do not understand them, and the most of them are too slow anyway to drive oxen. Skilled ox teamsters were always scarce and hard to find.

Well, Jack took to oxen as a duck does to water and oxen took to Jack. He commenced at first to drive one yoke and the lumbermen were surprised to see him coming in one night with the cattle unyoked following behind like dogs. They predicted there would be some fun in the morning when he attempted to get the oxen back; but they were mistaken; the cattle followed him meekly back to their work.

In a short time he was driving eight oxen and soon was counted the best ox teamster on the river. He always unyoked his team where he quit work and they followed him to the camp. Some nights he would stop at one camp and perhaps the next night he would stop in another 10 miles away, but his oxen would always follow him in any direction; when he got to where he quit work he would lift up the end of a yoke and speak to the ox which belonged there and he would come to his place; this would be repeated till the team was all in line. One night his wife was very ill and a messenger came for him in the dead of the night. The next day it took four men half of the forenoon to get the cattle out into the woods and yoke them, and a man at each yoke to drive them, and we are told that they bellowed all day and would eat no dinner, and when Jack came back that night he went out to the stable to see them, and found i hem so distressed and frightened that he took a blanket and went out and slept in the manger to pacify them

To me, in my boyhood days. Happy Jack was a hero. I once met him coming through the woods with a giant stick of birch timber on a bobsled. It was summer time, the road was crooked and rough, and up hill. Jack, who was not much taller than the oxen, was walking beside them encouraging and threatening them; just ahead was a sharp pitch in the road to ascend; as the long panting team approach ed it they bent their heads low, twisted their tails, and were apparently hauling every pound they were able to, but in spite of Jack's shouts and yells the load almost stopped. Then, like a squirrel. Jack leaped onto their backs and ran up and down the long team kicking them with his moccasins and threatening to punch their hides full of holes with the goad. When he got to the top of the hill he got down and stopped the team, and when I

went out of sight the leaders were licking his long hair. Since that day I have seen a fair woman go up in a balloon and descend from the clouds in a parachute without clothes enough on to wad a gun, fair girls learning to skate, fall heavily and point their toes toward the moon, magicians catch a bullet fired at them in their teeth, and the hired man elope with the farmer's wife, but nothing ever gave me the thrill like seeing Happy Jack Evers running back and forth on the oxen's backs.

Mr. Evers was a fortune teller, and if ever a man in this world could see into the future, he was the man. He never took money for telling fortunes, but sometimes would pay for a meal of victuals by telling the fortune of the whole family. He would read from tea grounds in a cup, from the open fire or from the palm of the hand, but always claimed that unseen spirits directed his gaze to hidden pictures in a cup or fire and told him what they meant. Those pictures he would point out to those present and tell what was revealed to him.

Let me tell you about one instance: When I was a boy, my ten years old father sent me one day to help a neighbor haul in wheat. Jack Evers, who was going from the Fort to his home on the Reach crossed the little clearing and was asked to stay for dinner. The family consisted of the man and wife and one child; they were young people and had but recently come to the settlement. After dinner the young wife "turned her teacup" and asked Mr. Evers to tell her fortune; he took the cup and looked into it for a long time and put it down and said that he must be going. But he was not to escape that way. The lady barred his way at the door with the poker, and the husband, who did not believe in fortune telling, joked with him because he had no fortunes made up in advance that day. By the way, the young settler was tall and wore a full beard.

Jack looked solemn, roiled his great soulful eyes heavenward, and said he wished he had the power to make up fortunes and change coming events.

He was urged by both man and wife to soon let it be, good or evil. Jack then took up the cup in one hand and his table fork in the other and said: "Come here all, look into this cup and tell me what you see!" We came and looked over his shoulder into the empty teacup but could see nothing but tea grounds and stains near the bottom of the cup scattered in great disorder. "What do you see?" Jack asked. The man and wife said they saw nothing but tea grounds. "Oh why was I given this second sight, this gift to look into the future," said Jack. I shall only disturb you good friends and give myself pain, but I will show you what I see in the cup." With the tine of his fork he directed our gaze to a picture on the side of the cup far above the scattered tea grounds. As he pointed and explained, we could plainly see a trundle bed on which lay a child; at the head of the cot stood a man and woman; the man was tall and had whiskers, the woman had one hand on her face and the other on the man's arm. In the distance a man with a satchel in one hand and tall hat in the other was going away. "That is Dr. MacPheters" said Jack. Your little boy is going to die. Then near the bottom of the cup among the tea grounds he pointed out a long train of people and an open grave. The woman began to cry, but the man grew angry and ordered Jack to leave the house. After he had gone we yoked the oxen to the sled and went

after a load of sheaves, but young as I was I could see that the man was greatly disturbed by the picture in the cup, and the wife was awed and frightened.

A week later, as I sat on a rock near the door cleaning a mess of trout, the tall neighbor passed hurriedly by without noticing me and went into the house. When he came out with mother at his heels with an armful of roots and herbs, I knew someone was sick; his little boy had been suddenly taken with cholera and a messenger had been sent to Tobique to bring the old Scotch doctor who was noted for his skill with cholera infantum. The doctor came but all in vain. A few days later a train of people followed a little body along a path among the blackened stumps to a little open grave, where four little boys, one of them the writer, lowered a little homemade coffin to its last resting place.

These good people, the tall man and his wife are still living in an up river town, and I have no right to mention their names. I may say, however, that time has dealt kindly with them and that they have prospered. Children and grandchildren live around them and they have outlived, but not forgotten the deep wound caused by the loss of their first born, and till the day they die they will both believe that Jack Evers could read the future or "tell fortunes." There are many old settlers in Aroostook who believe the same thing.

I was reared among superstitious people who believed in dreams, signs, ghosts, witches and devils, and many a dose of⁷⁴ mystery was pumped into me in my young days. As I grew older I took reason for a guide and began to investigate. I soon convicted myself that No. 13 was no more unlucky for me than any other number; that the moon had no more effect on weaning babies, setting geese, sowing peas, or the weather than a big cheese; that there was no such a thing as a ghost, witch or devil, and finally I had to surrender the luxury of a place of eternal torment in the future world for my enemies, and alas! the cherished belief that Jack Evers had any power to read the future or tell fortunes. It's true that I saw the picture in the cup with my own eyes, and saw the result of Mr. Eyer's prediction, but since then I have seen a magician on the stage fill a long handled dipper with silver and sling them far over the audience in a hall. One of the shining dollars came directly toward my face, but when I caught at it, it was not there; not a dollar was caught or found by anybody, and although I saw them with my own eyes, I do not believe there was a dollar in the dish. My eyes had deceived me. I am obliged to believe today that no living man or woman has any power to read the future.

Chapter 40⁷⁵

In many ways Mr. Evers was a strange man; he had no desire for wealth or fame. It was he who said: "There are no pockets in a shroud, we shall only live once and be dead a long

⁷⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100915_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁷⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100922_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

time, and there can be no greater sin than to starve or abuse a dumb animal." If he had only one meal in the house and a hungry dog came along he would give him half of it; if he had but a dollar in his pocket and found a family in want he would give it to them and mourn because he had no more to give.

I will tell a story or two in which he was connected, but can not say they are true as they happened before my time.

He and a timber maker once got lost while crossing a big cedar swamp on the Madawaska river. All day they travelled without any dinner in a blinding snowstorm and then camped for the night. The timber maker, Michael Ellsworth, declared they would starve before they got out of the swamp, as all they had to subsist on was a little bag of salt and a plug of black tobacco. They had camped in a dense thicket near a spring; the snow had stopped falling and the stars came out. It was a clear, cold night; Mike took a chew of tobacco and crawled under the boughs and went to sleep. Jack did not chew, but he took a pinch of salt in his mouth and then took the broad axe, laid it near the spring and sprinkled salt on it; then he returned and crawled under the boughs beside Mike. When morning came he went down to the broad axe and found nine rabbits sticking fast to it. They had attempted to lick off the salt, but their warm tongues stuck fast to the frosty steel and they were held fast. If you do not believe this, why go out in the shed some cold morning in winter and touch your tongue to an axe. The two woodsmen soon peeled and roasted a pair of rabbits which were seasoned with salt and eaten with a relish. With the sun for a guide they were soon out of the swamp and on "praying ground" again.

One fall, Mr. Eyer hired to drive oxen for a lumberman on Fish river. He was married then and lived on a farm on the Reach. As he had to go a long distance and be gone a long time, it was decided that the young wife should spend the winter with her parents in New Brunswick. Jack escorted his wife to her mother's home and hastily prepared to depart. In those days the backwoods farmers did not have cellars under their houses as they do now. Sometimes a hole dug under the cabin floor, in which a few vegetables were kept, would be called a cellar, but if the house was vacated a few days and the fire went out, this place was not frost proof, so the real cellars of that day were dug in the side of some bank and called "root houses" or "green houses."

Happy Jack had one of those root houses in a side hill and in it had 50 bushels of potatoes, 60 bushels of turnips also cabbage, carrots, parsnips and beets. When he returned from New Brunswick he put the root house door in place and banked it high with dirt and sods, and a hard freeze during the night sealed it up for the winter. With the break of day, with his bag of clothes on his back, a substantial lunch in his pocket, and his trusty gourd stick in his hand, he took the trail for the Fish river. Directly across the river from the Eyer cabin was the Buber's cabin. Thomas and Willard Darling occupy the Buber farm at this writing, but the Eyer's farm is attached to another farm.

Shortly after Happy Jack went to the woods, David Buber was missed. As he always had a habit of going off and staying a week or ten days at a time, no attention was paid to his absence for a while. But when week after week passed and he did not return, and no tidings were heard of him, he was given up for dead. Some thought he was drowned, others thought he had been killed by a panther or had got lost in the woods and perished. His brother Charles said: "Ye can't lose Dave in the woods any quicker then ye kin a hog, and if a panther caughted him some night he'd bring him back in the morning when he saw what he had got. No sir ee I believe Dave is alive somewhere, he's probably gone down in the Province to see mother.

Tidings soon came from New Brunswick, however, that the missing man had not been seen there and the settlers concluded that the simple, good natured giant would never visit them again, but his folks still thought he was alive somewhere.

Meanwhile the ice covered river and lake, the snow came down, and King Winter reigned in the Northland. Big open fires roared up the chimneys in the settlers' cabins, and the axes of the red shirted lumbermen rang through the forest by day and the tall pines came crashing to the ground. When night came they sang songs and cracked jokes around a blazing fire for a while, but when they went to their bed of boughs their midnight dreams were disturbed by the hoot of the owl and the howl of the wolf and wild cat. Then the days lengthened, the sun climbed higher and shone brighter and warmer each day, and finally a big thaw came and the settlers said, "the winter has broken." Then the ice went crashing down the river and the men came out of the woods.

Happy Jack came home, "biled the kittle" and ate a lunch and then made a "beeline" for New Brunswick. He returned happier than he went, for he had taken only a wife over there in the fall, but brought back a wife and son. After they had built on a fire and swept the cabin, they went together to open the green house and see how the vegetables had kept. Jack shoveled away the dirt and pulled open the door, and a sight met their gaze which astonished them: the pile of turnips were gone, cabbages, parsnips, beets and carrots ditto, and the floor was covered with turnip peelings and cabbage stumps; the pile of potatoes were still there although badly musseled and trampled. "Shiver my timbers Julia," said Jack, "a gang of cussid mushegh rats they got in here an et up all our vegetables." But just then a big form raised up from behind the potato pile, and Jack and wife thinking it was a bear, ran to the cabin and returned with the gun and ax. But it was no bear; when the form crawled out into the light they recognized David Buber. He was fat and white and a trifle hungry, but glad to be released.

As the years passed and shingle weaving became the rage, Jack decided to stay at home one winter and make shingles. All the stock he had was one cow; he had cut hay enough in the little clearing to winter her if he had kept it, but a family of deer that had yarded near the house appeared to be having a hard time to get a living, and he carried them out a back load of hay each day till the stack was gone. Then he started out to hunt for hay, but none could be found; the scattered neighbors had scarcely enough for winter, and Jack returned and told his wife he guessed he would have to kill the cow to save her life. Here let me say that cattle and horses often had to be killed in those pioneer days when they were nearly wintered out to keep

them from starving, for some springs hay could not be bought for love nor money as there was none to buy.

Mrs. Evers of course felt badly to think the cow had to be killed and began to cry. Jack ate dinner that day in silence, and when he had finished he turned his cup and stared at the grounds in the bottom. Finally he said: "Julia, what became of my old green goggles?" "Why," said Julia, "the last I seed of em Jack, little Dick broke them apart and I put em in that box of culch in the corner." Jack went to the box and found the goggles, also some stout leather strings. He then went to the hovel and securely fastened a goggle over each of the cow's eyes. He then went to the little lean to where he shaved shingles and took his arms full of the broad, soft shavings, carried them to the hovel and fed them to the cow.. She saw the bright green fodder before her and probably thinking it was turnip leaves, soon made a hearty meal of them. The cow did not have to be killed; she came out to grass fat, and in June had a pair of twin calves.

During his life in Aroostook Mr. Evers lived in several different towns and plantations, also in the latter years of his life for a time in New Brunswick. The fine farm now owned by Hopkins Bros, near Fort Fairfield village, was bought by them from Mr. Evers about 25 years ago for a very small sum of money.

After his wife died he went to live with his son Richard. He was then 100 years old; he then was notified that a large sum of money had been left to him in England, but as he sought for contentment and rest rather than riches, in his declining years he made no effort to get the fortune. At the age of 101, he was remarkably smart and active. Twice a week he walked to the village to get shaved, a distance of four miles, and during the winter he did all the chores around the barn, and it is said that he was courting a young widow with the intention of being married in the spring.

Now perhaps I would offend some of his relatives if I should explain the cause of his death which was not due to old age. He did not die with the gout, however, and the neighbors say that with proper food and care he might have lived for years. Mr. Evers never used liquor or tobacco, always tried to get a proper amount of sleep and when he could get food regularly was very abstainous. Those habits no doubt prolonged his life. He died in the spring of 1905, when almost 102 years of age. His eyesight, voice and hearing were good and he could tell fortunes as accurately as ever up to his last sickness.

He became an American citizen under the treaty of 1842 and was a good on«. He left no enemies behind. Three sons and a daughter survive him, all citizens of Aroostook. In politics Mr. Evers was a Republican, in religion a Spiritualist. If good deeds and kind acts toward dumb animals count for anything in this world, Happy Jack should be rewarded in that home beyond the grave.

Presque Isle

through summer sunshine and winter's snow,
Like a sentinel stands old Quaquaajo.
Evergreen forests now as of yore
Stand on the beautiful Presque Isle shore.
O'er lake and river neath skies of blue,
The Indian once paddled his birch canoe;
Then the Frenchmen came and claimed the land
Lakes and mountains and forest grand.
But the solemn Mic Mac and Frenchmen gay
Like brothers lived for many a day,
Till a bloody war and a treaty's blow,
Gave Acadia's lands to the English foe.
Then the Allies fled to Canada,
And the English cleared the woods away,
And built a village the county's pride
At the foot of a hill by the river's side.
Busy and prosperous, rich and fair,
Five hundred happy homes are there.
A city will be in a little while
Queen of Aroostook, fair Presque Isle.

As two histories of Presque Isle have already been written, one by Geo. H. Collins, editor of the Star Herald, and the other by Sidney Cook, I shall not go into the details of this prosperous Aroostook village as I have done by Houlton and Fort Fairfield. Both of these gentlemen are able writers and were in a position where they could get all the data obtainable regarding the early history of the town, and have probably produced a more correct work than I could. Those histories were printed in serial form in newspapers, but may be printed in book form any day and circulated through the County and State. They should be printed if they are not.

At the breaking out of the American Revolution there lived in the Mohawk valley in New York state a large family named Bull. The Bulls were resolute, hardy people, prosperous farm era, and some members of the family, we are told, were drovers and dealt in cattle and horses. But they were bitter loyalists and when the dark storms of war broke over the fertile valley they did all in their power to aid King George and his armies.

One Peter Bull was given a captain's commission and raised a company of Tories which he took to Canada and was assigned to Gen. Butler's command. In July 1778, a mob of Tories and Indians under Butler swept down from Canada and entered the beautiful Wyoming valley. The able bodied men were all away to the war but the old men and boys, after placing the women and children in a little fort nearby, armed themselves and done what they could to defend their homes, crops and stock.

Among the raiders, was Capt. Peter Bull. He not only had command of his own company but a large band of Indians. The little band of defenders were defeated, and surrendered to Capt. Bull. History tells us the helpless prisoners were taken in sight of the wives, mothers and children at the little fort and tortured in every way that savage cruelty could devise. To the credit of both Butler and Bull, it is said they did all in their power to restrain the savage Indians but were unable to do so. The fort finally surrendered under promise of safety and protection but the women and children were tomahawked or carried away as prisoners. After the buildings were burned, the stock killed and the orchards destroyed, the destroyers retired to the Mohawk valley.

Soon after Gen. Sullivan entered the valley with a well armed force that were burning for revenge. The Tories and Indians were scattered in all directions and Capt. Bull became a fugitive with a price set upon his head and fierce bloodhounds at his heels. He escaped, however, into Canada and finally made his way to Nova Scotia.

When the war was over and the New Republic had settled down to business, the loyalist's property was all confiscated and they were ordered to leave the country. The Bulls with many others came to New Brunswick where the government was giving away many grants of rich land. When Capt Peter Bull learned that his kinsmen had settled in New Brunswick he crossed the Bay of Fundy and joined⁷⁶ them, and there found, his wife and child whom he had not seen for. four years.

In 1819 when Capt Peter Bull died, his son Peter, armed with a British land patent, covering 600 acres and a large sum of money for that time, crossed over into the disputed territory and pitched his tent at the mouth of the Presque Isle stream. He came to locate, and the Bulls never went back on anything they undertook. He came to build a sawmill and hold the land; he built the mill but the land, for reasons I shall state later went to the State of Maine,

With a tow boat he ascended the St John river as far as Tobique. His load consisted of provisions, household utensils, carpenter's tools and what machinery he needed to put in a saw mill, which was very little in those days as all the wheels and shafts were made of wood from the surrounding forest. He also had a millwright along, six strapping young axmen, and last but not least, a tall, handsome, energetic young wife, formerly Miss Eunice Beckwith of Eel River, NB.

His effects were hauled on a sled (no wagons then) across the Portage to the Aroostook where they were loaded onto a raft and towed by the horses around the big bend in the river to the mouth of the Presque Isle.

⁷⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100922_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 41⁷⁷

The spot where Mr. Bull decided to locate was historic ground, long before he was born. If there is any truth in traditions and legends, there was once a large Indian village there. The alders were cleared from the surrounding intervals and they were planted each spring to Indian corn; and at the full of the harvest moon the tribes met at this beautiful and romantic spot for the annual feast of green corn. A few miles to the westward was the great trail leading from St. John to St Lawrence, and above that the great Indian town on the present site of Washburn. The islands in the river between those towns were always dotted with wiggums for here the wild buckwheat grew rank and tall and the salmon were easily taken in the channels between the network of islands. It was here during the French and Indian wars that many captives were taken for safety for the whole county was then considered a part of Canada and here the French and Indians fought the hated and dreaded English.

Elsewhere in this work you have read how a band of desperate and besieged colonial scalp hunters built a little fort on this very spot and held out for days but were surrounded and killed while trying to escape to the "big river."

Later, after the Indian village was built there, we have every reason to believe that the French had a substantial timber Fort there garrisoned with soldiers and surrounded by a stockade, but after the fall of Quebec and the massacre at Meductic it was abandoned and burned. But the French and Indians of that day and generation are gone forever; the only relic there is left of them is the beautiful name the French gave the river for which the town was named, and the Indian name of the mountain "Quaquajo."

Well, Peter Bull did not care much about the ancient history of the location or the departed French, and Indians, or the names they left. He first built a substantial and roomy log cabin on the bank of the river below the creek, about where the bridge now crosses the river; he then proceeded to locate his claim. This was done with the aid of a pocket compass and a rope cut the length of a surveyor's chain. It will be remembered that years before Park Holland had been sent into the wilderness and run out six mile block, called letter D, now a part of Fort Fairfield. Mr Bull went to the southwest corner of the above mentioned township and blazed a broadline six miles due west, He then proceeded to spot put his 600 acres. The land was chosen on both sides of the Presque Isle stream north of this line and on both sides of the Aroostook river. The old east and west line ran almost through the centre of the present village and extended west to the corners of what is now Mapleton and Chapman plantation. Ferdinand Armstrong , my grandfather helped run the line, so the story came to me pretty straight; They had a paper plan of the eastern part of the state for a guide and when the surveyors came in after years they were astonished to find that Bull's line was nearly correct. Now remember this, for I am going to tell you pretty soon why the village of Presque Isle was not built on that

⁷⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100929_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

beautiful location at the mouth of the stream instead of where it is today. This question is often asked but seldom answered?

Peter Bull came to Aroostook in May 1819. Every man on the river that he could hire between the Aroostook falls and No. 10 who were handy with carpenter's tools or broad axe were put to work, and so well did the work progress that the day before Christmas the dam and mill were finished. Then Mrs. Bull went to visit her parents in New Brunswick and Mr. Bull took his crew and went to the lumber woods.

When Mrs. Bull returned from New Brunswick in the spring she had a baby girl with her, little Nancy Bull. I have read in directories, newspapers and historical sketches that Nancy Bull was the first white child born in what is now Presque Isle, and some claim the first in the Aroostook valley. I have also heard people say her mother was a squaw and she was a half breed. Her parents had the whitest of skins and the purest of blood. It is true she was born in the winter of 1820 at Woodstock, NB. Had she been born on the Aroostook the accounts would have been true. Miss Bull or her parents never claimed she was born on the Aroostook.

Let us return to the mill. It was a rude affair anyway and must have been built under an unlucky star. It was built before it was needed. Mr. Bull said that it was commenced on the wrong time of the moon. It never appeared to prosper; if it had been paying, a lucky piece of property the village would have been there instead of where it is today.

Mr. Bull knew that the country was new and that the scattered settlers preferred log cabins to frame houses, but he had an idea that he could square the big pine trees into timber and save hewing while the sides of the trees could be sawed into boards. The floor of the mill was low and near the water, so low that a big tree would almost float into the mill.

In the winter of 1820, Mr. Bull took his men and teams and went up the Presque Isle stream to cut big pines for timber. Now bear in mind that the limits of his patent by his own survey went up the stream less than a mile, but he was cutting pines and hauling them into the stream 10 or 12 miles above his limit. But everybody was stealing pine so it was fashionable if not strictly honest.

When the ice went out the big trees were floated down to the mill. Then the first difficulty appeared. The river was higher than the stream and the water was higher below the dam than it was above it, consequently the tall 15 foot up and down saw was idle for many a day. When the water finally went down in the river it was discovered that the dam was too low. It did not hold water enough to run the great overshot wheel more than an hour or two at a time. When the timber was sawed and went to market, the timber dealers grumbled because it was not "ribbed" declaring it would mold and turn black because it would lay tight and snug together in the hold of the ship. Consequently it sold for \$1 per ton less than hewn timber. Then the dam "blowed" and it took much time and money to repair it.

Mr. Bull soon found that cutting the round logs and sawing them into timber was not profitable. The bark had to be peeled from the great pines before they could be hauled to the landing, for the rough bark caused the great tree to draw hard over the snow or frozen ground. This was half as much work as it was to hew the tree. The suitable trees near the shore were soon all cut and the distance to haul became longer each succeeding winter and there was little or no market at that time for the rough wain edged boards that were made from the sides of the trees. In five years time, Mr. Bull was clearing land and raising potatoes and oats to make a living.

Soon after Mr. Bull settled in his new home, a colony of his relatives and his neighbors came from New Brunswick to make homes in this new country.

Cochran, Weeks and others who came later met with the same difficulty. The reason was obvious. The title gentlemen at Frederickton, who wore brass buttons and gold lace and had charge of the "crown lands" had had his instructions. The territory was disputed land. If the government gave grants and the territory went to the US, the owners of those grants would have to be reimbursed for the value of the property lost. A patent was simply a certificate for a grant and was not transferable. In one way, the person holding the patent owned the land while he had possession but he could not dispose of it. If he moved off it, it went back to the government.

So when the Bulls and Beckwiths and Churchills and others came to settle on the Aroostook, Peter Bull could not sell them a building lot or farm at or near his mill or dwelling. That is one reason why Presque Isle village was not founded at the mouth of the stream.

So the little colony went a few miles up the river and made homes on the rich intervalles and fertile islands. It was at that time that Ferdinand Armstrong sold his island home and his improvements and moved down river to the big intervalle known later as the "Armstrong flats". John Bradley's widow, daughter of chief Crooked Knife, and some half breed families that were living on the islands, moved away about the same time and located on the Tobique River. This was in 1824.

In 1830, there was a large and thriving colony on both sides of the Aroostook between the mouth of the Presque Isle and Salmon Brook. It was the largest settlement on the river and the largest between the Acadian settlements and Houlton. Those sturdy loyalists ran their own lines and were governed by the laws of New Brunswick. Sometimes disputes were settled by might instead of right in battles in which both men and women participated. Later in this work, I might find time and space to tell of some of the stirring incidents that occurred among those early settlers in those early days; also of the Millerite craze and how half of the citizens one June morning dressed in long, white robes, gathered on a hilltop to see the world come to an end and then ascend to heaven.

In the spring of 1827, Dennis Fairbank appeared upon the scene. Fairbanks was educated, handsome, suave, smiling and diplomatic. That was one side of him. He was also,

when he chose to be stubborn, revengeful, tantalizing, aggressive and treacherous. It has been well said that he was fitting for any company. He was well posted on political affairs of the day and American from his heels to his hair. He believed that Maine, backed by the United States, would hold the disputed territory consequently he was looking the country over with the idea of building mills and founding a town, if he could find a location that suited him. He applied to Joseph Houlton, a humble esquire dressed in homespun and land agent for Washington county Maine for information instead of the great man at Frederickton, dressed in broadcloth and gold. Now there was a mill site after mill site at that time in the Aroostook valley and the state of Maine was willing and anxious to give any man the mill privilege and 640 acres of land if he would build a saw mill or 1000 acres if he would build both a saw mill and a grist mill, and also agreed to pay for the property if the territory went to New Brunswick.

From a geographical point of view Fairbanks considered the best location in the Aroostook valley the beautiful spot where the Presque Isle joins the Aroostook and coveted the level land because they intended to lay out and found a town.

Well, he visited Peter Bull who had now become a poor man and offered him a large sum of money for his mill and improvements. He ignored the rights of the British government to give away the land and told Mr. Bull that he would never give an acre from that source while his head was above the ground. He admitted his (Bull's) squatter rights and the rights by possession and offered to pay him handsomely for those rights. But Bull pinned his faith to his claim and the British government and would not sell. Had he taken his wife's advice and sold his claim to Dennis Fairbanks, Presque Isle village would have been built on the banks of the Aroostook instead of where it is today.

When Fairbank had tried every way to obtain Mr. Bull's claim and failed, he offered to become his business partner. He would tear down the old "squat" of a mill and build one of the American pattern with modern improvements as they were then building them on the Penobscot river, and would furnish the funds to do it with, providing when the new mill was completed Fairbanks should become an equal partner. But Bull did not want any yankee mills or Yankees either around him and told Fairbanks so.

Then Fairbanks lost his temper and twited Bull of the Wyoming Massacre and the two men became enemies for life. Fairbanks then visited the mouth of the Machias river near the present village of Ashland and the Salmon brook stream but not being satisfied with either location he went away.

But he came again the next summer with a crew of men and commenced to lay the foundation of the present village of Presque Isle. He built a strong, high mill dam across the Presque Isle stream on one of the best mill sites in the country a short distance south of Peter Bull's spotted line. At the point where the dam was built the banks were high and the ledge cropped out while the bottom of the river was paved with a solid bed of limestone. Just above the river widened out and made an excellent place for a mill pond. I have been told that ten times as much water could be stored in this pond above his mill. The dam and pond today are

exactly where they were when Mr. Fairbanks owned the property. After the dam was built, ten acres of trees were felled on the east side of the stream and down to Peter Bull's spotted line. This was in the fall of 1828. Mr. Fairbanks then shut down the ponderous gates of the dam, left two men to guard the property and went away.

During the winter of 1828 1829, the machinery for a saw and grist mill was hauled through the woods from Bangor. This was done by following up the Penobscot river, either on the ice or on lumber roads, crossing over to the Aroostook and coming down on the ice. Washington Vaughn, a young man, who later was one of the founders of Caribou village, had charge of the transportation.

Early in the spring of 1829, the foundation of a saw mill was erected, the saw placed in position and started the frame for⁷⁸ the mill was sawed first, then the boards to cover it with; the shingles were made by hand. So great was the power produced by the great head of water and the modern water wheel, boards and timber were cut very fast for those days. You will remember that less than a mile away, Peter Bull had a saw mill but Mr. Fairbanks refused to buy a single foot of lumber from him.

Now with this splendid mill site so near by, why did Fairbank's covet Peter Bull's location? Let me tell you. Fairbanks not only wanted wealth but fame. He was ambitious to found a town and have it named for himself. On the east side of the stream, where his mill was located was a big steep hill, just the thing to build a city on, while west of the stream much of the ground was low and marshy. Had he been located at the mouth of the stream, down river, customers buying lumber could raft it at the mill and float it to their homes; this they could not do on the rapid rocky Presque Isle stream, for when the plants were shut the stream was almost dry. The river was about the only highway then and as Fairbanks intended, and did build a grist mill he would have chosen to have had it beside that highway. As the canoes laden with corn and buckwheat could not readily get up the stream they carried their grain to the mill on the Caribou stream. Besides all this a city, the city of Fairbanks which he intended to leave to posterity as his monument, would look much nicer beside a river, perhaps on both sides, on smooth level ground than it would back in the country, stuck up on a hill.

Chapter 42⁷⁹

Perhaps the reason he did not go to some other location was because he wanted to ruin Peter Bull. He did anyway, whether he wanted to or not, for the old mill never started after Fairbanks got his in running order, and soon after Mr. Bull abandoned his claim and went to

⁷⁸ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19100929_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁷⁹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101006_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

farming and lumbering at Bull's Eddy. Although Mr. Fairbanks did not get just the location he desired, he proceeded to lay out his town, and it was done in a businesslike and thorough manner. 160 acres or one half mile square was laid off into one half acre lots; the streets were wide and laid off at right angles forming squares of two acres each, minus the streets. The location was on the east side of the stream and north as far as the Bull (later Maysville) line and east to the crest of the hill. The town plan covered 160 acres and was 160 rods square. This was the first and only town in Aroostook that was laid out before it was built. The greater part of the original plan is now coveted by the village and many of the streets and lots are today as Mr. Fairbanks laid them. Fairbanks commenced the town himself. He built a grist mill on the west side of the stream about where the starch mill now stands, and then built a substantial wooden bridge across the pond where the concrete structure now stands; this bridge, I am told, was first covered by wide elm planks sawed from great logs taken from his first chopping. He then named the road running east to the first one laid north and south, "Bridge Street," and it still retains the name. Then he built a dwelling, shop, barn and stable on the north side of Bridge St., near the saw mill, and a store for general merchandise on the southeast corner of the block, or where the hardware store of A. M. Smith & Co. stands today. This corner was called "Fairbank's Corner" while he lived there, and retained the name of "The Corner" up to the time of the Civil war, and once in a while we meet a real "old timer" who calls the town the Corner yet,

Mr. Fairbanks now offered to sell a block of land in any part of the town site, one half acre, for one dollar, providing the purchaser would live on the lot for 10 years. The offer was liberal but very few took advantage of the opportunity to get a town lot for a little money. Remember, this was before the Aroostook war and it was a mooted question whether the territory belonged to Maine or New Brunswick. Although Mr. Fairbanks had a heavy trade with the scattered settlers and lumbermen, his town grew very slowly. But at the time of the Aroostook war when the State road was cut through from No. 10 to Fort Fairfield, the surveyors steered for the bridge across the pond at Fairbank's instead of following the river. The military road from Houlton also came that way. A tavern was built in which the traveller could get food, lodging and liquid refreshments, and the village began to grow.

Now Dennis Fairbanks was a businessman and a scholar and was prospering far beyond his expectations, and had it not been for his hasty temper and his love of women, the town of Presque Isle today would have been called "Fairbanks," and he might have lived and died a wealthy, respected citizen, while his remains might have reposed in American soil under the Star Spangled Banner in the town he founded, and his resting place be marked by an obelisk of costly polished stone. Instead he died poor in another land, a country he hated and despised, while his grave, I am told, is unmarked and almost unknown.

Twice in his business career on the Presque Isle, his temper got the better of him and he struck down a fellowman with a deadly weapon and came near being a murderer each time. One of them was Washington Vaughn, his business partner at the time. Mr. Vaughn survived after many months of confinement and much suffering, but he carried the awful scar of that assault to his grave. Fairbanks loved women not wisely but too well. He not only loved one woman, but he loved all the women he came in contact with.

I promised when I commenced this sketch not to go into details with the history of the town. The scandals concerning Dennis Fairbanks and the fair sex I will leave to some other historian, for I am not able to clothe' them in words to make them presentable for these pages anyway.

To escape the iron arm of the law, or perhaps lynching, he fled to New Brunswick. Like Benedict Arnold, he had no friends there and none in his own land. Like Arnold, he wandered a while and then returned and located where he could look upon his native land. The hills and valleys of the newly formed County of Aroostook appeared to charm and fascinate him. Each day he could see the stars and stripes floating above Fort Fairfield. He had predicted that the fair land would go to Maine and prosper under that banner, and now he dared not set foot upon its soil. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard. Mr. Fairbanks located at the Boundary line on the old Portage leading from Fort Fairfield to Tobique, NB. He built the first buildings on that famous location and the first "Line Store" between Houlton and the Grand Falls. Here he put up and fed travelers and sold liquors for two years. Finally he got into a muss with the customs officials and traded his property for a saw mill at Three Brooks on the Tobique river, where he died in 1860. When Mr. Fairbanks was at the Boundary Line he secured the services of John B. Trafton, Esq., a young attorney residing at Fort Fairfield, whom he empowered to attend to his business and sell the estate if possible. Mr. Trafton succeeded in selling the mill property and some of the timber land, but there was no sale then for building lots or hardwood land, for this was after the Aroostook war and the State was anxious to give land to settlers.

Fairbanks got deeds from the State for 1000 acres. Some 300 acres of this he disposed of to settlers before he left Presque Isle; this was hardwood land on the east side of the stream. Mr Trafton sold some 100 acres of the timber land on the west side of the stream and the rest lay there, for no buyers came. This land was called the "Common," and for years the people in the village used it for a cow pasture. But when land commenced to increase in value and new settlers came to the village and commenced to look around for a building lot, no owner of this land could be found. Fairbanks was dead, Trafton had turned over the deeds and papers to the heirs, and they had left the country, and none knew where they had located. The State could give no title as it had once deeded the land. Not even a plan of the town could be found. Squatters commenced to build and move onto the vacant village lots, the original half mile square, and they in turn sold their claim to others, so in 1870 there was not a vacant lot on the original plan.

Several years ago I was in a western city and one day at a hotel I wrote and addressed a letter to Aroostook County, Maine, and left it on the desk while I went to the clerk to get a stamp. A young man sitting near at once became somewhat excited and sought an introduction. He then told me the following story: He was a descendant of Dennis Fairbanks and held in his possession deeds from the State of Maine for about two thirds of the land of the original village of Fairbanks. He had heard that the land was occupied and had consulted a lawyer and produced his deeds. The legal gentleman looked up the laws of Maine and told him that a settler who moved onto land in that state and held peaceable possession for 20 years was entitled to

the land, and if they had lived there less than 20 years the owner would have to pay for all buildings and improvements before he could put them off. He had an idea that land was very cheap in Northern Maine. But when I told him of the value of building lots at that time in the village of Presque Isle, he decided to come east and try and sell the occupants of the land deeds. He came home with me but how successful he was I did not learn, for the parties interested kept their own counsel and Mr. Fairbanks soon returned to the west.

Let us take a look at Peter Bull's property at the mouth of the stream: Ten years after it was built the dam went out and the mill tumbled over into the stream. In 1840 the clearing was all grown up to bushes and the nimrods from the village used to go down there to hunt bears. In 1844, Capt. Parrott surveyed the township and soon after settlers came and the historic spot was again cleared up. It was in Letter G. Plantation, Range 2, WELS., since Maysville and now part of Presque Isle. Do you see now gentle reader, why Presque Isle village was not built on that beautiful location at the mouth of the stream?

Let us take a look at the Presque Isle of today, the prettiest village in Northern Maine; the so-called "Queen of Aroostook", the home of fair women and brainy men. It has crossed the boundaries marked for it by Dennis Fairbanks, and spread north, south and west. It reaches down nearly to the old mill and will soon nestle beside the placid Aroostook. It has crossed the stream and extends to the westward for half a mile on the old State road; southward it has crossed the cedar swamp of Dennis Fairbank's time, and extends along the Houlton road to the stately buildings of the State Normal School. It has equaled, if not exceeded Fairbank's dream and the end is not yet. Three times this fair town has been scourged and leveled by conflagrations, but it has arisen from its ashes better and fairer than ever. In May 1860, fire from an adjoining forest caught and leveled nearly every building in the little hamlet including the church and the Academy. Again, May 1st, 1884, the village became a holocaust to the flames and was left in ashes. One dry, windy morning, June 7, 1909, a fire broke out at the north end of the village, and in spite of all the citizens could do, although they were assisted by the fire departments from neighboring villages, the fire mowed a swath the entire length of the town and left half of it in ashes. As the gale increased and the flames drove the firemen, many of the citizens became panic stricken and ran and shouted, and wept and prayed. I asked a neighbor who was an eyewitness of the conflagration, to describe it to me. "I can't," said he. I once set fire to a big hornet's nest and the people acted just like the hornets; they wanted to do something but did not know what to do." Many smaller fires at different times have burned sections of the town and the mills.

In the spring of 1840, the township was organized as a plantation known as Letter F. This was at the time of the Aroostook war and as yet the dispute had not been settled and the township was not surveyed; but the people taxed themselves and raised money for a school and cast their votes there at the fall election instead of going to Houlton; but the legislature did not act upon the organization till after the treaty of 1842. It was incorporated as a town April 4, 1859. The population in 1860 was 732 and the valuation \$79,847. There were 161 polls. Five places of business was all the village could boast of, viz: shoemaker shop, blacksmith shop, variety store for general merchandise, saw mill and grist mill. On Feb. 14, 1883, Maysville was

annexed by an act of the legislature, much against the wishes of many of the dozens of both towns. The census of 1900, the last obtainable at this writing, gave the town a population of 3,804 In 1908 the valuation was \$2,079,900 with 1120 polls. The population today is estimated at about 6,500.

Notwithstanding the claims of other towns, the first starch factory in the County was built at Presque Isle in the summer of 1876. Later I will explain why it was built there. Presque Isle is the birth place and home of Hon, T. H. Phair, the Aroostook starch king. Mr. Phair owns more starch mills and manufactures more starch than any other man in the world, making about one fourth of the entire output of the globe.

The Northern Maine Fair is held here each fall in a fine park on the west side of the stream belonging to the association. The first exhibition of stock and farm products was held here in 1850. Can you imagine the change which has taken place along agricultural lines in Aroostook in the past 60 years?

Among the many industries within the limits of the town we might mention the manufacture of long and short lumber, starch, brick, potato barrels, farm wagons, those celebrated patent jigger wagon, Aroostook's own invention, flour, mill feed, light and heavy harness, cigars, confectionary, marble and granite slabs and monuments, etc., etc. Large quantities of freight including hay, starch lumber, potatoes, railroad ties, telephone poles and tan bark are constantly being shipped by rail from the towns to the markets of the continent. The telephone system is complete connecting the town with the rural districts, the neighboring towns and all parts of New England.

It is also the home of A. R. Gould, founder and president of the Aroostook Valley Electric R. R. the first and only one in the County, and one of the best on the continent; founder of Gouldville, a beautiful residential section of the town, and the man who harnessed the Aroostook N Falls in New Brunswick and turned the power back into the County to turn the wheels of industry and light the homes of the citizens and the business places of the Aroostook towns and villages.

Presque Isle has a good school system as any town or city in the State. Rev. G. M. Park, sometimes called the "Grand old man of Aroostook," lives in the town and devotes the greater part of his time and influence for the betterment of schools. It was largely through his influence that the State Normal School was established at Presque Isle. The free Carnegie Library, a very fine building, is not only an⁸⁰ ornament but a great and lasting benefit to the schools and residents of the town.

A large percent of the citizens are Acadian French. Those people came from the settlements in the northern part of the County just before the Civil war; the men became day

⁸⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101006_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

laborers and sawed wood, made gardens, or did any other job that came handy. They could not speak much English and had no education whatsoever, but they were honest and made good industrious citizens. Their children went to the public school and as a rule were apt, intelligent scholars. Many of them today are prominent men and women and are doing business in the town. A stranger would never mistrust they were of French descent but for the name. When a business man writes one a check with such a signature as Xavier Cyr or Baptiste Gagnon appended, one is liable to suspect he is not doing business with an Irishman.

Chapter 43⁸¹

As an agricultural town Presque Isle is equal to any in the County or State. There is very little waste land in the township, and many, very many fine farms and homes with elegant modern buildings and well kept grounds, while the village itself, as I have intimated before, is laid out in city style and the greater part of the business blocks are built on the city plan. When a stranger first visits this neat, trim town he is naturally surprised at the regularity, for it is one of the very few towns in Maine that was laid out before it was built.

Presque Isle has its full share of doctors, lawyers and clergymen, also secret societies, churches, schoolhouses and an up to date newspaper, the StarHerald. It has two banks that do a large business and a well organized board of trade. It is the terminus of a spur of the C. P. Railway and the birthplace of the Aroostook Valley Electric road which connects it with the thriving village of Washburn. It is situated on the main line of the Bangor & Aroostook. Between Houlton and Van Buren, and is the starting place of the so-called "Mapleton Link" which connects the two great lines of the B. & A. that run northward to the St. John river.

Presque Isle is a double town; it is six miles wide and twelve miles in length extending north and south. It is bounded on the north by Caribou, east by Fort Fairfield and Easton, south by Westfield and west by Chapman Plantation, Mapleton and Washburn. The Aroostook makes a big half circle in the northern part of the town some 15 miles of it being in the six mile block that was formerly Maysville. It is in Range 2, W. E. L. S., and 42 miles northwest of Houlton, the shire town of the County. The great Maine woods, consisting now mostly of the beautiful evergreen, spruce and fir, comes down to the southwest end of the village and extend almost unbrokenly across the State.

Evergreen forests now as of yore Stand on the beautiful Presque Isle shore.

The Smaller Towns

⁸¹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101013_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

In taking up the history of the smaller towns of the County I shall be brief for several reasons. I have advertised for historical notes and written to some of the Town Clerks of the smaller towns for historical sketches and information, but none have been interested enough to accommodate me. The Work is already too long and readers are perhaps getting weary. Some enterprising person in each town should, and probably will some day in the near future, take time and interest enough to write a sketch of their native town. The work will not be appreciated as it should be when it is written, but coming generations will value it more highly than lands or gold. Past events are soon forgotten unless they are written down, and each season that passes makes it more difficult to get information. Aroostook will soon be the greatest County in the State in population and wealth. Educated and refined people will soon be citizens of every organized town and plantation in the County and will want to know something of the early history. The late Francis Barnes wrote the "Story of Houlton." It is considered precious now, and as time passes it will become the most valuable work in the Cary Library of his native town. By referring to it, disputes can be settled and records verified. It looks to me as though Francis Barnes did a greater work for the town of Houlton than Shepherd Cary who gave the town money to build the costly stone library. Stackpole of Monticello, Snow of Mars Hill and Cook and Collins of Presque Isle have done a great work for coming generations, and others should take the hint and do likewise.

Amity

Amity is a small town in the southern part of the County. It is bounded on the north by Cary Plantation, east by Monument brook, a branch of the St. Croix river and the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, south by Orient, and west by Leavitt Plantation. The monument at the head of the St. Croix is situated in the north east corner of the town and it is sometimes called the Monument town. It is one of the border towns, so called, and the first settlers came about 100 years ago: It was incorporated March 19, 1836. The census of 1900 gave it a population of 404 and in 1904 it had 126 polls while the estates were valued at about \$69,000. The population and valuation are estimated at about the same figures today, Amity is not what is termed a whole township being only 6 by 5 miles square and much of it is yet covered with a growth of spruce. Lumbering is the principal industry. It is 14 miles south of Houlton and connected by a stage line and about the same distance from Danforth in Washington Co.. oh M. C. R. R.

Bancroft

Bancroft is located in the extreme southern part of the County thirty miles south, southwest of Houlton on the MCCR. It was settled by Charles Gellerson from Brighton, Me., in 1880. Mr. Gellerson was a lumberman and carried on an extensive operation while he lived. It was organized as a plantation in 1840 and named for George Bancroft, the historian. On February 5, 1889, it was incorporated as a town by an act of the legislature.

Population in 1900, 311. valuation \$647,846, polls 77. It is a lumber town and located on the Mattawamkeag river. It is said to be the birthplace of Newel Bear, Aroostook's famous Red man. When the Maine legislature gave the European and North American RR more than 300 townships of land to build its road into Aroostook County, it intended that the road should cross the southern part of the County and enter New Brunswick on its route to St. John via Houlton. We will mention this matter later in a chapter on railroads. The road, however, came into the County and runs through the southern part of the town of Bancroft and out again and crosses into New Brunswick at Vanceboro instead of Houlton. Bancroft is bounded on the north, by Haynesville, east by Weston, south by Washington County, and west by Reed Plantation. Owing to the Grand lakes extension into the County, the town is not laid out in a square, but irregular, the south end of the township being wider than six miles. It contains more area than an average town. It was originally No. 1 R. 2. WELS.

Benedicta

Benedicta is located in the south western part of the county forty four miles south west of Houlton. Stage twice daily from Bragville on B&A R R. It is the west half of No. 2, Range 5. that was organized as Benedicta plantation. It was incorporated as a town in 1872 and named in honor of Bishop Benedict Fenwick, who bought it off the State of Massachusetts. It was settled in 1834 by David and Joseph Leavitt. It has a population of about 500 and a valuation of about \$60,000, 65 polls according to the latest figures obtainable. It is three miles wide by six miles long north and south. It is bounded on the north by Sherman, east by Silver Ridge Plantation, south by No. 1 Range 5, west by Penobscot County. It is nearly all forest and a great fish and game country.

Castle Hill

Castle Hill is located on the Aroostook river fifty five miles northwest of Houlton in No. 12, R. 4, W. E. L. S. The river enters the north western corner of the town and the old state road which was cut through at the time of the Aroostook war, also goes through the northern part of the town. There were settlers there as early as 1820 engaged in making pine timber, but later they removed to No. 11; now Ashland. The first permanent settlers came about 1839, or when the State road was cut through. The town is located in the Aroostook potato belt and is a very fertile township, but part of it is broken and hilly; Haystack mountain, said to be an extinct volcano, is located in the southern part of the town. Farming is the principal business of the citizens, but up to 1909 they were handicapped by the long distance to haul their produce over a hilly road to Presque Isle or Ashland; but in the above year the B&A RR built the famous "cut off" from Stockholm to Squa Pan and the road now runs through the eastern part of the town. At this writing, business is booming at Castle Hill. Potato houses and store houses are going up all along the line. Real estate has greatly increased in value and people seeking homes are coming to the town every day. This fertile township will soon double its wealth and population.

Castle Hill was named for a high hill near the center of the township and the hill was named for one Joseph Castle, one of the soldiers who came to Aroostook during the war. We are told that Mr. Castle claimed the hill and said when the war was over he would return and clear it for a farm. Ever after, people who travelled the old state road took the hill for a landmark and a guide. As the hill was halfway between Ashland and Presque Isle, a tavern was built there in the early days and there is a hotel there today. It was in this town that Hon. J.W. Dudley, after much pain and study, produced the famous "Dudley winter" apple that flourishes so well in Aroostook. This variety of apple will grow anywhere on Aroostook soil, and is hardy as an elder bush. Other nursery firms in different parts of the United States and Canada are now selling this tree under the name of the "North Star", but it originated here in Aroostook. The town was incorporated February 25, 1903. In 1870, it had a population of 237. In 1900, 576 with a valuation of \$101,588 and 130 polls. The population and valuation are probably double that today. Castle Hill is a township six miles square. It is bounded on the north by Wade Plantation, east by Mapleton, south by No. 11, R4 or Squa Pan township, and west by Ashland. The township is high and dry, free from frost, the air and water pure and the soil very fertile. With the railroad now at her door we predict a bright future for Castle Hill.

Crystal

This town is located in the southern part of the county 30 miles south west of Houlton on the B&A RR, formerly township No. 4 R. 5. It was organized as a plantation in 1840, and became an incorporated town March 21, 1901, and at the last census it had a population of 370. In 1904 a valuation of \$100,740 and 113 polls, The township is six miles square; it is bounded on the north by Hersey, east by Island Falls, south by Sherman, and west by the town of Patten in Penobscot Co. A large part of the town is good farming land

Dyer Brook

This town is 20 miles west southwest of Houlton on the B&A RR. It was incorporated March 31, 1891. The population in 1900 was 180. In 1904, the estates were valued at \$86,713 and there were 88 polls. Since the railroad came in 1903, the township has been rapidly cleared up and settled. It is bounded on the north by Merrill Plantation, east by Oakfield, south by Island Falls, and west by Hershey. It was formerly No. 5 R. 4.

Haynesville

This town is 24 miles southwest of Houlton on the old military road, terminus of the stage route from Wytopitlock on the Maine central RR. Formed from Haynesville Plantation (No. 2 R 2), Leavitt Plantation (No. 3 R2) and Greenwood Plantation (west half of No. 9) Incorporated in 1876. Leavitt Plantation set off again in 1877. Population in 1900 was 316. In 1904, the

valuation was \$69,729, polls 85. The Mattawamkeag river runs through the town and the "Forks" of the two branches are in the northern part of the town. It is not quite a whole township, as Grand Lake again interferes and a corner of Weston is crowded over into the original township. It is bounded on the north by Leavitt Plantation, east by Orient and Weston, south by Hancroft and west by Glenwood Plantation. It is noted for its lumber, tan bark and game.

Hersey

Hersey is twenty five miles west from Houlton, and is connected by stage with Island Falls. It was originally No. 5 R 5. It was organized as Dayton Plantation and incorporated under its present name January 25, 1873. It is bounded on the north by Moro Plantation, east by Dyer Brook, south by Crystal and west by Penobscot Co. It is a noted game and lumber township and contains much good farming land. It is six miles square. In 1900, it had a population of 199 and in 1904 a valuation of \$60,067 and 58 polls.

Hodgdon

This town is five miles south of Houlton on a stage line that runs through from Houlton to Danforth in Washington County. It was formed from Groton and Westfield Academy Grants and named for the proprietor who later bought the land. It was incorporated as a town February 11, 1832, and is one of the oldest towns in the County. It is one of the border towns so called. The first road to Houlton, the old Baskehegan trail, came through this grant and many thrilling stories of the early days and the hardy pioneer might be told if time and space permitted. In 1900, the census gave the population as 1130. In 1904, the valuation was \$271,590, polls 297. The township is six miles square. It is bounded on the north by Houlton, east by New Brunswick, south by Cary Plantation and west by Linneus. There are many good farms in the town, but the citizens need a railroad.

Island Falls

This is a bustling manufacturing town on the west branch of the Mattawamkeag river 27 miles southwest of Houlton on the B&A RR. Large quantities of long and short lumber are manufactured here each season and sent to market over the B&A road. A large tannery in which 2000 sides of sole leather is turned out per day, an axe factory in which the best axes in the world are made, the Island Falls Edge Tool Co. that manufactures many kinds of edge tools, a moccasin factory with tannery connected in which the hides are tanned in oil, a⁸² last block and woodworking factory are a few of the many industries of the town. The falls in the river

⁸² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101013_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

constitute a valuable water power which has been rapidly developed since the railroad came in 1903. The town is named for the falls which have a small island situated in the center of them. As far back as 1843, Levi Sewell and Jesse , Craig came through the woods from Farmington, Me., and settled on the beautiful spot where the village now stands. The nearest town Was Patten, a little lumber village some 12 miles away. There was no road then across the country to Houlton. While these pioneers cleared up some land, the principal occupation was hunting fur bearing animals and getting out ship timber for the Bangor market There was no town there till the B. & A. road bored its way through the big woods. In 1860 there were only 132 souls in the whole township, and in 1890 there was a population of only 223, but in 1900 the population had increased to 1063 on the talk of a railroad which came in 1893. In 1904 there were 362 polls and the estates were valued at \$302,069.

Chapter 44⁸³

The census of 1910 will show a great gain in wealth and population for Island Falls. The town is bounded on the north by Dyer Brook, east by No. 4, R. 4, south by No. 3, R. 5, and west by Crystal. It was formerly No. 5, R. 4. It was incorporated in February 1872. This busy town is located in the big Maine woods in the heart of the game country, the Mattawamkeag lake, a beautisheet of water, is almost wholly within the limits of the township. The scenery is beautiful, the balsam laden air from the great woods pure and bracing, and the water cold, pure and sparkling. You may talk of the balmy air of Arizona, the life sustaining air of Colorado, the pine groves of South Carolina, or the salt sea breezes off the coast of Florida as health resorts for the sick and weary, but in my opinion there is no place on earth where a weary mortal that is broken in health or spirit will recuperate so quickly and surely as in the great north woods of Maine. Listen to this little story, it is not new but true:

Many years ago there lived in Island Falls a tall, husky young hunter and woodsman named Bill Sewell; he still lives there but he is older now and is the Hon. W. W Sewell, but everybody still calls him "Bill". When Bill was young he had a hunting camp away back in the woods where he would go and trap and hunt for a month at a time without a human being near him.

About that time in one of the great states of the Union, where a high state of civilization and culture held sway, lived a man who had a sick and pindling son; the little fellow appeared bright enough, but pain had racked his little frame so many years that his courage was gone and his limbs weak and trembling. The father had called in all the skilled medical men in the state, but they could not, nor did not help him and his folks concluded he must die. At last an old doctor advised that he be sent away back in the woods of Maine. He said no medicine or medical skill could help him but that he had one chance in a thousand to get well and strong if

⁸³ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101020_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

sent far away into the woods where nature sometimes did more for the weak and ill than science had ever done.

So little Theodore was sent away back into the woods to Island Falls in Aroostook County, Maine, and given in charge of big Bill Sewell. For a long distance this slender boy rode on the cars; then he was taken onto a buckboard and carried for miles over a rough, muddy road through the gloomy forest, and the last part of his journey he walked, for there was only a foot path into Bill Sewell's camp. Here, far from his luxurious home, and the glare and clatter of the city, his friends and relatives expected he would die, but he is still alive. He now had to sleep on a bed of boughs with coarse blankets over him and his coat under his head for a pillow, instead of on the couch of down he slept on at home. He ate his food from a tin plate with a rusty, iron knife and fork, and drank his black coffee from a tin dipper without any milk in it. If he became thirsty while traveling in the woods he had no silver mug to drink from, but had to lie down on his stomach and drink from brook or stream. Many a day he walked till his feet were sore or paddled a canoe till his hands were blistered. His white linen and polished shoes were cast aside and he wore flannel clothing and coarse, heavy boots. He was drenched in showers and fell into the water up to his neck, and often slept out of doors with nothing but the sky for a covering, and walked miles with a heavy pack on his back and endured all the hardships that fall to the woodsman's lot; but his appetite increased and we are told after he had been in the woods awhile he could eat as much fried trout and venison as two common men. When he went to bed now he slept instead of tossing and groaning and rolling. He often slept with his boots and clothes on and washed his face and hands in the lake or stream. Sometimes when they were far away on a hunting trip and provision was scarce, a rabbit or a partridge would be shot and partly dressed and toasted on a stick over an open fire. This the hungry hunters would swallow in hunks half cooked and wash it down with cold water drunk out of a felt hat

Theodore did not die in the backwoods but grew, tough, strong and hearty; he soon became a skillful canoe man and a dead shot with a rifle; he learned how to trap the bear, and the fox and all other cunning animals whose fur was coveted by Bill Sewell; he learned how to build camps and make moccasins, and mend and wash his own clothes and swing an ax and cook his own food. Meanwhile he learned to love the woods and the backwoodsmen and their rough ways. Bill Sewell thought Theodore was a wonderful boy and Theodore almost worshipped Bill Sewell, and the bond of friendship which was formed between those two men when in the woods together, and later when they were roughing it together on a ranch in the west, will never be broken till death claims one of them.

When Theodore had grown strong and stout, and brown in the pure Aroostook air, he had to go home and attend school and later go to college. Soon after he got into politics, and after holding many minor offices he was elected governor of the great state of New York; later he was elected Vice president of the United States, and at the death of President McKinley he became President. After he had served out McKinley's term he was nominated and elected again by a very large majority. When the time came when he was to be inaugurated President of the great Republic, altho surrounded by many of the greatest men of the nation, foreign ministers and ambassadors, fair ladies and learned professors, wealth and grandeur, he did not

forget Bill Sewell, but sent an urgent message to Island Falls asking him to come to Washington and see him inaugurated. So Bill, dressed in a frock coat, tall hat and other fashionable togs in which he felt decidedly uncomfortable, he went to Washington and was the biggest toad in the puddle during the ceremonies.

Again when Theodore's eldest daughter was married Bill Sewell was invited to the wedding and attended, and we should not be surprised that he and Theodore, on that occasion, had a snifter of old rye together. And should Theodore ever become President again, and he is liable to, and Bill Sewell is living, he will again be invited to the inauguration.

Linneus

Nine miles southwest of Houlton on the old military road, granted by Massachusetts to endow a botany professorship, and first settled by Daniel Neal from New Brunswick, and named after the botanist. Population in 1900 834, valuation \$243,055, polls in 1904, 237. Linneus is bounded on the north by New Limerick, east by Hodgdon, south by letter A. R. 2, and west by Oakfield. It is located in No. 5, R. 2. The town is six miles square and was incorporated March 19, 1836.

Littleton

This town is seven miles north of Houlton on the B&A. RR formed from Framingham Academy and Williams College grants. Incorporated as a town March 18, 1856. Population in 1900, 956, valuation 1904 \$323, 333, polls 256. Bounded on the north by Monticello, east by New Brunswick, south by Houlton, and west by Hammond Plantation. It is a border town six miles square. In August each year the Methodist Society hold campmeeting for two weeks on the beautiful grounds in the town.

Ludlow

Half a township seven miles west of Houlton, formerly Belfast Academy Grant. Organized together with New Limerick as a plantation in 1831. New Limerick set off and incorporated March 21, 1864. In 1900 it had a population of 304. valuation in 1904, 113,604, polls 123. On B & A. R. R., Ludlow is bounded on the north by Hammond Plantation, Letter B. R. 2, east by Houlton, south by New Limerick, and west by Smyrna.

New Limerick

Half, township six miles west of Houlton on B. & A. R. R. Incorporated March 18, 1837. Population in 1900, 600, valuation in 1904 \$190,742, polls 155. Set tied by Irish about 1830. Bounded on the north by Ludlow, east by Houlton, south by Linneus and west by Oakfield. It is located in No. 5, R. 2.

Oakfield

Fifteen miles west, southwest of Houlton on B. & A. R. R. Organized as a plantation April 17, 1866, incorporated as a town Feb. 25, 1897. Population in 1900 869, valuation in 1904, \$106,968. polls 210. This town is growing rapidly. Bounded on the north by Smyrna, east by New Limerick and Linneus, south by No. 4, R. 3, and west by Dyer Brook. The township is six miles square.

Orient

This town lies 25 miles south of Houlton and is connected with the outside world by a stage line running from Houlton to Danforth in Washington Co. It was incorporated April 9, 1856. In 1900 the population was 208. In 1904 the valuation was \$40,043, polls 54. It is bounded on the north by Amity, east by Grand lake, a body of water that forms the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, south by Weston, and west by Haynesville. One of the border towns and noted for its lumber, last blocks, ties and telephone poles. The American side of Grand lake lies in this township.

Weston

This little township is located in the southeast corner of the County thirty miles' south of Houlton on the stage line to Danforth. It was formerly known as Hamden Academy grant. Incorporated March 17, 1835. A piece of the town of Bancroft was annexed February 26, 1907. Population in 1900 367, valuation in 1904 \$59,872, polls 110. Bounded on the north by Orient and Haynesville, east by Orient and Grand lake, south by Washington County, and west by Bancroft and Haynesville. Some people say that a well organized band of smugglers dwell on the shores and islands of Grand lake in this little town.

Sherman

Thirty eight miles southwest of Houlton on B. & A. R. R., twenty five miles from Mattawamkeag and twenty five from Kingman, on a stage line from Braggville to Benedicta. Once called Golden Ridge. Incorporated January 28, 1862. Lots 18 in Ranges 2 and 3 set off from Silver Ridge Feb. 4, 1870. Population in 1900 980, valuation of estates in 1904 \$200,818, polls 296. Sherman is bounded on the north by Crystal, east by No. 3, R. 5, south by Benedicta and Silver Ridge, and west by Penobscot Co. Sherman is six and one half miles east and west, and part of the township six and one half miles north and south.

Monticello

This town is on the border twelve miles north of Houlton on B. & A. R., and on a branch of the Meduxnekeag river. It was formerly called "Wellington Township." Incorporated July 29, 1846. Population in 1900 1,332. In 1904 the valuation was 344,464, polls 295. It is bounded on the north by Bridge water, east by New Brunswick, south by Littleton and west by letter C. R. 2,

so called. A complete history of the town has recently been written by Mr. L. E. Stackpole, one of the leading citizens of the town. His address is Monticello, Me.

Bridgewater

This town is twenty two miles north of Houlton on B. & A. R. R. Originally Bridgewater and Portland Academy grants. Incorporated March 2, 1858. Population in 1900 1179, valuation in 1904 \$345,578, polls 335. Bridgewater is a border town and is bounded on the north by Blaine, east by New Brunswick, south by Monticello and west by letter D. R. 2. A branch of the Presque isle river of the St. John runs through the town and furnishes a fine water power, it is a fine farming township and is developing rapidly. The census of 1910 will show a marked growth in wealth and population.

Blaine

This town is also a border town twenty six miles north of Houlton on the B. & A. R. R. Soon after the Aroostook war it was organized as Alva Plantation, and on Feb. 18 1874, it was incorporated as a town and named for one of Maine's or America's greatest statesmen, James G. Blaine. In 1900 the population was 954. and in 1204 the estates were valued at \$184,452 and there were 256 polls. Blaine is bounded on the north by Mars Hill, east by New Brunswick, south by Bridgewater and west by E. Plantation. R. 2. Blaine is not a whole township, but jewels are not bulky; it is composed of some of the best farming land in the state and has a history. In the early days, prior to the Aroostook war, the timber operators from New Brunswick had headquarters here and a fortified camp, as they feared a raid from the US troops stationed at Houlton. It was here that American prisoners who were being taken to Woodstock jail were fed and rested, and supplies were kept in large quantities for the timber makers and scattered settlers. In fact as early as 1825 Blaine was a trading post and in a great measure supplied the surrounding territory with edge tools, firearms, clothing, flour, pork, tobacco and rum.

In later days when the military road was cut northward from Houlton it came as far as the present site of Blaine village and then turned westward toward the Fairbank's mills on the Presque Isle of the Aroostook, and from there to Fort Fairfield. After the treaty of 1842, when the tariff bars were put up between Maine and New Brunswick, and all the supplies for Aroostook were hauled from Bangor Alva Corner became an important stopping place for the teamsters and their horses, and later for the stage horses that carried mail, passengers and express between Presque Isle and Houlton.

The early settlers who came from New Brunswick stripped the surrounding country of the great pines that grew in the⁸⁴ hardwood growth and made them into timber. We are told that some of those trees were monsters in size and length. When the border trouble was brewing

⁸⁴ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101020_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

those squatters made such frothy talk an effort was made to capture them, but they were warned by friends and made good their escape.

From the best authorities I can obtain, the first real settler was one James Clark from New Brunswick, who settled at Three Brooks in the southern part of the town in the spring of 1840. It appears that previous to this, Mr. Clark or someone else had been there and cut and burned a piece of trees and built a log house and stable, for a traveling minister who came through from Houlton in the summer of 1839, told the settlers at Bull's Eddy on the Aroostook, that there was a spotted line all the way from Houlton to the Aroostook river, and that he had passed the night in a new log house in the middle of a burned chopping and had ascended into the chamber by a newly made ladder and had passed the night there. He also stated that the floors were made of boards instead of hewn planks, and that beans, corn and potatoes were planted in the chopping among the logs.

Chapter 45⁸⁵

When the Maine militia came through from Houlton at the time of the Aroostook war, some of the young farmers from the southern part of the state admired the beautiful maple groves and declared if they lived till the war was over, they would return and make homes there, and they did,

We are told that Bartlett W. Chandler of Winthrop, Me., one of the soldiers, came back and took up a farm on a hillside near where the beautiful village now stands, and cut the first trees on the farm later owned by the late Ruel W. Lowell. Others soon came and settled on both sides of the road cut through by the soldiers the entire length of the town. Those settlers, as near as we can learn, came in the summer of 1843. Many of them came from New Brunswick, but there were some genuine Yankees among them from Maine.

Among the early settlers were the Bubars, Bells, Youngs, Nobles and Tapleys and others. With one or two exceptions those old pioneers have joined the silent majority on the unknown shore, but their descendants in many places still occupy the old homesteads and are prominent and respected citizens.

One of the early pioneers, Mr. David Noble, is still living on the outskirts of the village. When a young man he helped to cut the military road through from Houlton to Presque Isle. He saw the first horses that ever passed over it, a company of cavalry on their way to the Fort. He saw the heavy forest growth fall before the blows of the woodsman's ax, and his own strong arms have caused many a forest giant to fall, groaning and crashing to rise no more. He has planted and harvested among the blackened stumps, cutting the grain with a sickle, hauling it in

⁸⁵ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101027_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

on a sled and threshing it with a flail, and for aught I know he has carried the grain to mill on his back. He has seen not only the trees disappear, but the stumps also; he saw the ox cart take the place of the sled, and the patent Aroostook jigger wagon take the place of the ox cart, he saw the old log houses chinked with moss and covered with splits disappear, and tall, stately, modern farm buildings take their place. In his day the flail has been exchanged for the modern threshing machine, the sickle for the binder, the new land hoe for the Hoover digger, and the lumbering stage coach for railroad coaches. Many and many other changes, that I have not time to mention, he has seen in the town of Blaine and in the county since he helped cut that road through from Houlton, and he may live to see many more for he is still hale and hearty and likes to tell of the days of the pioneers and the good times they used to have then. Blaine bounded on the west by E. Plantation lies on the border of the great forest which extends across the State of Maine. A few miles from the busy town wild game is abundant and the trout fishing is in the many streams and brooks in the vicinity.

The village is built in the extreme northern part of the township, and as the village of Mars Hill is built in the extreme southern part of Mars Hill township, the two villages are one and are called the twin towns of Aroostook. The MARS HILL VIEW, a wide awake and up to date paper, is printed every Thursday at Blaine, Mr. E. L. Lowell, the founder of this lively sheet, is still Editor and owner of the plant. This paper and the B&A. RR are rapidly pushing Blaine and Mars Hill to prominence.

Mars Hill

This town is also a border town thirty miles north of Houlton, and was named for the mountain in the southeast part of the township. In 1850 it had a population of 29. The valuation in 1860 was only \$25,000. In 1900 the population had increased to 1,183 and in 1904 the estates were valued at \$288,907, and there were 323 polls. Please bear in mind that none of those Aroostook towns at that time were assessed at their full value.

The town is bounded on the north by Easton, east by New Brunswick, south by Blaine and west by Westfield. The township is six miles square and contains as much or more good farming land as any town in the state. The township was once heavily timbered with birch, maple, and pumpkin pines; but the forest has been cleared away and great fields of potatoes, hay and grain now flourish where once the tall trees covered the face of the country. I have said elsewhere in this work that the territory which now forms Easton and Mars Hill was sort of a "no man's land," and almost undiscovered by the Americans until after the Aroostook war. The military road from Fort Fairfield went around it. It is true that the mountain might be seen from all sides for 30 or 40 miles, and it is also true that the New Brunswick lumbermen had stripped it bare of pine and deserted it, but when all of the other border towns had been settled, with the exception of Easton, the rich township of Mars Hill was unsettled and unclaimed. The township was organized as a plantation in 1866 and incorporated as a town Feb. 21, 1867. Let me copy an extract from a letter written by J. F. Wilson of Belfast, Me., a former resident of the town. He says:

"P. T. Blanchard, J. B. Wilson and I rode from Houlton to Alva Corner on James Martin's stage, April 2, 1858. Henry Wilson, agent of Mars Hill township, met us there. He was on horseback. There were a few log houses there then and one frame house. Bart Chandler's on the west side of the road, Joel Valley lived on the east side, Dennis Getchell lived a few rods north on the Presque Isle road and kept the post office. There were two families, Joseph and Benjamin Bubar who lived south of the Corner."

So much for the present site of Blaine village in 1858

Mr. Wilson goes on: "Henry Wilson escorted us to his mill on Rocky brook, (Mars Hill). There was a winter road from Alva Corner to Wilson's mill, but we could not get along with a wagon. On April 3, Mr. Wilson showed us the township. We were pleased with the town and proceeded to locate farms on the west side of the mountain. P. T. Blanchard's widow now lives on the farm that he bought; the Wilson Brothers took the two farms next, south. There was no wagon road in the township at that time except the Houlton and Presque road that crossed one corner on the west. Henry Wilson had a frame for a saw mill up and had the machinery in and had commenced to saw lumber. After that he covered his mill. He lived in a log house.

James Shaw and his son Weyman had built each a framed house that winter and moved in their families that spring. They were on the east side of Rocky brook. Mr. Gilman built a house west of Henry Wilson's on the contemplated centre road. Col. Rackliff built a log house on the centre road south of the Presteel stream. Mr. Banks built his house on the centre road north of Gilman's. James Syphers took a farm on the west side of the contemplated road in front of the Wilson Bros. Col. Shaw bought in front of P. T. Blanchard's and afterwards sold to Gilbert Blanchard. Warren Boynton settled south of the Wilson's. Mr. Waterman bought south of Boynton's and afterwards sold to the Rhodes Bros. Mr. Meagher bought north of P. T. Blanchard's. Leo McCormick bought north of Meagher, They moved their families in that summer. They had each built a camp up at the foot of the mountain. That same summer, Mr. Goodell Silsbury bought north of McCormick's and he came in that summer with his two sons William and Horace and commenced to clear land, not moving his wife until the next year. Mr. Broad settled north of Silsbury and Mr Towle north of Broad. Henry Wilson, as fast as he sold farms, laid out the roads, and we settlers bushed them out so we could get along with sleds, and later grubbed them out so we could get to our places with wagons.'

This is what one of the early settlers tells us about Mars Hill and conditions there just before the Civil war. No roads, no churches, no schools; tall maples surrounded the little clearings in the woods, and the terrain growing tall among the newly made stumps was cut with a sickle, threshed by hand, and taken to mill on a sled. Tender women who were accustomed to the comforts of civilization, came through the woods on foot over a blazed trail and went to housekeeping in a camp or log hut and did the cooking for the family over an open fire. There were no daily mails to bring magazines or papers or news from the outside world. There was not even a team passing to take up their attention for there were no roads for teams to pass on. No agents selling sewing machines, or books came to break the monotony of the lonely housewife and her children. Close by stood the mountain and summer and winter they might look at the

great hill, or perchance climb its steep sides and look for miles over the great forest dotted with lakes and little clearings, both in Maine and New Brunswick.

And what about the children who were born here in the wilderness and got plenty of hard work, ate buckwheat pancakes and fried pork, and caught their limited education in a log house? I have said elsewhere in this work that the sons and daughters of Aroostook "made good," and those who were born in the township of Mars Hill in the old pioneer days have accomplished wonders. Those boys who had to tend the stock and cut the fire wood at home when they attended school in winter, and take their turns building the fires in the old log school house, apparently picked up a better education than most of the boys of today who have a chance to attend High schools and Institutes and even go to college. At any rate many of them became doctors and lawyers, and merchants and accurate bookkeepers and successful business men, and have acquired wealth and fame at home and abroad.

Those girls who took turns at sweeping the schoolhouses and taking the ashes each morning from the old box stove, who wore home knit hoods, coarse shoes and homespun dresses, were every one of them worth their weight in diamonds." As wives, mothers and teachers, their equals cannot be found on the continent; robust and healthy, chaste and brainy they did their share toward making the Mars Hill of today. Many of them are still living in their native town in the shadows of the mountain near the spot where they were born, on the fertile farms where the big maples once grew. They did not marry sickly, city dudes, but the tall farmer boys, their school mates, who toed the crack with them in the spelling class in the old log schoolhouse.

When the B&A railroad came in 1894, a village sprang into existence in the southern part of the township on the Presque Isle (Presteel) river, near the village of Blaine in the northern part of that township. So rapidly have those villages grown that they are now merged into one and are called Mars Hill and Blaine. This model town has modern dwellings, electric lights, sewers, mills, business blocks, a bank, newspaper, a fine telephone system and many other modern conveniences. The Aroostook Central Institute stands on a beautiful eminence just west of the village, and is one of the finest and most costly school buildings in northern Maine.

S. L. Shaw, a prominent resident of the town, has written a complete history of the town. His address is Mars Hill, Me.

Easton

A border town thirty seven miles north of Houlton on the B&A RR. This township first known as letter C. or Fremont Plantation lies just North of Mars Hill and was formerly in the same block of woods and was almost unknown at the time of the Aroostook war. It was incorporated as a town Feb. 24, 1864. In 1900, it had a population of 1215. In 1904 the town assessors valued the estates at \$354,371. There were then 316 polls. Easton is bounded on the North by Fort Fairfield, East by New Brunswick, South by Mars Hill and West by Presque Isle. Is

a prosperous farming township and is rapidly gaining in wealth and population. Township six miles square.

Limestone

A border town fifty six miles North of Houlton on a spur of the B. & A. R. R. We have one authority that says the township was settled in 1849 by Gen. Mark Trafton, and another that says the first settlement was made in/ the spring of 1845. The latter statement is probably correct. It was not incorporated as a town however, until Feb. 26, 1869. The census of 1900 gave it a population of 1131. Valuation in 1904. \$378,083, polls at that time 203. It is estimated that the population at this writing is over 2000. The township is six miles square and one of the many Aroostook towns that is noted for its potatoes. It is said that the township of Limestone raises more potatoes per acre and more potatoes compared with the population and area planted than any other town in the United States.

Limestone is bounded on the north by Caswell Plantation, east by New Brunswick, south by Fort Fairfield and west by Caribou. The little river of the Aroostook flows through the town furnishing an abundant water power which at this writing is only partially developed.

The late Michael Elsworth once told me a story about the first settlement, and he was there at the beginning. He said that after the boundary dispute was settled. Gen. Trafton, who then resided at Fort Fairfield, was on the lookout for a suitable place to build a mill. He employed one Benjamin Eastman to cruise the surrounding forest, and if possible, find a suitable location. In the fall of 1844, Mr. Eastman, who had been in the woods several days, attempted to cross the then unknown country from the Madawaska river to the Aroostook at a point below the falls. When he came to the little river he was bewildered, for there was no such a stream laid down on his paper plan of the County. He decided to follow the stream down and see where it came out. After traveling downstream about eight miles, the cruising party came to a settlement. They then discovered that they were across the line in New Brunswick and on the little river of the Aroostook which joined the main river on the northside about midway between the Aroostook falls and the mouth of the river. As the party descended the stream the blows of an ax were heard in the distance. They soon came to an old man cutting trees on the edge of a clearing. "Please tell me what part of the world we are in now?" said Eastman. The chopper, who was something of a wag, said: "You are in California." And from that day to this that strip of country in New Brunswick bounded by Limestone and the St. John and Aroostook rivers, has been called the California settlement. But the old man was only joking. He was well posted and intelligent and soon told them all about the surrounding country and Letter E, since Limestone on the paper plan, for he had helped to make timber all over the township, and was at home anywhere in that territory. He invited the strangers to his cabin and after they had eaten a hearty dinner of bear meat and pancakes, the settler, Mr. Butler returned with them and showed them a fine sight for a mill.

Chapter 46⁸⁶

The next morning Eastman and his party spotted a line due south to the Fort. The centre Limestone road, so called, between Fort Fairfield and Limestone now runs about where that line was blazed.

When Eastman reported to Gen. Trafton, he gave a glowing account of the territory on the Little river. The soil was deep and rich; the water was clear and sparkling; the air was pure and bracing, and wild game and fish were plentiful. The big pines that would make timber had all been cut, but there were many big, crooked or sweeping pine that would make fine clapboards, and many a pine that had been fallen and left for some little defect, and thousands of small sized pine still standing that were just right for clapboard cuts. And the mill site was one of the best in the world. Besides all this Eastman had discovered a new river in the new county, a fine water power, uncharted and to the people of Maine apparently unknown. But the General did not appear to be very enthusiastic. How were they ever to get the clapboards over the hills and out of the woods, some 10 or 12 miles to the river to raft them to market?

Then Eastman told his plan. It was very simple but sensible. It was to put the bunches of clapboards in the Little river and let them float down to the Aroostook; there they could be rafted and floated to Fredericton and no falls to bother with, for Little river joins the Aroostook below the falls.

The next morning at daylight Gen. Mark Trafton and Ben Eastman crossed the river in a canoe and struck northward on the newly spotted line, and by noon they were pacing and measuring on the high banks on the Little river, where the hustling village of Limestone now stands.

Early in the spring of 1845, a crew of men left the Fort to build a new mill on Letter E. A road was bushed out across the hills and hardwood ridges, and a long team of oxen on a sled, driven by Happy Jack Eysers, hauled the supplies and machinery. While digging away the banks to secure a solid foundation for a dam, a blue fedge was unearthed. "By the hole in me pants," said one of the crew, an Irishman, "that's limestone." And it was. A lump of the rock was later sent to St. John, and the lime burners there pronounced it the purest of lime. Little did the scattered settlers then know that the whole county was resting on a bed of limestone. From that day the new settlement at the mill was called Limestone, and when the town was incorporated the name stuck to it. Mr. Eastman was the founder of the town. His scheme worked, and millions of clear pine clapboards, the bunches bound with birch withes, floated down the Little river.

There now lives at Fort Fairfield an old man who is nearing his 85th birthday. He is Mark Trafton, Esq., a son of Gen. Trafton, who caused the town of Limestone to be founded. For

⁸⁶ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101103_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

many years Mr. Trafton resided in Limestone and did a large business there, but he has now retired from business and lives with a daughter at Fort Fairfield.

As I write these lines the news comes that Mr. Trafton has been terribly injured by an accident on the street Since the railroad has been built the village of Limestone has grown rapidly.

Westfield

This town is 32 miles north of Houlton on the B. & A. R. R., and was formed from the Deerfield and Westfield Academy Grants, and was known to the early settlers as Letter F. R. 2. The old military road, when cut from Houlton to Presque Isle, went through the northeast corner of the township, and along this road some settlers came as early as 1850; but the greater part of the township was a howling wilderness until the railroad came in 1894. We find in 1870 the whole township had a population of only 76, and a valuation of \$20,869, and 17 polls. In 1900 the population was only 259, and in 1904 the valuation was \$127,577 with 91 polls. The railroad only passes through one corner of the town, but since it came and gave an outlet for the products of field and forest the settlers have flocked in and the woods are being rapidly cleared away. As the traveler rides along in the cars, a brakeman calls out "Westfield!" and the train comes to a stop in a trim, neat, modern village. True, the blackened stumps are still to be seen between the buildings, for the trees that grew on them have only recently been cut and it is no easy matter to remove the green stumps, "This explains the conductor, is a new town; when the road first came this was all woods here and there was no such a place on the map; the village, so to speak, was built in a day." Large quantities of farm produce, firewood, ties, Tel. poles, tan bark, etc , are daily shipped from Westfield. Westfield is bounded on the north by Presque Isle, east by Mars Hill, south by E. Plantation and west by No. 10 R. 3, and Chapman Plantation. The township is six miles square.

Take a ride on any of the new roads in the township and one may see the stages by which the Aroostook forest is cleared away, and the garden of Maine enlarged. Here lies a new chopping just as the trees were felled; the brush and woods are so thickly tangled and woven together that a rabbit can hardly get through it. There lies a chopping that has just been burned. The great fire that recently passed over it has consumed all the brush and small sticks, and now nothing remains but the blackened bodies of the trees and the black stumps. Tha man standing on the big down tree in the hot sun, swinging his axe so vigorously is "junking" the fallen trees into proper lengths to be piled into log heaps; those trees are rock maples and are seasoned hard by sun and fire, and it is hard work to chop them, but it must be done in order to clear the land. And here is a crew "piling." They have a yoke of oxen to draw the logs together, for an ox team gets around among the stumps much more handily and steadily than a horse team. The men's faces and hands are black with smut but they do not mind it for they are healthy and strong and enjoy the work. In fact they pity the poor city man cramped up in dingy offices and hampered and hobbled with tight clothing and collars that fashion demands they should wear.

When the chopping is all piled the great log heaps will be set on fire and reduced to ashes, and the land is ready for the first crop.

Over there on the hillside is a field of "new land" oatp; they are so tall that we cannot see the stumps. When they are cut and threshed they will yield one hundred bushels or more per acre. That held of wheat beside it will yield 35 or 40 bushels per acre. Here we find a man "stumping;" he is pulling out the small stumps with oxen and blowing the big ones out with dynamite. When the stumps are piled and burned, he will plow the land and plant it with potatoes; he will get an immense crop without using fertilizer of any kind, for the land is new and contains a large percent of potash, nitrogen and other plant foods. This field can now be worked over by machinery and is worth \$100. per acre. This man and his family now live in a log house and his children attend school in the Utile red schoolhouse over yonder, but is getting a big pile of lumber together and will soon build a set of modern farm buildings and be proud of his farm and home that he has himself made from the Aroostook forest.

In the southeast corner of the township is a mineral spring; the water is absolutely pure and is said to be beneficial for all diseases of the kidneys and also dyspepsia. Large quantities of the water is ndw used by the citizens of Aroostook, and much of it is shipped to other parts of the state. It is located in a beautiful spot and is becoming famous as a picnic resort during the summer months.

The waters of Young lake, into which the spring pours fifty gallons each minute, flows into the Presque Isle river of the S t John which runs southeast and joins the big river in New Brunswick. About A mile from the spring and lake is a brook that runs into the Presque Isle of the Aroostook which runs north and joins hands with the Aroostook near Presque Isle village. Thus we see that the two streams and two rivers almost surround or make an island which is said to be the meaning of the word "Presque Isle."

The old Trueworthy tavern which was built in the pioneer days, was located on the Houlton road in what is now the township of Westfield. Thousands of lumbermen, teamsters and drovers driving great herds of cattle and sheep to the outside markets, have in days long past, warmed themselves before the great open fire in the "bar room" and eaten square meals under the hospitable roof, for Jeremiah Trueworthy and his esteemable wife always took pains to make the traveling public and their teams comfortable and at home.

No history of Westfield would be complete without mention of Cyrus Chase, one of the early settlers of the township. He, with his young wife, came to Aroostook before the Civil war, and took up a farm on a beautiful maple ridge in what is now the township of Westfield. Those young people endured all the hardships that fell to the lot of the early pioneers, but they succeeded in clearing up a large farm and in building handsome, modern farm buildings, while they reared a large family of bright boys and girls.

When the Civil war broke out Mr. Chase exchanged his ax for a gun, and gave three of the best years of his life to his country, but when the war was over he returned and again took

up the task of subduing the Aroostook wilderness and making a beautiful farm and home in the garden of Maine; and he succeeded beyond his expectations, for with the coming of the railroad and the sharp rise in the value of real estate, he, like many other Aroostook farmers, found himself independent and wealthy, as far as wealth goes in Aroostook. Mr. Chase has done much for the town of Westfield and north Aroostook along business and agricultural lines.

As a farming town, Westfield in a few years will stand in the class with the border towns. It has not been cleared up and settled, because, until recently there has been no market for the products of the farm without hauling a long distance, but the trees are falling and the woods are being rapidly driven back by the sturdy settlers. Westfield is a great game country. The wild lands of this state, the greatest game park on the continent, come to the town line and moose and deer feed in the pastures with the settler's cattle, while bears and wild cats prowl around the clearings.

Caribou

Where the stream unites with the river wide,
The village site is like a smiling bride.
It was named for the beautiful fleet reindeer
That, one time, roamed in great numbers here?
The first pioneer that came this way.
Was a Scotsman, clad in homespun gray;
He closely inspected each brook and rill,
He was seeking a site to build a mill.
He found it at last, one autumn day,
On a rock bound stream in the forest gray;
A mill was erected, rude and small,
On the ledge bound shore near a waterfall.
The millstones turned by the rushing tide,
Were boulders found by the riverside.
From Number ten to the old Fort Hill
It was known as "The Sandy Cochrane mill."
And for many a year it ground the grain
That was raised on Aroostook's wide domain.
And the miller, in order to live, poor soul,
Had to keep the grist and return the toll.
The mill and the miller have passed away,
The forest is gone where the water plays,
But a thriving village guards the stream,
One Sandy Cochrane saw in his dream.
Tall mills and factories rumble loud,
The church spires point to the passing cloud,
The river is spanned with bands of steel

And harnessed to turn Industrie's wheel.
A court house stands in a beautiful square,
Great business blocks and banks are there.
If you don't believe what I tell is true,
Go visit the village of Caribou.

When the adjacent villages of Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield were thriving towns there was no such a place on the map as Caribou. It is true that Alexander Cochrane had a little gnat mill on the Caribou stream, and that soon after the Aroostook war, Washington A. Vaughn and Samuel W. Collins came and built mills on the same stream at a point where the village now stands. The location of the present village, on the outside of a great bend in the Aroostook river, like the townships of Mars Hill and Easton, were apparently out of the way. In other words, the roads that were made into the county at the time of the Aroostook war, passed them by and the early settlers made their homes along those roads. For 25 years the river was the only road to the mill on the Caribou stream. As late as 1870 there was nothing there to be called a village. Now do not understand me that there were no settlers in what is now the township of Canbou at that time, for there was a settler on the east side of the river (which runs north and south between Caribou and Presque Isle) as early as 1830, and settlers at the mouth of the Madawaska as early as 1820. But those settlers were squatters and moved away at the time of the border unpleasantness,

The first actual settler we can find any record of, was one Justin Grey, who came to Fort Fairfield at the time of the Aroostook war, and in 1841 built a clapboard mill in the south part of Letter H. on the west side of the river, about a mile from the mouth of the creek. As no lines had been run at that time in Range 2, Mr. Grey thought he was in Letter G. later called Maysville and now a part of Presque Isle. We are told that Mr. Grey cleared out the stream,⁸⁷ named it, drove the bunches of clapboards to the river where he rafted them to market and made a small fortune in three years.

In the winter of 1840, one Ivory Hardison of China, Maine, was hired by the state to bring a four horse load of soldiers to Fort Fairfield. He remained a year and worked with his teams on the fortification and blockhouse. He was so favorably impressed with the new country that he returned in the spring of 1841, bringing his son Jacob with him. After looking the country over they fell a piece of trees on a beautiful ridge near the center of Letter H. township. The next spring they cleared the chopping and planted a crop and then went to work and built a timber house, which is still standing and occupied.

Other settlers soon came, among them Harvy Ormsby from Fryeburg, who built a neat and comfortable house without using a nail or a particle of metal or sawed lumber. The Halls, Sampsons, Watson Starbird, Abram Parsons and others. At that time the road ended at Presque Isle and the prospective settlers' belongings had to be hauled through the woods on a

⁸⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101103_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

sled or floated down the river on a raft. Those settlers were the genuine New England Yankees, the descendants of the Puritans? They were looking for difficulties and obstacles in the new country, and fitted them, but they swept them from their pathway and founded one of the greatest towns in the county.

Chapter 47⁸⁸

We are told that some of the settlers who moved with ox I teams to letter H. were a month on the road. Those patient pioneers apparently were in no hurry but did things well. At their settlement at H. Center they built a store, blacksmith shop, hotel and schoolhouse.

In the fall of 1843, the State road was extended from Presque Isle to the Caribou stream, passing right through the little settlement. The next spring Hiram Hall built and opened the Letter H. House, the first Aroostook tavern on the west side of the river. In the winter of 1843, Vaughn and Collins came through the big woods with teams laden with machinery to build a saw and grist mill on the Caribou stream. The mills were built in 1844. In 1845 1846, Winslow Hall built a shingle mill on Hardwood creek. On the 24th day of April 1848, the plantation of Letter H. was organized and the first plantation meeting was held in Winslow Hall's barn; at this meeting 34 votes were cast. In 1850 J.W. Hines opened a store at the Center and for years did a thriving business with the settlers and lumbermen. The settlers produce such as hay, oats, beans, beef, pork and poultry was bought by Mr. Hines and found a ready market among the lumbermen. In his stock in trade, which was something of a variety, he kept all kinds of long and short lumber, groceries, edge tools, hardware, earthenware, glassware, dry goods, boots, shoes, moccasins, snowshoes, hides, pelts and raw furs, fresh salmon, trout, venison and bear meat. In his stock of wooden ware he kept shingle horses and bunching gages, ax helvies, goad sticks, splint and cedar brooms, hand looms, reels and swifts, wooden wash bowls and buckets, (homemade) hand fans to clean grain with, ox yokes, cow pokes, sheep, hog and goose yokes, cradles, coffins, etc. etc.

In 1851, a schoolhouse was built by private subscription on land belonging to Winslow Hall, although schools had been kept in the settlement before in private houses and camps. The settlers still got their mail at Presque Isle; it came once a week and the boys took turns going after it. There was no bridge across the river then, and the mail carrier often used to cross on a log. When the settlers wanted to visit their old homes in the Kennebec Valley, they often traveled the long distance on foot in the winter time. The little settlement became known among the surrounding towns as "Lyndon Center." Township Letter H.. was incorporated as the town of Lyndon April 5, 1859, and according to the census of 1860, had a population of 297, valuation \$26,664, polls 57.

⁸⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101110_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Washington A. Vaughn had now built a hotel, "The Vaughn House," on the Caribou stream, the State road had been extended to the French settlements on the St. John river. Settlers were moving in on adjoining townships, and at this time the two settlements on Letter H. were each striving to become a village with the Center a lap ahead.

Then came the Civil war. Lyndon, like other Aroostook towns, sent the greater part of its able bodied men to the war. During those dark days business was paralyzed, the farms grew UD to bushes, the plow rested in the furrow, diphtheria came and there were mourners in every home.

In 1869, Letter I, now Sheridan Plantation, and Eaton Grant, J were annexed to the town of Lyndon making a territory; twelve miles long north and south and six miles wide. The new town now took the name of Caribou, and Lyndon gave up the fight for supremacy. A wooden bridge was built across the river at the mouth of the Caribou stream, and the village of Caribou came into existence.

Before we go any farther let us see what we can find out about Eaton Grant. How came this little Grant away off here by itself in the woods among the wild lands of the State? By whom was it granted, and to whom? When I first commenced to make inquiries I found out nothing about it; the citizens could tell me nothing and histories were silent on the subject. I went to Augusta to look over the early records of the land office, but the State House was being rebuilt and I was told that the safes that contained the old documents had been stowed away in the basement and could not be opened at that time. But I have picked up the following bits of information on the subject, but whether it is all true or not I cannot say: It appears that Gen. Eaton was a brave, but somewhat eccentric soldier in the war between the United States and Tripoli in 1801. At the close of that war the State of Massachusetts gave him 10,000 acres of land in the disputed territory in the northern part of the province of Maine, and gave him liberty to select his land in any part of the disputed territory in any township not already granted.

Great Britain at that time claimed everything down to the 45th parallel, or as far south as where the city of Oldtown stands. Park Holland, Esq., had just had his "paper plan" of the disputed ground printed and had done some surveying in what is now the southern part of the county. This was in 1802, or four years before Mr. Holland was sent to trace the boundary and do the surveying on the Aroostook river. Now it appears that Gen. Eaton believed the salvation of the new Republic was in settling the wild lands, and inducing emigrants to make homes of their own, so he decided to found a colony in the northern part of the province of Maine. He did not want timber land, but a tract of hardwood growth that could be made into farms.

Now Gen. Eaton was not a poor man if he was a bit odd. He looked at Holland's plan and decided to found his colony on the Aroostook river, which on the plan was marked straight and broad, providing suitable land could be found there. The chart did not show any falls on the river, and we must assume that the General supposed the river to be navigable.

If we are informed correctly, in the spring of 1803 the General himself, with a party of surveyors, came to Aroostook. What route they took to get there we do not know, but probably they came up the St. John river. They were armed to the teeth, expecting to find the woods swarming with Indians and wild beasts. The Indians and beasts of prey they encountered, were shy and kept out of the way, but they were amazed to find the woods swarming with moose and caribou. They found a great bend in the river which the chart did not show, but that was not all they discovered. The country along the shores was the most beautiful they had ever seen. The great pines standing among the hardwood growth appeared to reach up to the clouds; the trees that formed the great groves of sugar maples were straight, tall and handsome; the country was rolling, not hilly, the soil looked dark and rich, while ice cold springs were abundant, and clear, dancing trout brooks sparkled in the sun. The General and his party were delighted with the country and the scenery and decided to select their land in the great bend on the south side of the river. Knowing that the country had not been surveyed, they had brought a full set of nautical instruments with them and attempted to find the southeast corner of Letter H. R. 2, as marked on the paper plan.

This was done by carefully taking observations of the sun. True, they were above sea level, but they also had instruments to compute the elevation, and believed they could discover the exact angle and run lines from that point. Lost angles, or corners of townships, are often located in this manner on the prairies, and the same methods are used by Arctic explorers on the rough fields of the north.

But with all their care they did not locate the angles where they should have been according to the later survey. The east and west line was where it should be, but the north and south line was 112 rods too far to the east. As the land was granted, the line had to stand, consequently a strip 112 rods wide was taken off of Plymouth grant, its entire length, and the surveyors left it so. Look on any map or plan, and if it is correctly drawn the "jog" can be plainly seen. The southern part of Fort Fairfield is 112 rods wider than the northern part which was once Plymouth Grant;

A short time ago I was on the very corner where it is alleged Gen. Eaton and his party gathered and planted a corner stake more than a century ago. It is still surrounded by tall maples in a beautiful hardwood grove; the line trees each way have been spotted so many times by surveyors keeping trace of the town lines, that the butts of the trees look like the sugar maples in a Vermont sugar orchard. On a great yellow birch I saw a mark on the bark that indicated an ancient blaze. It was so high that I had to gather windfalls and build a staging to get up to it. Then with my axe I chopped into the tree a foot before I found the original spot. I am sure it was made long before Capt' Parrott's survey, and before Noah Barker was born. There is no proof that General Eaton ran his lines west or north beyond the Aroostook river, and owing to the great bend in the river he came to it in both directions in going about two miles. With the beautiful intervals along the river bank, and the fine maple ridges, the great sweep in the river enclosed, Gen. Eaton appeared to be satisfied. There is no fairer land in New England today than that tract of land that was known as Eaton Grant.

Why Gen. Eaton did not found his colony I do not know; but I do know it was many a long day after the land was granted to him before it was settled. The first settlers who came crossed the river from Letter H. and made clearings and homes on the rock maple ridges. In the 50s immigrants from Ireland settled along the river and a colony from Oxford Co. Me., settled the southern part of the grant near Green Kidge. Some of the boys who cut the first trees in the Green Ridge settlement are still living on the farms the state deeded to their fathers. It is a fine country today.

After Letter H. and I. and Eaton Grant had been united in 1869, the census of 1870 gave the newly formed town a population of 1410, a valuation of \$156,702 and 256 polls. The population in 1900 was 4,758, valuation in 1904 \$1,538,515 with 1132 polls. At that time it had the largest population of any town in the county, and it is believed the census of 1910 will show it still leading. The population today is estimated by some at 7,500 and the most conservative place it at 6,500.

This banner town is located in R. 2. It is bounded on the north by Conner Plantation, east by Limestone and Fort Fairfield, south by Presque Isle and west by New Sweden, Woodland and Washburn. When the Aroostook Valley R. R. came in 1876, the town began to grow; this road was at the east of the river. In the winter of 1877, the name of the town of Lyndon was changed to Caribou by an act of the legislature. In 1889 a dam was built across the river just above the village. It is 600 feet long, 14 feet high and 48 feet wide at the base. The structure took a million feet of lumber including the ice piers, 40 tons of iron and 15,000 tons of stone, also half a million feet of hemlock logs. The structure with water works attached, cost about \$100,000. While Caribou has never had any destructive conflagration like Presque Isle or Houlton, it lost in 20 years four costly wooden bridges by flood and fire. The river is now spanned by a strong steel structure that was finished in 1902. The Bangor and Aroostook RR. commenced to run regular trains from the village Jan. 1, 1895.

Caribou has a fine sewerage system, elegant water works, electric lights, a large number of mills and starch factories, an iron foundry, a state fish hatchery, a costly brick court house, two banks, a salmon pool below the dam, two first class hotels, half a dozen restaurants and boarding houses, and more than a hundred stores and places of business. The public library contains over 2,000 volumes; the school buildings are costly and modern structures; the fishing and hunting in the vicinity of the town are excellent; a fine opera house, seven churches and a dozen secret societies, serve to keep the citizens out of mischief and idleness. Caribou has six R. F. D. routes that distribute a daily mail direct to the farmers' doors. It also has an up to date newspaper, the Aroostook Republican, which is ably edited by Lyman J. Pendell, editor and proprietor.

Like Presque Isle, Caribou has a large colony of Acadian French, who live in a section of the village by themselves. Many Swedes are also doing business in the town, but the sons and daughters of the early settlers own a very large percent of the real estate and do an extensive business.

Van Buren

Van Buren, formerly known as the Violette Brook settlement, is seventy five miles northwest of Houlton on the St. John river. For the past few years it has been the terminus of the eastern division of the B. & A. railroad, but that road during the year of 1910 was extended up river to Fort Kent This town is located in the St. John Valley, Aroostook's Acadia. It is one of the oldest towns in Aroostook, having been settled by descendants of the Acadian refugees who fled to the St John Valley before the American Revolution. The settlement was probably made about 1780. For years the settlers did their own surveying, made their farm implements and wearing apparel, and were governed by their own laws. The priest was law giver and spiritual adviser, and for years the happy, easy going. Acadians lived aloof from the busy civilized world. As late as 1870 the squalid little French village was regarded by sharp Aroostook business men, many of them Christians, as a good place to sell brass watches, old wagons that had been painted over, trade off balky horses and dispose of confederate money.

In 1881 the lines of the⁸⁹ plantation were straightened out and the place was incorporated named Van Bureri. At the time there was a population of about 1200. In 1900 the population had increased to 1,878, and in 1904 the valuation was \$340,030 and 497 polls.

Then a great change came over the sleepy little town, and circumstances over which the simple natives had no control, threatened to change it into a city. Peter Charles Kegan, a native of the town, a statesman and a keen lawyer, by a sharp piece of strategy, forced the B. & A. R. R. Co. to build their road to the town "and Van Buren had an outlet to the markets of the world. A great change soon took place and Van Buren became the greatest lumber mart north of Bangor.

Chapter 48⁹⁰

The St. John Lumber Co., just above the village operates the largest lumber plant in New England. The Van Buren Lumber Co. also has a large and extensive plant. The new "Hotel Hammond" is one of the largest and most modern in northern Maine, has recently been added to the town and is doing a thriving business. The great Catholic church, the largest and most costly north of the cities, amazes the stranger when he sees such an imposing structure up here in the woods. St. Mary's college, commenced in 1887 under the supervision of a class of priests known as the Marist Fathers, has been completed and is a conspicuous and important institution. Long trains laden with lumber leave the town every few hours. A weekly newspaper, "Le Journal du Madawaska," has recently been established in the town, but at this writing is

⁸⁹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101110_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

⁹⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101117_english_12&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

suspended. There is a good field here for a paper printed in English. At this writing, Oct. 1910, contractors are at work putting concrete piers in the river on which will soon be placed a huge, steel, international bridge which will unite the two countries. The bridge is being built by Maine and Canada with the consent and approval of the U. S. Congress and Canadian Parliament.

Across the river is the town of St. Leonards in New Brunswick. Through this town runs the Canadian Pacific RR. and the new double track trans continental road, the Grand Trunk Pacific. The new bridge across the great river should increase the trade between the two nations at that point. The town was named for President Van Buren. Until recently the French language has been spoken by the citizens whether they were French or not. All English residents in the Madawaska country can speak French.

Van Buren is not what is called a whole township. Although the western side is more than six miles in length, the river cuts off the northeast corner of the township and reduces the size. It is bounded on the north by the St. John, the channel of which is the line between Maine and New Brunswick, east by Hamlin Plantation, south by Cyr Plantation and west by No. 17 R. 4. It is estimated that the population has doubled in the last decade.

Mapleton

A very fine farming town is located in R3 No. 12. The village and mills are located in the southern part of the town on the Presque Isle stream. Until recently the citizens of Mapleton have had to haul their farm produce and manufactured lumber over a rough road to Presque Isle. In 1909 the B&A RR. Co. built a road from Presque Isle to Mapleton, known as the "Mapleton Link." This connects with the branch known as the "Stockholm cut off" which also goes through Mapleton and joins the Fort Kent branch of the B&A. at Squa Pan.

Mapleton was incorporated as a town in March 1880, Population in 1900, 853; valuation 1904, 254,645, polls 223. It is now connected with both branches of the B. & A. road. It is 47 miles northwest of Houlton. Game is abundant. The township is six miles square. It is bounded on the north by Washburn, east by Presque Isle, south by Chapman Plantation and west by Castle Hill.

Washburn

The town was named for Israel Washburn, one of Maine's governors during the Civil war. There were settlers there as early as 1820, and perhaps before that. The Aroostook river runs through the southern part of the township and is crowded with islands; some of those islands contain more than 100 acres; all of them are very fertile. When Armstrong and Parks explored the river in 1816, they found many log houses and camps on those islands and some of them were inhabited by timber makers and squatters. But those early settlers were rolling stones; they moved from place to place and cannot be counted as actual settlers, The first real settlers

came from New Brunswick. Some of the directories say that Nathaniel Churchell was the first settler and that he came in 1829. Mr. Churchell and a few others settled in that part of the township which is now called Crouseville about that time, but there were real settlers at the mouth of the Salmon brook and on the islands above Crouseville as early as 1820. Ferdinand Armstrong lived there four years, cleared land and built buildings, and then sold his improvements to one Daniel Hickey and moved down to the Armstrong flats on the Reach. Mr. Armstrong came in 1818. At any rate the town was settled long before it was surveyed and by a sturdy, honest, class of pioneers if they did come from New Brunswick, With the treaty of 1842 they all became American citizens, and when the town was surveyed in 1842 the state gave each man and each of his sons 160 acres of land.

Up to the time of the Civil war the settlement was called Salmon Brook. This brook comes in on the west side of the river and the village is built at its mouth. In the early days this stream was swarming with salmon. It now affords a fine water power that turns the wheels of the mills and starch factories of the village. I have told elsewhere of the Indian village that was once there just above the town. The mouth of this stream and its surroundings was, and still is, one of the beauty spots of Aroostook.

On Feb. 25, 1861, the town was incorporated and given its present name. There was no village there then. Washburn as late as 1908, like Mapleton, Castle Hill and the surrounding plantations, had a bright bustling, intelligent class of citizens, a rich, fertile soil, abundant water power but no railroad. It took a farmer all day to go to Presque Isle or Caribou with a load of produce. They could not raise big crops for they could not get them to market; the starch all had to be hauled 20 miles to a railroad; also the lumber. But all this is changed now. Lightning struck twice in the same place so quickly that the citizens clapped their hands to their eyes. In the spring of 1909 there was a rumor that the B&A RR Co. were about to build the Stockholm cut off and tap Washburn. Also that an electric road was to be built up the river from Presque Isle.. Those rumors were not believed at first but it soon became evident that both companies were making the dirt fly in a race for the little town. In the spring Washburn found itself with two well equipped first class roads. The electric road is no toy, but one of the best of its kind. During the summer and autumn of 1910, Washburn sent to the outside markets a steady stream of freight. The electric, or Aroostook valley road, delivers its freight to the CPR.

In 1900 the population of Washburn was 1225 and the valuation \$250,000. What will it be in 1920? In the summer of 1908 the U. S. Government sent scientific men to Aroostook to make a "soil survey; " the Washburn loam was found to be the richest in plant food in the Aroostook Valley.

The town is bounded on the north by Woodland, east by Caribou and Presque Isle, south by Mapleton, and west by Wade Plantation. The township is six miles square.

Woodland

Sixty miles northwest from Houlton via stage line from Caribou to New Sweden. Formerly township No. 14, R 3. Organized as a plantation in 1861. Incorporated as a town March 5, 1880. In 1900 it had a population of 1096. In 1904 the valuation was \$204,350 with 279 polls. "The township is six miles square. The face of the township is covered with fine rock maple ridges, which when cleared will make excellent potato farms. Bounded on the north by New Sweden, east by Caribou, south by Washburn and west by Perham. Woodland is noted for its maple sugar and apples. No better apples are raised in any part of the state than in Woodland.

New Sweden

I wish I had time and space in this little work to give a complete history of New Sweden and the Swedish colony, but I must content myself with a brief sketch and leave the details for another pen.

When the state, at the close of the Civil war, became panic stricken to get rid of its wild land, it discovered that in northern Aroostook were several townships covered with a heavy growth of hardwood that the "lumber hogs" did not want, and at that time would not take at any price.

Hon. Wm. W. Thomas of Portland was at that time U. S. Counsel to Sweden and conceived the idea of inducing a colony of Swedes to settle on one of those townships. The state finally appointed a board of commissioners consisting of Hon, W, W. Thomas ,of Portland, Hon. Parker P. Burleigh of Linneus and Hon. Wm. Small of Fort Fairfield, to go into the woods "up country" and see what they could find for a suitable location. Those gentlemen, with Jacob Hardison of Caribou for a guide, left Caribou one morning in 1868 and were soon in the unbroken northern forest.

Now this Jacob Hardison was the same boy that came to Letter H. with his father 25 years before, and he knew as much as any man living about the woods of north Aroostook. He knew every brook, lake, and river from Caribou to Fort Kent, and could go to any corner of any township in the territory. He knew what the commissioners were looking for and guided them to township No. 15, R. 3.

And what did they find there? Rolling, hardwood ridges covered with a heavy growth of birch, beech and sugar maple. In the swales between grew elm, ash, spruce, fir, pine, cedar and hemlock. Cool springs gushed from the crests of the ridges and ran away in tiny brooks to the larger streams: the white tailed deer scampered out of the way, but the mother partridges with great broods of chicks bustled up at the intruders and tried to frighten them away. Beneath all was a deep, rich soil.

"With the consent of the State of Maine, and the will of the Lord," said Mr. Thomas, " I will plant a colony here that will turn this wilderness into one of the fairest townships in Aroostook." And he did.

The Staff and the Lord apparently being willing that a colony should try its luck there, Mr. Thomas sailed for Sweden to select his colony, and the state caused 125 acres of trees to be felled. This was in the summer of 1869. This great chopping at the Woodland line in the southeast corner of No. 15, R. 3, and extended northward for over two miles to the summit of a high ridge. After the chopping was burned and cleared and a road grubbed through the center, 16 large log houses were built along the road. Those cabins were well built and roomy, and in each was a cook stove all set up with pipe attached. Before the trees were felled the township was surveyed by Hon. Noah Barker, a veteran surveyor. One hundred acres of land was laid out for each family and fifty acres were reserved for public grounds. On this public square a substantial frame building: was erected and named the capitol. This work, done by the state, was under the supervision of Jacob Hardison of Caribou and was well done. Meanwhile Hon. W. Thomas was in Sweden selecting his colony and this work also is well done. None but satisfactory citizens were required or taken. Mr. Thomas had been on the ground and told them exactly what the conditions were, what the state would do for the colony, and what it expected in return.

On the 23rd of June, 1870, Counsel Thomas sailed from Gothenburg with a party consisting of 22 men, 11 women and 19 children. They landed at St. John, NB and came via the St. John river, for Aroostook had no railroad then. At Tobique, NB teams were waiting to convey them to their new homes on American soil. They were expected at Fort Fairfield, and when the long string of teams that conveyed them and their baggage were seen crossing the boundary line, the stars and stripes were run up and a large crowd of citizens gathered to meet them. The writer was in that crowd. Fort Fairfield was not much of a town then but some of the leading citizens did the best they could to welcome the strangers to Aroostook soil. A collation was served in the little public hall and speeches were made, but as the Swedes neither spoke nor understood a word of English, Mr. Thomas had to briefly interpret what was said.

The welcome was perhaps not quite as warm as it might have been, for the reason that many people believed the colony was being brought for political purposes. Many of the young men from Aroostook and other points of the state were at that time leaving their homes and going to the western states, consequently some folks wondered why the state did not offer a township of land to its own people with the same inducements it gave the Swedish colony. But it matters not what object the state had in view; it made no mistake when it brought the Swedish colony to Aroostook. Everybody is now satisfied that it was a grand move and paying investment.

To my boyish eyes those tall, fair Scandanavians looked like beings from another planet. Their clothes were entirely different from ours and the women and children with their great blue eyes wore handkerchiefs on their heads and rings in their ears. Although all were fagged and worn with the long journey, all of them took a keen interest in what was going on around them.

The black bread, those great dishes of heavy rye meal and water baked in the sun, on which they had subsisted on the journey over was passed around for the inspection of the crowd, and I managed to steal a piece. I had eaten some pretty hard looking bread in my early days in Aroostook, but nothing so coarse and black as that. I made up my mind then and there that if those nice looking people could live on bread like that, they would prosper anywhere, and my animosity toward them instantly disappeared and I hoped they would multiply and prosper.

There is more to tell but I must desist. On July 23rd, just a month after they had sailed from their native shores they⁹¹ arrived at their new homes. The crew of Americans at work there clearing land welcomed them and gave them dinner. Five acres had been cleared on each farm and the farms and homes were disposed of by drawing lots. They immediately went to housekeeping. The only domestic animals the little colony owned were two tramp kittens they had picked up on the road. On Sept. 14, twelve more arrived and on Oct. 31, 20 more came, and they have been coming ever since, and today it is estimated that there are 3500 Swedes in the county. They have settled "not only New Sweden, but Stockholm Plantation, West Manland Plantation and large tracts in the northern part of Woodland and Perham.

Nine of the first colonists who came are still living in the town, while some of the girls have married and gone with their husbands to other states.

During the summer of 1870 the state kept a crew at work clearing land and building houses. 20 more houses were built and another hundred acres of land cleared. The capitol was used for a meeting house and school house; the lower story was also used for a store and office. Each settler was obliged to live on his farm five years before the state would give him a deed. The colony brought its own tradesmen with it. The venture only cost the state \$4,000 besides the land for the colonists paid for their own passage. Cats were scarce in the colony and the first skunk that appeared was mistaken for a cat and captured. Phew! No other undertaking of the state has done so much for the building up and development of Aroostook as the planting of the Swedish colony.

Chapter 49⁹²

New Sweden lies 62 miles north of Houlton. The 47th degree of latitude passes through the town. It is on the Van Buren branch of the B. & A. R. R. The Madawaska river runs through the northeast corner of the township.

⁹¹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101117_english_13&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

⁹² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101124_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

In 1905 the farm products were valued at \$360,020, mills \$150,840, buildings, tools and stock \$1,070,933. Since the settlement of the colony the births have outnumbered the deaths nearly 312 to 1. The township is six miles square. It was organized as a plantation April 6, 1876, and incorporated as a town Jan. 29. 1895; population in 1900, 876, polls 252. The railroad did not reach the town till 1903.

Of the different races which inhabit Aroostook none assimilate themselves so readily with our own people as do the Swedes. They soon discarded the wooden shoes, outlandish headgear and the rye bread. They soon learned to speak and read the English language, and many of the young people cannot speak a word of the Swedish language. They have married and intermarried so frequently with the Americans that today in Aroostook it is hard to tell one race from the other. That they have prospered beyond their own, or anyone's expectations, none will deny. Many of the first to come have recently paid visits to their native land. They came here poorly clad with little or no money. They returned dressed in costly, fashionable clothes with money in every pocket. In Sweden they owned nothing and had to eat black bread; in Aroostook they own starch and lumber mills, and great business blocks and potato houses, and some of the finest farms in New England. At meal time the family sit at their own table and feast on the fat of the land while one of the daughters plays selections on a \$600. piano. Let us hope that more of the wild lands of Aroostook will in the near future be settled by Swedes.

New Sweden is bounded on north by Stockholm Plantation, east by Conner Plantation and Caribou, south by Woodland and west by Westmanland Plantation

Grand Isle

This town is located 90 miles north, northwest of Houlton on the St John river, and in 1909 the B&A RR was extended from Van Buren to the above mentioned town. It was settled by Acadian French about 150 years ago. It was incorporated as a town March 2, 1869. The valuation in 1904 was 1,104. It was named for Grand Isle in the river. Nine tenths of the population are French. This Acadian town is irregular on the northern and eastern border owing to the river. Bounded on the north by the St. John which forms the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, east by Van Buren south by No. 17, R. 3, and west by Madawaska. The township contains about 36 square miles.

Madawaska

Madawaska is a large, irregular township in the extreme northern part of the County. It lies 115 miles northwest of Houlton and is now located on the B. & A. R. R., which has recently completed its line to that place. The town was founded by Acadian refugees, but there is no record obtainable of when it was settled. The town lines that were run by the early settlers, who did their own surveying, are in some places zig zagged and the points of the compass have not been observed. In 1899 an attempt was made to straighten the township lines a little and a part

of St. Agatha was pruned off and made a town by itself. The town was originally the territory known as No. 18, R 4, and No 18, R 5, to which were added fractions and corners of land along the St. John, river. The town was incorporated Feb. 4, 1869, and named for the Madawaska river which joins the St. John opposite the town on the Canadian side. Estimated population 2,500. Very many of the people cannot speak English. Upper Madawaska is farther north than any town in Maine. It is ten miles farther north than Fort Kent, and with the exception of a little peak of land in Minnesota, it extends farther north than any land in the United States. Edmundston, on the Canadian side of the St John, is a terminus of the CP RR. The two towns are connected by a ferry,

Madawaska is bounded on the north by the St. John river, the dividing line between Maine and New Brunswick, east by Grand Isle, south by No. 17, R4, and west by St. Agatha and Frenchville. The greater part of Long lake lies in the township of Madawaska, Brooks that run into the St. John river and those that run into the lake are close together. This lake is the head of the east branch of the Fish river. It is here the finest canoe route in Maine begins and ends. The route almost completes a circle. A party of canoeists may start at the head of Long lake and paddle down the chain of lakes first south, then west, then north down the river to Fort Kent, then down the St. John to St. David, and they are within a few miles from where they started. No finer scenery can be found on the continent than on and around those pure, cool lakes in Aroostook's Acadia. Now that the B&A RR has extended its line to this quaint and ancient town it is bound to become a great summer resort.

St. Agatha

This prosperous little Acadian town lies 115 miles north, northwest of Houlton and is now on the new line of the B. & A. R. R. which extends from Van Buren to Fort Kent. It was set off from Madawaska and Frenchville and incorporated as a town March 17, 1899. Like Madawaska, the township lines are very irregular. Those Acadian towns were settled and surveyed by the Aeadian refugees long before Park Holland, Esq. published his paper plan, and modern surveyors might as well try to straighten the St. John river as to change the old boundaries. There is a legend that Madawaska, or mad Awaska, the Indian sachem, ran some of those lines which modern laws cannot straighten without the consent of the citizens In 1900 St, Agatha had a population of 1400, and the census of 1910 will probably give nearly 3,000. An arm of Long lake comes into the township on which there is a hotel for the accommodation of sportsmen. It is a good farming town. BoundeoTon the north by French ville and Madawaska, east by Madawaska, south by No. 17, R. 5, and west by Frenchville.

Frenchville

This great township with St. Agatha occupies No. 18, R. 5, also a fraction on the north in the great bend in the St. John river. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, a colony of Acadians who had settled in New Brunswick, took fright at the preparations for war and fled

away up the big river and settled at what is now Frenchville. The colony that had settled near Grand Falls some 20 years before, then abandoned their homes and settled near the new colony. The settlements were first called "Dionne" for Rev. Father Dionne, who built the first church. When the Indians left and the English came, they found a large and thriving colony on both sides of the river and on Long lake. Boundaries had been established and partition fences made, and the strip of territory cut up into farms with zig zag lines looked like a great crazy quilt spread along the crooked river. Many of the lines are much the same today, both between the farms and townships. Frenchville lies about 110 miles north, northwest of Houlton, 25 miles northwest of Van Buren and 10 miles east of Fort Kent. The B&A RR was built through the township in the summer of 1910. Bounded on the north by the St. John river, the line between Maine and New Brunswick, east by St. Agatha and Madawaska, south by No. 17, R5, and west by Fort Kent and the St. John river.

The town is thickly settled by Acadians; the greater part of the citizens speak English. The town has a High school, woolen mill, starch factory, saw mills, shingle mills, stores etc. Much linen cloth and the famous French larrigans are still made here. Population about 2,000. This town is farther north than Fort Kent. It was once called Dickeysville.

Fort Kent

Fort Kent was settled as early as 1800 by Canadian trappers and Acadians. from the Dionne settlement, or Long lake. Part of its History will be found in the story of the Aroostook war. The town was named for the fort, and the fort was named for Gov. Kent? The village is located at the mouth of the Fish river on both sides and along the southern banks of the St. John. The two main streets form a right angle, one running south up the Fish river and the other east down the St. John. An old blockhouse, built of pine timber, is still standing, the only one left in Aroostook. Through the efforts of the late Major Dickey, the "Duke of Fort Kent," and once the sage of Maine legislature, the blockhouse was preserved, and the Madawaska Training school established. This school is to train Acadian teachers to teach English in the French settlements in the St. John Valley, It is a State institution.

At the time of the Aroostook war Gen. Scott, then commander in chief of the US army, sent two young officers to the Fish river country to oversee the building of the fortification. One of them was Geo B. McClellan and the other Robert E. Lee. Years later, as commanders of great armies, those two men fought against each other in a cruel, bloody Civil war.

This pretty Acadian town is 110 miles north, northwest of Houlton. The terminus of the Fort Kent branch of the B&A RR. During the summer of 1910, the road was built from Grand Isle to the Fort thus completing the line along the river to Van Buren. The town was incorporated Feb. 23, 1869, and contains today about 5,000 population. Bounded on the north by the St John, east by Frenchville, south by New Canada and Wallagrass Plantations, and west by St. John Plantation

The line between New Brunswick and Canada comes down to the river on the north. It was formerly No. 18, R. 6 and 7. with the northern part irregular owing to the river. Fort Kent is the farthest west of any incorporated town in the County. Until the railroad came it was practically shut off from civilization, but with its wonderful resources it must soon become an important business center in Aroostook's Acadia,

Ashland

This town is located sixty six miles northwest of Houlton. on the Ashland branch of the B. & A. R. R. The first settlers came from New Brunswick as early as 1825 and were engaged in timber making. Others came from the Kennebec Valley about the time of the Aroostook war. Incorporated as a town Feb. 18, 1862, and named Ashland for the ash groves along the river. In 1869 the name was changed to Dalton in honor of one of the early settlers; changed back to Ashland Feb. 3, 1876. Sheridan Plantation was annexed March 19, 1901. The population in 1900 was 1,513 and the valuation about \$235,000 but the population is estimated now at about 3,000, and the modern saw mills at Sheridan are valued at over \$300,000. Ashland is now what is called a double town containing 72 square miles, six miles wide and twelve miles long the length being north and south. It covers territory once known as Nos. 11, and 12 R5. Bounded on the north by No. 13, R. 5, east by Castle Hill and No. 11, R. 4, south by Masardis and west by Garfield and Nashville Plantations.

The village is situated on the south side of the river which runs through the town its entire length. The Machias river joins the Aroostook on the northside just above the town. The first bridge across the Aroostook in Maine was built at Ashland. The first F&AM lodge in Aroostook was instituted in this town; it is still flourishing and is known as Pioneer Lodge, No. 72. The village of Sheridan, where the great mills are located, is in the town of Ashland some two miles below the village proper. Ashland has a weekly newspaper, the Ashland Gazette, also a trotting track. Several sporting camps are located in the great forest that surrounds the township. Game is abundant and large shipments, especially moose and bears, go each hunting season from the town. The trout and salmon fishing in the summer months is excellent.

Masardis

Masardis, formerly No. 10, R5, was the headquarters and Supply camp of the Maine militia at the beginning of the Aroostook war. Here in the dense and unbroken forest, on a high bank of the river, a well guarded supply camp was maintained for three years. The township which is six miles square is located 50 miles northwest of Houlton on the Fort Kent branch of the B&A RR.

The first settler was Thomas Goss, a hunter, who came from Danville, Maine. In 1835, John Knowlen came. When the soldiers came in the winter of 1839, the Maine legislature then in session, to show its independence, knocked the chip off New Brunswick's shoulder, on March

21, by incorporating it as a town. The census of 1900 gave the town a population of 438. In 1904 the real estate of the town was valued at \$102,814, and there were 121 polls. This is also a great township for wild game. Bounded on the north by Ashland, east by No. 10, R. 4, or Squa Pan, south, by No. 9. R. 5, west by No. 10, R. 6. The Aroostook river flows in a northerly direction through the township. Since the railroad came the town has improved wonderfully.

Perham

Perham, formerly No. 14, R. 4, was named for Gov. Sidney Perham. The first settlers, although natives of Maine, came from Lawrence, Mass., and settled along the southwest line of the township 20 years or more before the survey was made. The bears were so thick in the new settlement that two of the settlers, with their families, got frightened and decided to leave; so they loaded their goods on a raft on the Salmon brook stream and set sail for Washburn, But the raft was wrecked and the crew marooned in the lonely woods. One of the families left town, but the other named Jenkins, built a camp near the scene of the wreck and lived by⁹³ hunting and fishing. We are told that Jenkins took his bed tick, sewed up the slit in the side, ripped out one end in which he put in a large hoop made from a withe, and hung this trap in the stream; then he would go up stream and drive a bushel of trout into it and carry them home in triumph. The partridges were so thick that he often walked out and killed a dozen with a horsewhip.

In June 1861, more settlers came from Oxford County and settled in the southeast corner of the town. In the winter of 1862, one of the settlers, Rev. Wm. E. Morse got a grant of land from the legislature to build a sawmill on Salmon brook. The mill was completed in 1865 but proved to be a poor investment. The good man finally sold out for a song, saying sadly that "the dam wasn't worth a mill and the mill wasn't worth a dam." Twice burned and twice rebuilt, the mill is now owned and operated by the Perham Lumber Co.

Chapter 50⁹⁴

In the winter of 1865, occurred in the township, the "Goddard war." Col. John Goddard had previously bought the township but had agreed to give it up, both land and standing timber, when the land was wanted for settlement on one year's notice. The year's notice was given by the State land agent when the settlers came in 1860, but Goddard refused to give up his claim on the grounds that the township had not been surveyed, and was not needed for settlement. In the fall of 1864 he built camps on the township and commenced to cut timber on the settlers'

⁹³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101124_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

⁹⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101201_english_10&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

land, or land claimed by them. The settlers, twenty two in number, armed themselves and signed an agreement to stand by each other and resist the intruders. They engaged counsel, addressed a memorial to the legislature, then in session, fell trees across the lumbermen's logging roads and visited the lumber camps and threatened to use force if the crews did not leave the township; the result was that the crews left and the State settled the damage with Goddard. This happened in the winter of 1865.

Perham is located 64 miles north, northwest of Houlton via Caribou. Until recently the town has had no railroad, but in 1909 the B&A RR, known as the "Stockholm cut off," was built through the township. We may now look for the town to develop rapidly as the territory contains some tracts of valuable timber, much fine farming land, and a valuable iron mine containing 44 percent of iron. The township was organized as a plantation in 1867; incorporated as a town March 26, 1897. In 1900 the population was 580; in 1904 the valuation was \$141,987, polls 150. The township is six miles square.

Perham is bounded on the north by Westmanland Plantation, east by Woodland, south by Wade Plantation and west by No. 14, R. 5. Much maple sugar is still made on the township and fine apples are also raised there. The township was surveyed in 1882 by B. F. Cutter.

Smyrna

This township lies 11 miles west of Houlton on the B. & A. R. R. It was formerly No. 6, R3. It has been settled for a long time. It was incorporated March 7, 1839. In 1900 it had a population of 411. In 1904 the estates were valued at \$117,446, polls 110. The township is six miles square. Bounded on the north by No. 7 R8, east by Ludlow, south by Oakfield and west by Merrill Plantation.

The northern part of the town is still a wilderness and contains much valuable lumber. Smyrna Junction, a mile south of the town line, is where the B&A RR strikes northward on its route through the great wilderness to Fort Kent. The road runs close to the western line of the town. The St Croix river, a branch of the Aroostook, rises in Smyrna and is connected with Penobscot waters by a canal in the western part of the town.

If I have not committed any by mistake, this comprises the incorporated towns of the great County of Aroostook up to date, Oct. 1910. When we come to consider that up to 1870 there was not a rod of railroad in the county, and from 1870 to 1876 but three miles, the little branch from New Brunswick into Houlton, and from 1876 to 1881 but 13 miles, and from 1881 to 1893 but 32 miles, one must admit that those towns, located away back in the woods and shut out from the markets of the world, have done well to hold their own. Aroostook today has nearly 500 miles of railroad. Watch us grow in the next decade.

Besides those towns, Aroostook has about 30 organized plantations, many of them just budding into towns. I will here give a list of them and a brief description of the most important.

Do not forget that the county still contains over ninety townships classed as wild land and unorganized.

Allagash Plantation

At the Junction of the Allagash and Woolloostook, St. John rivers, about 30 miles west of Fort Kent. Organized June 24, 1886. In 1900 it had a population of about 200. Formerly; Nos. 16 and 18, R. 10 and 11. Settled by Americans, this plantation is on the proposed route of the Allagash extension of the B&A RR away back in the woods and is farther west than any organized place in the county. We are told that some of the citizens who reside there cannot bear the looks of a deputy sheriff, and a sheriff who is wise never goes there.

Cary Plantation

Ten miles south of Houlton on the stage route to Danforth in Washington Co. A border township six miles square. Organized as No. 11, R. 1, June 24, 1859. Named for the late Hon. Shepard Cary of Houlton, who built mills there. The last census gave it a population of about 400. Liable to become a town at the next session of the legislature.

Caswell Plantation

A border township joining Limestone on the north. Formerly Letter F R1. Organized as Pleasant Ridge Plantation in 1878; reorganized under present name in 1879. Named for E. S. Caswell, one of the first settlers. Ten years ago it had a population of 868, but it is all ready now to become a town. Connected with Limestone by stage. Many of the settlers are Acadian French. Six miles square.

Chapman Plantation

Joins Presque Isle on the west formerly township No. 11, R3. Organized 1874. Population in. 1900, 285. Six miles square. No railroad.

Conner Plantation

Formerly Letter K. R. 2. Named after Gen. Seldon Conner. Organized 1877, Township 12 miles square. On an old stage road from Caribou to Van Buren. Has no railroad. Largely settled by Acadian French. Joins Caribou on the north. Population at last census 453.

Cyr Plantation

This township lies south of Van Buren in R. 2, and was settled long ago by Acadian French and was named for the Cyr family. No record of an organization. Ten years ago it had a population of 550. Liable to be annexed to Van Buren or become a town any time. It lies wholly within the St. John Valley. Post office Van Buren. Six miles square.

E Plantation

Half township in R. 2, west of Blaine. Organized Sept. 26, 1898. Population ten years ago about 50: Fine farming land. Settled by people from Aroostook and New Brunswick.

Eagle Lake Plantation

This township is located on the Fort Kent branch of the B&A road 36 miles from Ashland and 12 miles from Fort Kent. The old military road from Ashland to Fort Kent runs through the township. Settled in 1840 by Sefroi Nadeau and Richard Wood. Formerly No. 16, R7. Six miles square; organized as a plantation in 1856. In the Fish river valley. Named for the lake about half of which is in the township. Lake is named for the large number of American eagles there. In 1980, population 406. When the railroad came the Fish River Lumber Co. built a big saw mill on the west shore of the lake, and there is now quite a village there. Fine sporting country; big game in the surrounding woods; steamer on the lake; firstclass hotels. Will soon be incorporated.

Garfield Plantation

Formerly No. 11, R. 6. Joins Ashland on the west Organized April 13, 1885. Population in 1900, 111. Six miles square. The big Machias river runs through the township. Noted for fish, game and lumber. Postoffice, Ashland.

Glenwood Plantation

Thirty two miles southwest of Houlton, formerly No 2 R3. Stage From Wytotitlock. Settled by Seth Spaulding, a hunter from Dover, Me in 1833. No record of organization obtainable. Six miles square. In 1900 it had a population of 178, estimated population now 300. Great game country.

Hamlin Plantation

Hamlin Plantation is a fraction of a township wedged in between the boundary line and the St. John river in the extreme northeast corner of the county and the State Tradition and scraps of history tells us that it was on this tract of land the first Acadian refugees, who ascended the big river settled before this great Republic was dreamed of or formed. Here, with that great cataract for music, the first cabins and first church that were ever built on Aroostook soil were erected. Here they cleared the first land and planted the first crops ever planted by white men in this great county. They knew not where they were and cared less as long as they were safe from their English foe.

The plantation was named for Hon, Hanibal Hamlin of Maine in 1862, when he was Vice President of the U. S. I am told it was never organized as a plantation. The citizens are Acadian

French, and in 1900 numbered 574. The township contains about 15 square miles. Three miles from Grand Falls, N. B., 10 miles from Van Buren and about 12 from Limestone. All good farming land but only a small portion cleared. It is hinted that some of the citizens are' engaged in smuggling.

Hammond Plantation

Seven miles northwest of Houlton, formerly letter B; R21 Organized Feb. 17, 1886. Population in 1900 116; R. F. D. from Houlton. Six miles square. Settled by citizens from surrounding towns. Great fish and game country.

Macwahoc Plantation

Half township in the southern part of the county. Bounded on the south by Washington County. Half a mile from Kingman in Washington Co. The Molunkus stream runs through the township, also the old military road. Formerly No. 1, R4 Settled by hunters in 1835. Organized Dec. 16, 1851. Named for an Indian chief who once lived in a large Indian village in the present plantation. Population in 1900, 153. Produces tan bark, ties, and hemlock saw logs.

Merrill Plantation

Twenty miles west of Houlton; formerly No. 6, R. 4 Six miles square. Settled by citizens from surrounding towns, Organized 1876, Population in 1900, 298. Post Office, Smyrna Mills. Produces starch and lumber.

Morro Plantation

Forty miles west of Houlton and ten miles from Patten in Penobscot Co. On an old military road from Patten to Masardis; formerly No. 6, R5. Six miles square. Settled at the time of the Aroostook war. Organized as Rockabema Plantation 1850; name changed in 1860. Population in 1900, 217. & F. D. from Smyrna Mills. Fine deer country. The village at the mills is called Rockabema. Joins Penobscot Co. on the west.

Nashville Plantation

On B&A RR, west of Ashland and about six miles from that town. Formerly No. 12 R6. Organized April 17, 1899. Population in 1900, 32. Six miles square. Population rapidly increasing. Noted Game Country. Settled in 1908 by Americans. Post Office Ashland.

New Canada Plantation

Seven miles south of Fort Kent. Citizens: Canadian French. Formerly No. 17 R6. Organized as Casco Plantation Nov 9, 1881. Name changed by citizens. Six miles square.

Population in 1900, 419. Produces shingles, starch, potatoes, ties and telephone poles. Great sporting country.

Ox Bow Plantation

On Aroostook river, 10 miles southwest of Massardis, formerly No. 9 R6. Settled by lumbermen in 1840, who cleared farms there and raised supplies for their camps. Organized as NO. 9 in 1848. As Oxbow in 1870; named for a crook in the river. Was always called Oxbow by the old settlers. Population in 1909, 153. Stage to Masardis. Six miles square. The river runs through the town. This plantation is the hunters' paradise; surrounded on all sides by the great Maine woods, it is literally swarming with moose, deer, bears, and the smaller fur bearing animals. The farmers cannot raise anything there, for the growing crops are destroyed by the wild beasts of the forest. There are several sporting camps located in the plantation. It is sometimes called the game park of Aroostook. In this township the Aroostook river flows north, southeast and west.

Portage Lake Plantation

Formerly No. 13, R. 6. On the Ashland branch of B&A RR and old military road from Ashland to Fort Kent. The lake is the headwaters of the west branch of Fish river, and named for the Portage road or Cary, from the Aroostook river to the lake, which was extensively used by the Indians before the white men came. The plantation was organized in 1872; and named for the lake; which lies wholly within the township. In 1900, it had a population of 241, but a great change has taken place since then. The Portage Lake Mill Co. has built a big modern saw mill on the east bank of the lake, and the village of Portage now stands on the shore of the lake, with a modern hotel, secret societies, High school, many places of business, steamers on the lake and sporting camps in the forest' nearby. Portage is all ready to become a town. It is about twelve miles from Ashland and 30 from Fort Kent. The township is six miles square, and is surrounded by the great northern forest Many Acadian French live in the plantation.

Reed Plantation

In the southern part of the county on an old military road, and on MC RR, formerly No. 3, R3. Bounded on the south by Washington Co. Settled in 1830 by John Clifford of Dover, Me. Part of Drew Plantation annexed March 5, 1889. In 1900, it had a population of 399. Township is irregular owing to the Washington County line. Produces tan bark and lumber. Thirty six miles southwest of Houlton.

Silver Ridge Plantation

Half township from east half of Uo. 2, R. 5. Organized July 20, 1863. Population in 1900 was 168. Sherman bounds it on the north. Settled by people from Penobscot Co. Reached by stage from Sherman.

St. Francis Plantation⁹⁵

Located in No. 17, R. 9, on the St John river 14 miles southwest of Port Kent. No record of any organization. Settled by Acadian French, but no record when. The end of the stage route and civilization on the upper St. John. The St. Francis river, the line between Maine and Canada joins the St. John opposite the little town. Once the site of a large. Indian town. Population in 1900, 568. Not a full township but a three cornered fraction in a bend of the river. Thickly settled; citizens speak French. Produces sawed shingles.

St John Plantation

East of St. Francis on the St. John river seven miles from Fort Kent. Formerly No. 17, R8. Settled by Canadian and Acadian French many years ago. Population in 1900, 371. More than a full township. Produces large quantities of cedar shingles. Contains much good farming land. Settlements and mills in the northern part of plantation on the river. Game country.

Stockholm Plantation

Located on B&A RR. Halfway between Van. Buren and Caribou, or about 6 miles from either town. Formerly No. 16, R3. Organized March 23, 1895: Settled by Swedes and named for the capital of Sweden. In 1900 it had a population of 191, but since then the Stockholm Lumber Co. have built mills there and a thriving village has! been built. The plantation will soon become an incorporated town. It is six miles square and a fine farming township.

Chapter 51⁹⁶

Wade Plantation

Wade Plantation, formerly, No. 13, R. 4, lies west of Washburn on both sides of the Aroostook river. As early as 1840 settlers, from New Brunswick built homes along the river in this township. In 1859 it was organized as Garden Creek Plantation, but during the Civil war the settlers all moved away and the state sold the township. On May 2, 1874, it was reorganized and named Wade Plantation, but it is generally called "Dunn town." In 1900 it had a population of 271. It is a fine farming township and now that the railroads have come to Washburn, this township is being rapidly settled. Township six miles square, R. F. D. from Presque Isle.

⁹⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101201_english_11&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

⁹⁶ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101208_english_12&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

Wallagrass Plantation

Fight miles south, of Fort Kent, in Fish River Valley, on old military road and B&A RR. Located in No. 17, R. 7, but was settled by Acadians years before a chart of northern Maine was ever drawn. No date of organization, obtainable. The census enumerator of 1900 found a population of 784, with the chances that as many more young citizens were hidden in the woods. Township six miles square. Land is very fertile. Acadian language is still used. Products, long and short lumber, maple sugar, sheep, cattle and pretty girls. The stranger who is taken ill while in the plantation, if he has money, does not have to hunt long to find a bottle of Old Tom gin. May become a town soon.

Westmanland Plantation

Fine township, west of New Sweden, formerly No. 15. R4. Settled in 1890 by Swedes, and organized June 1, 1892. Named for a province in old Sweden. One of the Madawaska lakes lies in this township. Rapidly developing. In 1900 it had a population of 100. Fine fish and game country. R. F. D, from Jemptland, in New Sweden. Six miles square.

Winterville Plantation

Formerly ,Np, 15, R. 7. Upper lake on west branch of Fish river lies in the township. Settled in 1846 by Thomas Goss, a trapper. Organized in 1884 On March 28, 1903, the name was changed to Hill Plantation. Changed back again in 1897, In 1900 it had a population of 124 The Fort Kent branch of the B&A RR runs through the township. Six miles square. Settled, mostly by Acadians. 18 miles south of Fort Kent Fine fish and game Country. The fish river Lumber Co. has recently built a saw mill there.

No. 7 R4

Unorganized. Saw mill rpn Ashland branch of B. & A. R. R. Estimated population 100. Postoffice, St. Croix. Full township.

No. 8 R4

Unorganized. Saw mills on Howe Brook, which empties into the St. Croix river. On Ashland branch B&A RR. 15 miles southeast of Masardis. Called Howe Brook. Mills owned by Fish River Lumber Co, Population about 125. Whole township.

No. 9 R3

Unorganized. Near the Ashland branch of B&A RR. Sawmills owned by York Bros, Postoffice, Howe Brook.

No. 9 R4

Unorganized. On the Ashland branch of B&A RR. Saw mills owned by Meduxnekeag Lumber Co. Post Office St. Croix, whole township. Good farming land.

No. 16 R5

Unorganized. Sporting camps on Square lake. Population varies, Post office. Square Lake, This is, if not the greatest, one of the greatest fish and game resorts on the continent. During the summer months steamers and launches run back and forth over the great chain of lakes, where the great togue, speckled trout, landlocked salmon and white fish swarm. In the great forests around the lakes wild game is abundant. At present it is far from the noise and bustle of civilization, away back in the great, north woods.

The reader will please remember that Aroostook County covers an area of 6,408 square miles, and if we take from it all the towns and plantation which I have given a synopsis of, we still have wild land enough left to cover the State of Connecticut, on which is standing timber enough to build a city five times the size of Boston, and water power enough to turn every mill wheel in New England. So far the county has only just commenced to develop a little on the edges.

The Potato Industry

Aroostook County produces more potatoes annually than all the rest of New England; more than is raised in all of Canada from ocean to ocean; more than is raised in Ireland, and more than is raised in any other county in the United States, It has an average yield of more bushels per acre than any county in the United States, and probably more than any other place on the continent. It is said by good authority that more than one half of the potato starch produced on the globe is made in Aroostook.

The quality of the Aroostook potato is unexcelled. A bushel of Aroostook potatoes will yield twice as much starch as a bushel raised in Florida, and one fourth more than a bushel raised in Wisconsin or Michigan; they also have a flavor of their own found in no other potato no

matter where it is raised. In the markets of the continent they do their own advertising and command a higher price than any other, and so positive is the demand for seed stock in the different states of the Union, the demand generally exceeds the supply.

The perfect drainage of Aroostook soil,,which rests on a bed of split limestone, the rich plant food it contains, and the climate which is adapted to the growth and development of the tubers, tends to make Aroostook a natural potato country. Potatoes are also grown in Aroostook in a scientific manner, and the eyes of a stranger sticks out when he sees the manner and rapidity with which the Aroostook farmer handles such great crops with so little work and cost The Aroostook system of raising potatoes is a system adapted by the farmers of the county and is away ahead of any other method in New England or Canada Aroostook methods of the potato culture are now practiced to some extent in other sections of New England.

The growth of Aroostook in wealth and population dates from the beginning of the starch industry, which brought with it transportation facilities in the shape of railroads. Let us see how it came about.

In the autumn of 1873, a man on a new farm on one of the townships west of Caribou, had a twin brother drowned in New Hampshire and was called there to attend to the remains. He fell in with some starch makers who were very kind to him in his bereavement, and before he came away they asked him some questions about the country and if potatoes could be raised there.

Now at that time Aroostook was down and everybody was giving it a kick. The gang who had wheedled the state out of the wild land in the county had built mills at Fredericton and St. John in New Brunswick and had the rivers to carry their logs to market, and had gotten a law passed to bring the manufactured lumber back into the states free of duty, and were doing all in their power to keep Aroostook down for well they knew that if railroads came, a stream of lumber would go to the seaports and their business would be ruined.

Those starch makers were much surprised to learn that potatoes flourished in Aroostook andi were of an excellent quality, And that the waten in the streams was pure and cold, for cold clear waters needed to manufacture starch. The result was, one of those starch men came to Aroostook and looked the country over. He closely examined the growing tubers that were planted in the little patches for family use and. later the great mealy potatoes that had grown from a little piece of potato in 90 days or less. He looked over the fine water power and pure cold streams and said, "I believe that this will someday be the greatest potato country in the world." This was in the summer of 1874.

At that time a branch of a railroad had been built from Debec NB to Houlton, and a line of small steam boats on the St John run when the water was not too low. Those two outlets brought in the lumbermen's supplies and carried away part of the shaved shingles. We are told that the New Hampshire man went; o Houlton and talked "starch factory" with the businessmen of the town, but could not interest them, so he got into the stage and came to Fort Fairfield,

which was seven miles from the steamboat landing at Andover, NB but nobody cared for a starch mill and he went to Presque Isle.

At that time there lived at Presque Isle a young doctor named George H. Freeman. He had come to the little village to practice medicine but found the people so healthy and business so dull, that he took down his shingle, threw away his pills and opened a hardware store. He had a brisk trade with the farmers and lumbermen, but ready money was so scarce that he had to barter his goods for cedar shingles, buckwheat, eggs and butter, hides pelts and furs. When the man from Littleton, N. H. came and proposed to build a starch mill in the village, and pay spot cash for potatoes, Dr. Freeman became interested and began to talk with the farmers. The man from New Hampshire, whose name was Hale, left a contract with Dr. Freeman and went home. The doctor then took off his coat and went to work. The contract read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, agree to deliver to the Presque Isle Starch Company the number of acres of good merchantable potatoes, between the first day of September and the twentieth day of October of each year, for four years respectively set against our names, for which, said company agree to pay 25 cents for 63 pounds, to be paid on completion of our contract each year. This contract to take effect from and after Sept 1st 1875." "Dated at Presque Isle Maine, Oct. 15, 1874."

The scheme met with violent opposition. Businessmen and lawyers said the contract was one sided as there was nothing in it to protect the farmer, and he might haul in his potatoes and never get his pay, but Dr. Freeman thought differently and got the following farmers in Presque Isle and the surrounding towns to sign the contract. Many of them signed with fear and trembling, for it was a new undertaking and might result in disaster. The names of the signers will take up some space, but I will give them as they were the pioneers of the potato industry and laid the sills for "The Garden of Maine".

Geo. A. Parsons, three acres;
Joseph Blake, four acres;
John S. Porter, two acres,
J. Damnion, four acres;
C. F. Collins, five acres;
G. W, Churchill. ten acres;
John Whitaker, Five acres;
Jonathan Ireland, ten acres;
C. F. A. Simeon Smith two acres;
Thatcher Smith, ten acres;
Chas F. Rideout, five acres;
Stephen Nason, five acres;
Geo W. Marston, ten acres;
Alfred Annas, five acres;
John L. Ireland, ten acres;
J. H. Jenkins, ten acres;
Wheeler Ireland, ten acres;

Byron H. Wood, ten acres;
L. S. Judd, five acres;
N. Clark, five acres;
Joseph W. Williams, five acres
Holmes Condon, two acres;
William M. Savage, three acres;
Joseph Condon, two acres;
Silas Southard, four acres;
Dennis A. Foster, four acres;
Silas Ireland, ten acres.
E. L. Hayden, five acres
James R. Cleaves, two acres;
Willard Curtis, two acres;
John N. Rouse, three acres;
Freeman H. Ireland, twelve acres;
F. W. Turney, two acres;
John S. Buzzell, ten acres;
Oliver P. Smith, five acres;
William P. Brownell, three acres;
Nelson Turney, six acres;
John O'Brien, five acres;
Luther Glidden, three acres;
Hanson Rackliff, ten acres;
Richard Hayden, four acres;
D. DeWitt, six acres;
C. H. Church, five acres;
Joel Bean, five acres;
Samuel Daggett, four acres;
Wm. R. Irvin, two acres;
H. W. Hatch, two acres;
W. H. Sutter, three acres;
Daniel Smith, three acres;
A.D. Miller, two acres;
Marcellus Whittier, one acre;
B. F. Greenlaw, five acres;
Almond A. Benjamin, four acres;
D. Moore, three acres;
John Allen, one acre;
Abner Easier, one acre;
Calvin J. Clark, four acres;
Chas L. Creasy, one acre;
Hiram B. Rowe, two acres;
Charles B. Bean, six acres;
Albert Jones, two acres;

Ari Thompson, five acres;
C. P. Bean, three acres;
Humphrey Clark, five acres;
Geo. H. Clark, five acres;
Stillman Henderson, three acres;
Isaac P. Horr, seven acres;
S. C. Murphy, three acres;
F. Winslow, one acre;
Abner Easier, three acres;
Geo. H. Akley, five acres;
Freeman M. Furbush, two acres;
John Smith, eight acres;
Chas Shieldstream, five acres;
F. J. Emery, two acres;
Daniel Chandler, Jr. five acres;
Mrs. Jacob Bridges, three acres.

At that time there was not a cultivator or horse hoe in the county; potato planters or commercial fertilizer had never been heard of. The small patches of potatoes the farmers had been in the habit of planting were dug by hand with a hoe.

When spring came those bold farmers began to plow up the old pastures and meadows with such teams as they owned with the old wooden beamed plows; the potatoes were dropped and covered by hand. While they were planting some men came from New Hampshire and commenced work on the factory, which was built on the west side of the Presque Isle stream near the flour mill, and is now owned and run by C. F. A. Phair. This was in the summer of 1875. The factory was built by Edson, Hale and Wheeler of Littleton, NH. Mr. Wheeler came and took charge of the business, and while here gave the farmers much instruction and advice about raising potatoes. He brought with him and introduced the tined hoes or forks, which were way ahead of the old fashioned hoes for digging by hand. Those were the podauger days in Aroostook, and the first crop of potatoes were taken to the factory, on carts, sleds, hayracks, riding wagons,⁹⁷ and stone drags. Oxen and horses were used to haul them and they were loaded in boxes; bags, bed ticks, or any old thing that came handy, but the greater part of them were hauled in bulk in cart bodies and shoveled out by the teamster, which was often a woman. On the factory floor were a big pair of scales on which the loaded wagon sled was weighed when unloaded it was again weighed and the teamster was given a bill of both weights. Such a thing as barrels were not thought of in those days.

Those contract potatoes planted on the half Cultivated sod land without dressing of fertiliser of any kind, yielded more than 200 bushels per acre on the average, and made a large

⁹⁷ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101208_english_13&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

amount of starch per bushel. The starch then had to be hauled to Houlton, but I am pleased to say that both the starch men and the farmers made a good thing out of it and were satisfied.

The ice had been broken; the men who made the venture were well paid and the potato fever began to rage. The shingle tools were neglected and left to rot and rust in the swamps. Everybody was talking potatoes. A new era had dawned for Aroostook, an industry that has brought the county from poverty to wealth.

Chapter 52⁹⁸

Those old contractors are about all dead now, for many of them were old men when the first starch mill was built in their midst, but they started an industry that brought the railroads into the county and lifted Aroostook out of the mud. Dr. Freeman is dead too but the business he founded still bears his name, and the work he started has spread the entire length of the county.

In the fall of 1875 the NB RR Co. built a branch to Fort Fairfield, and in the summer of 1876 Benj. Gathercole of Colebrook, built a factory in that town. The next year Allbe Holmes built at Caribou what was then called the largest starch factory in the world. The same year John Watson & Co. built one at Houlton. From the best information I can get. at this writing there are 67 starch mills in the county in this year of our Lord 1910.

As soon as the railroads came men came to buy market potatoes. At first they loaded the cars on the track but as soon as they discovered the quality of the tubers they began to build great frost proof potato houses at all the stations and R. R. sidings in the county. Then the seed trade began to develop and more houses were built till now the country contains hundreds of them. Big companies from the southern states now carry on an important seed business with Aroostook, and the end is not yet.

Now the Aroostook farmer did not haul his potatoes to market very long in boxes and bags. They soon discovered that flour barrels were the things to handle potatoes in for they could be easily and quickly, rolled along a floor or up a plank, consequently all the empty barrels that were kicking around the grocery stores and back yards were gathered and patched up and used for potato barrels, but as there were not enough to supply the growing demand, barrel factories soon started in the potato centers and enough were made to supply both potato houses and farmers. They didn't lift those barrels up into high wagons long either. The celebrated Aroostook patent jigger wagon was soon invented by enterprising Aroostook mechanics and put on the market and the old high Wagon has vanished. Those patent wagons must not be confounded with the old fashioned sloven sometimes used in New Brunswick for the Aroostook farm wagon are in a class by themselves

⁹⁸ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101215_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

The first horse hoes and cultivators used in the county were made at the Getehell foundry in Houlton. Other kinds soon came. When the farmers used to plant the little patches of potatoes on new land they used to, as a rule, hill them up with a grub hoe when they planted them. Sometimes, if in a hurry, they would "spud" them in and hill them up afterwards. Before they got around to hill them the potatoes would be up, but they made a big hill over the growing potato which would soon push its way through the dirt and come up again. Now a weed will come up much quicker than a potato. When the horse hoes came and the planting was done on a big scale on sod land, the farmer let the weeds all come up and when the potato plants began to push through the ground he hooked onto the horse hoe and covered weeds and potatoes together and he still does it. The potatoes will come again strong, and thrifty but the weeds are gone and very little hand hoeing has to be done. This is an Aroostook method that the outside farmers are afraid to try.

Well, to make a long story short, the Aroostook farmers commenced to make things hum. Dynamite was introduced and with it stumps and rocks were torn out and removed, unsightly old fences and bunches of bushes disappeared, and broad well tilled fields appeared. Every piece of modern machinery that came was bought and used. Heavier teams, and more of them were kept on every farm. The land was plowed deeper and the fields that in the beginning raised two hundred bushels per acre, now raised twice that amount. The time had come when most of the farmers were clearing \$100 or more on every acre they planted. The old houses and barns were torn down and big farmers' modern buildings appeared. The "rotation" method was adopted, and large crops of hay and grain were raised. The rotation method is as follows: Plow sod and plant it; the next year sow to oats or wheat and seed down with clover. Cut one or two crops of hay then break up sod and plant again. This keeps the land in good shape and big crops are raised each year; Sometimes the aftermath in the fall where western clover has been used for seed will be tall and rank; I have seen many a field that would cut a ton per acre. When this clover is plowed in it furnishes a large amount of humus and leaves the soil light and porous. The decaying clover, rich with nitrogen, also makes a fine plant food for the potato.

When the automatic, sprayers came they were bought and tested, but the air pumps proved to be too weak, and the costly machines were hauled out into the woods to rot and the old hand pumps were again used to spray with, but not for long. Two enterprising Aroostook firms now went to work and each made a sprayer with force pump attached, that would throw the solution through the nozzles with such force that a cloud of fog can be seen behind when the sprayer is at work.

With the introduction of the Hoover digger the farmers commenced to increase the acreage. A man who had been bold enough to plant 10 or 12 acres now plants 40 and 50. Now when an ordinary Aroostook farmer who had struggled along in poverty half of his life, got so he could plant 50 acres of potatoes and make a clear profit of \$100 per acre, he felt pleased that he had not gone out west when his neighbor did. With the new house came a demand for new furniture. As there never had been anything in Aroostook but home made furniture, the demand for something better caused large modern furniture establishments to be opened in every little

town. Music stores were also opened and the farmers' children who had never had anything but a Jew's harp to play on were now drumming a \$600 piano; music teachers appeared in the rural districts and the farmers' daughters took more lessons than the village belle. The old clumsy truck wagon and home made pung had to be run out behind the barn to make room for the costly top buggy and sleigh. They were not given to the poor neighbor for there were no poor neighbors now to give them to. The old harness, both double and single, that had been tied with strings and haywire were now thrown away and costly brass and nickel trimmed trappings took their place. The wives who formerly went to town with eggs, poultry and butter, to exchange for codfish and molasses, with old homespun overcoats on and a bed quilt for a robe, was now driven to the village by the chore boy behind a \$500 driving horse, clad in costly furs and tucked in under costly robes. She does not have butter and eggs for sale today; she goes into a butcher shop, removes a fur lined mitten, and with a finger on which sparkles a diamond, points out some choice roasts and a couple of plump turkeys and orders the smirking clerk, to send them out to the farm.

The farmer who once went to the village with an old horse and sled with the clothes line for reins loaded with a few bunches of cedar shingles or half a dozen bags of buckwheat which he hoped to exchange for a pair of cowhide boots and a pound of black Jack tobacco, now drives in behind a pair of spanking bays clad in a \$50 coon skin coat and other clothing to match it. He goes to the same store where a few years ago he bought the tobacco and buys a box of Bristol cigars. He does not timidly ask the time of day this time, but pulls out a heavy gold watch, looks at it and says "That clock over there is a minute too slow."

The Aroostook farmer does not salt down his money in an old stocking. He is constantly building up and improving his farm, and by so doing he gives others a chance to live and prosper. With the constantly increasing demand for different kinds of goods, the old variety store has vanished and each merchant carries his own line of goods. Every acre of land cleared from stumps and rocks and fitted for machinery is another \$100 added to the value of the property. And so little waste land is there in the settled portions of Aroostook that in many places the woods have all been cleared away and the farmers are burning coal.

In 1880 an Aroostook farm of 160 acres with the buildings and improvements of that day would sell for five or six hundred dollars and buyers were scarce at that. Such a farm today with modern buildings and improvements will sell for \$20,000 with plenty of buyers. So one may see that the increase in land value is in the farmers favor, for it is he that owns the land. That the Aroostook farmer has been badly swindled in the past by unscrupulous sharpers goes without saying, But bought information is the best and experience is the best of teachers. It is no use for polished gentlemen to come here now to sell society horses or mining stock. The farmers have learned their lesson; they used to think all mankind was like themselves, honest, but they know better now and the faker has dry picking today in Aroostook.

Many of the old Aroostook farmers are now selling their farms. Sometimes they sell to their sons but more times to a stranger. They generally buy a snug little home in one of the

thriving villages, and, with his wife and "baby, takes things easy and watches the country grow. "Baby " is generally a young lady attending the High school in the village. The men who buy these farms never have much money to pay down; as a rule they are sold to hustling young men from New Brunswick who have worked in Aroostook long enough to learn the potato trade and perhaps have married the old farmer's daughter. Nineteen times out of twenty they soon pay for the farms; if not they generally can sell for more than they give so there is not much risk to run in buying an Aroostook farm.

Here is a true story: A few years ago a poor little Bluenose boy came to Presque Isle and got a chance to work for a farmer for \$18. per month. He was industrious and saved his money. A few years later he bought a side hill farm, on time of course. The land was good if it was on a side hill, and the young man soon raised potatoes enough to pay for it. Meanwhile he had improved the buildings and the farm. He then sold out for \$7,000 and bought a fine level farm for \$20,000. He then married a retired farmer's daughter, one of those Aroostook girls who are worth their weight in diamonds. In three years they were out of debt and owned one of the finest farms in Fort Fairfield. This season, 1910, the young man planted a trifle over one hundred acres of potatoes from which he harvested over 14,000 barrels of market potatoes. At present those potatoes are about all stored in a mammoth frost proof potato house on this farm. They were all dug with one digger and picked up and handled by a crew of ten men. If the potatoes should be sold for the present price, \$1.00 per barrel, the profit would be over \$5000, but he may get \$2.00 per barrel. This man and his wife are still young. Perhaps his name is George Stone. Many others have done the same things. Such are the possibilities in Aroostook. I think I have said elsewhere that there is more money in circulation per capita in Aroostook than in any other county in the U. S. More according to the population than there was in California during the gold fever. Very few realize the volume of money that changes hands every year up here in the potato belt of Maine;

The potato business has increased to such an extent in the past few years that one can hardly believe the figures. Mr. H. L. Griffin of Caribou, who in the winter of 1909 1910, took an agricultural census of the county for the State Board of Agriculture, found that the crop of 1909 amounted to 24,000,000 bushels and he believes those figures are conservative, but as several members of the Board could hardly swallow them the amount will probably be cut down some in the report. Large quantities are annually ground into starch; many are wasted in the fields; thousands of bushels are fed to stock and used for seed and home consumption that are never accounted for; cars often contain more than they are billed for, and in a busy time, many times, the cars are not weighed. Potatoes are a perishable commodity any way and always shrink more or less; but it is safe to say that at present somewhere around 20,000,000 bushels are raised annually in the county.

And I venture to say that notwithstanding the high price of labor, for Aroostook County pays higher wages than any other county in Maine; the costly teams and machinery, the commercial fertilizers and ingredients to spray with, that the Aroostook farmers are bound to use, that by the Aroostook method, a method of its own, a bushel of potatoes can be raised cheaper in Aroostook than in any part of the United States. Farming here has become a

science. With the two row planters, two horse hoes, sulky cultivators, six rowed sprayers with three nozzles for each row, jigger wagons, soft wood barrels and potato houses with their racks and equipments, where potatoes can be dumped down through scuttles in the floor and taken out of a lower door when marketed and trained men who will pick up from 80 to 100 barrels in nine hours some potatoes can be handled in Aroostook.

Just a word about potato houses. Aroostook people know all about them, but someone who does not live in Aroostook may read those lines and wonder how they are built. Those buildings, an Aroostook invention not patented are built on sloping ground. I am now speaking of those built on the farms. The ground is plowed and scraped out with a wheel scraper until a cavity is formed⁹⁹ as large as the farmer intends to build his cellar. Those cellars usually hold from 6,000 to 15,000 barrels and are from 9 to 12 feet deep. A wall of field stone and cement is now built on three sides of the cavity. Some farmers cannot find suitable stone enough on their farms and have to haul stone a long distance or build the walls of concrete. The bottom is then smoothed off and a smooth concrete floor put in, The sills for the roof are now laid on the walls with a sill in the center supported by pillars of wood or brick. Heavy timbers are placed across the sills to support the floor. A hip roof is put over the cellar much like those on the modern barns; the framework is covered with boards, sheathing paper and shingles. One end of the cellar, the end on a level with the ground, is open. When the roof is put on the framework is extended far enough on the downhill side to make a roomy sorting room. The frame must of course come to the ground where the sorting room extends beyond the cellar. This sorting room end is neatly finished and painted, with plenty of windows to give light. A chimney is now built in this sorting room and a stove set up. Double doors are also put in on a level with the ground and sled or wagon may be backed in at any time of year. Sometimes a wooden portion is put in between the cellar and the sorting room. On cold, blustry, winter days when the blast howls without, the farmer and his hired man are in this light, warm room smoking their pipes and filling long rows of barrels to be hauled to market. When the storm is over. As these farmers are not all church members, some of them when a neighbor drops in to chat, will fish a long bottle and a glass from the bottom of an empty barrel and the innocent creatures will sample the contents. The potatoes are drawn into the building on the upper floor and dumped down through scuttles on each side. The upper floor is used to store barrels in. A canvas chute lets the potatoes down to the cement floor without bruising them. The barrels are dumped from the wagon into the scuttle, but when, occasion requires it, an Aroostook farmer can roll a barrel of potatoes across a floor almost as fast as a dog can run. When potatoes are stored in cellars under buildings, a Peabody carrier, an Aroostook invention; is used. The carrier is shoved in the cellar window, a boy turns a crank, the teamster empties the barrels into the carrier and the cellar is filled to the floor. This carrier does not bruise or peel the tubers.

⁹⁹ http://marshill.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101215_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Chapter 53¹⁰⁰

. Are we away ahead of the outside world in our methods of potato culture? Read this and figure for yourself. I recently read in an agricultural paper printed in the great state of New York, the leading potato state in the Union, an article written by one of the staff of the State Experiment Station. This gentleman advised every farmer who raised potatoes to have at least a hundred bushel boxes made to haul his potatoes to market in. He said that any good farm team on a good road should be able to draw 40 bushels. In the same article he told the farmers not to break their backs picking potatoes out of a pile, but to let a shovelful rest on the edge of the box and with one hand push the market potatoes into the box and throw, the culls into a basket, or he might have a boy to hold the shovel and work with both hands.

If a man should start to market with 40 bushel boxes of potatoes on a wagon in Aroostook the boys along the road would stone him, and if a man was caught pawing potatoes off of a shovel into a box his wife would leave him the next day.

I would like to tell how starch mills are built and what a simple process starch making is, but time and space forbids. I will say, however, that the Aroostook starch business has been revolutionized by T. H. Phair of Presque Isle, sometimes called the Aroostook Starch King. There is as much difference between the starch mills of today and the first ones that were built, in the construction of the machinery, as there is between the old up and down saw mill and the modern mills equipped with band saws. ,

When the first starch makers came to Presque Isle. Mr. Phair was a small boy doing the rough work around a variety store for very low wages. He soon, however, was taken into the firm as a partner and induced his senior partner to buy the starch mill in the village. He soon saw where improvements could be made and made them. He banished the cumbersome scales and induced the farmers to haul in barrels. Each man then knew what he had hauled and could not grumble at the weight. Barrels were soon adopted and potatoes all over the county are now bought and sold by the barrel and no other measure is used. Great Improvements have been made in the graters, washers and vats, and a modern factory when running will grate a barrel of potatoes per minute. Starch factories do not grate constantly as they have to shut down occasionally to let the vats settle. Mr. Phair today manufactures more starch than any one man or firm in the world.

John Watson & Co. of Houlton have done much for the Aroostook potato industry; much of the modern machinery and chemicals used in raising potatoes have been invented or improved by this firm. W. A Martin, of this firm, has made a study of the potato and of the insect pests and the blight and other diseases that destroy or rot the tuber. Every little while he gets out a booklet on potato culture. These pamphlets are distributed free to all who ask for them by

¹⁰⁰ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101222_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

the company. They are hardware dealers and also manufacture large quantities of starch. Like Dr. Freeman at Presque Isle, they expect to sell extra goods enough, if the potato business prospers, to pay for posting their neighbor on potato culture.

Many professional men are interested in the potato business. It is no uncommon thing to find prosperous doctors and lawyers who own fine farms out in the country, where they raise large fields of potatoes. Many of the merchants are also extensive farmers. Several ladies also invest their spare money in the potato business.

Now do not infer from what I have written that anybody and everybody can raise potatoes in Aroostook. Some people have tried it and failed. As a rule, people who know too much do not succeed. A man who has an oversupply of brains for one head and not quite enough for two generally drops money in the potato business. An Aroostook farmer who has been in the business since the first starch factory was built, knows as much about the business as anybody, and it is a good plan for a beginner to watch him or ask his advice, for the Aroostook methods are adapted to surrounding conditions and will insure success here if not in other states.

Here is an illustration: Some ten years ago an Englishman who had settled in Nova Scotia sold his farm, there and came to Aroostook to show the farmers how to raise potatoes, and at the same time, get rich. He had no use for the new fangled Yankee machinery. With an old wooden helmed walking plow, he turned over, or rather stood on edge, ten acres of potato ground; he preferred this to sod. With an old wooden frame spike toothed harrow he leveled it down. Those precious implements he had brought with him when he came not knowing that the Aroostook farmers had years before thrown away much better tools. He then, with the old plow and horses, drew furrow's back and forth across the field; some of them were crooked and some were straight; he intended to have them two feet apart but some of them were four. He then, instead of buying commercial fertilizer, bought a lot of strawy manure and strewed it along in the furrows. By the time he got ready to plant the manure was very dry. The seed was dropped by hand a foot apart and the boys or men dropping were requested to step on each seed. When a neighbor remarked that that seemed to be a slow way to plant, the English man said: "Hi, consider I know what I'm doing and would thank you to mind your own business." After that the neighbors minded their own business and the planting proceeded in Nova Scotia fashion. The old harrow was dragged lengthwise of the rows, to cover the seed. When the field had been finished by this slow method it was late in the season and the neighboring farmers were hoeing. The old harrow was dragged over the field a few times to destroy the weeds and then this field, which was to introduce the famous "flat culture" into Aroostook was left to the care of the Lord. But it was not left for long; when the potato plants appeared, the bugs, always thick on second crop ground, came in swarms. A lot of boys and girls were now hired to pick off the beetles. They were gathered by hand and put into bottles which when full were securely corked and hung up in the hot sun; this, I suppose, was a warning to all beetles to keep away from that particular field. When the slugs began to hatch they were knocked off into old milk pans and baptized with hot water. The weeds came again and outgrew the potatoes. The summer was dry and the manure did but little good. In the fall the potatoes were dug by hand

with forks, that is, what was dug. As no one in Aroostook knew anything about digging with forks, ten master "hackers" were imported from Nova Scotia. While those men were laboriously hacking up and spading out the little measly potatoes that an Aroostook farmer would be ashamed to haul to a starch factory, the Hoover diggers were clattering on the adjoining fields; and long before the Englishman's field was half dug the other farmers were done digging and the plows were running. In fact winter came before the "hackers" had finished. The potatoes did not pay the bills, and the disgusted Britain went to the Canadian Northwest, and a New Brunswick man, who does not know it all, is on the farm getting rich.

Here is another instance: At the same time the Englishman came, a man came from New Brunswick. He burned his bridge behind him by selling his farm for what he could get for it, but besides his family he brought the precious bid plow and spike tooth barrow, as well as the up and down churn, and the dear old cook stove with the oven away up in the air with a nice chance under it for the dog to sleep. He knew nothing about raising potatoes but said that he wanted to learn. When a neighbor invited him to try his sulky plow on the piece of sod he was plowing, he did so, and the next day he hauled. The old Province "rooter" into the woods out of sight and went to town and bought a modern plow. The old spiked harrow was sawed up for wood, the dear bid stove was hauled away and dumped on a rock pile, and the churn was converted into a swill pail. Those people soon discovered they were behind the times in Aroostook and hastened to catch up.

Well, this green Bluenose who did not know it all, but was willing to learn, this man who came with only money enough to make a small payment on a big farm, has succeeded beyond his expectations. He has not only paid for the farm and the large amount of machinery he needed to run it, but last summer he built a mansion in which he used a ton of nails. This modern dwelling is filled with costly furniture; it also has a bathroom and running water in the kitchen and bath, and all paid for. This man, soon after he came, took out naturalization papers and is now an American citizen. He is one of my neighbors and a good one. He has a large and constantly increasing family, but he takes pains to give them an education in the Aroostook schools and will later send some of them to college.

The question is often asked, how long can you raise potatoes in Aroostook? Will the soil never become exhausted? With the method of rotation now practised and the liberal amount of phosphate used, I do not believe the land will ever run out. I have in mind one field that has been planted 20 times and the crop this year was a bumper. The area of the county is more than 6,400 square miles, only a fraction of this being under cultivation. We shall raise potatoes here for a long time yet.

Aroostook Railroads

They came at last, and the past two years more miles of steam railroad has been built in Aroostook than in all the rest of New England, and in my opinion the time is not far distant when the whole county will be a network of railways. Away back in the 50s when railroading was in its

infancy in Maine, a road was being built up the Penobscot river by E. D. Jewett & Co. In those days the steam shovel had never been heard of and the dirt was removed with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow by sturdy Irish emigrants, who made money working for \$1.00 per day and boarded themselves. Black powder was used for an explosive, and building a railroad in those days was a slow and laborious job.

While this road was being constructed between Milford and Winn, the company became insolvent and for a year, or more work was suspended. Then a new company was formed known as the European and North American Co. It was now decided to push this road across the Province of New Brunswick to the city of St. John. Several rich Englishmen were interested in the scheme and there was an abundance of funds.

Soon after this great company was organized. W.S. Gilman of Presque Isle, editor of the Aroostook Pioneer, invited all the editors in Maine to attend the North Aroostook Cattle Show and Fair. Many of them responded. In a previous chapter I have described the event. Editor Oilman's plan was to have the Maine Press Association print a true account of the great north county, which had been lied about from A to Z, and if possible, have the great International road cross the border at, or near Houlton, thus tapping Aroostook County at its base. The editors went home and started all New England, with a glowing account of what they had seen with their own eyes in the fair land; and talk of a railroad into Aroostook filled the air from Kittery to Fort Kent. But for once printers ink failed to accomplish its purpose. You will remember that at about this time the state was busy getting rid of its wild land. The Maine legislature then met every winter and a gang of lobby sharks were always there lamenting about the cost of maintaining a land office etc. Mills were being built at Fredericton and St John by American capital and the products of Aroostook's forests were floated down the great rivers. A scheme was already on foot to have congress pass a law. to have the manufactured lumber returned to the states free of duty. It was a great scheme; those people were getting rich, and under the leadership of John Goddard, were secretly doing all in their power to keep a railroad out of Aroostook; and how well they did it we shall see.

In the winter of 1860, if my memory serves me right when the legislature was in session at Augusta, the Aroostook delegation, ably assisted by prominent citizens of Aroostook and Penobscot Counties, induced the legislative bodies to give the E&A RR Co large tracts of valuable timber land to build a road into Aroostook. It was the intention of the legislature that the road should cross the border at or near Houlton. How much land was given is not definitely known by the public. Of course there is a record of the transaction stowed away somewhere in the vaults at the State House; but the state, apparently ashamed at the loose manner in which that deal was transacted, does not care to have the great steal published. From the best authority I can get, it appears evident that the state transferred to the E&A RR. Co. more than 300 townships of land, and took from the company a guarantee that they would build a road into Aroostook County. And the company stood by its agreement. It built about ten miles of road in the southern part of the county and then went back into Washington Col and crossed the border at Vanceboro. What became of the land? Rumor says that it was transferred by the Railroad Co. to the very gang that blocked the road from going to Houlton, and when the legislature again

met the great E&N RR Co. did not own an acre of land in Maine except their right of way. The citizens of Aroostook were disheartened by the failure but did not give up. Scheme after scheme; and plan after plan were tried but all fell through. The patient toilers in Aroostook began to smell a¹⁰¹ rat and mistrust that a colored gentleman might be hid in the woodpile and gave up all hopes of getting a railroad across the big woods.

Meanwhile the people of New Brunswick were building railroads and found them a paying investment. Then NB RR. Co. had built a road from McAdam to Woodstock and this road was only a few miles from the boundary line. The enterprising citizens of Houlton, by pledging money enough to build the road induced the company to build a spur into the town. The company did not think the road would pay, and sang the old thread bare song, "There's nothing in Aroostook to build a railroad for and never will be, Great was the surprise of everybody to find the little road had to put on extra trains to carry away the freight. The first starch shipped from Aroostook went over this road being hauled from Presque Isle by teams, This road was opened in 1870 and is now part of the Canadian Pacific.

Chapter 54¹⁰²

The NB RR Co's road did not stop at Woodstock, but crossed to the east side of the St John and followed the river up to Perth, where it recrossed to the west side and continued on its way up the big river. From Woodstock up it was a narrow gauge. When it crossed the Aroostook near its mouth in New Brunswick the people in the Aroostook Valley opened negotiations with the company and endeavored to have a branch built up the Aroostook to Fort Fairfield. The company, evidently expecting something of the kind, quickly gave a decision. They would build a road to the boundary line and the citizens of Aroostook must furnish a right of way and money to build the road to Fort Fairfield. This was in 1872.

The coming winter a charter was granted by the legislature and a board of corporation appointed consisting of Hon. Isaac Hacker, Pres., Hon. John B. Trafton, Sec and Judge Bradford Cummings, Treas. These gentlemen were all from Fort Fairfield. The new corporation was known as the Aroostook Valley R. R. Co. At a subsequent town meeting some \$20,000 was raised to grade the new road, (three miles) and buy the right of way.

On Tuesday, November 30, 1875, the first train rolled into Fort Fairfield amid great rejoicing. It was a bitter day, cold and blustery, but amid the excitement no one felt the cold. The writer, who was there, had both ears frozen and did not know it at the time. Flags were unfurled to the icy breezes, the old Aroostook cannon boomed, and the crowd cheered and yelled. At the Town Hall, Judge Small, standing under the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, made a speech

¹⁰¹ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101222_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

¹⁰² http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19101229_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS_WVJuY

which made the windows rattle, after which a collation was served by the Fort Fairfield ladies to the officers Of the road and the visitors from New Brunswick. And why did the people rejoice? Because they now had six miles of railroad on Aroostook soil, it is true the two little spurs had been built with their own money and then given to a foreign corporation. It is true that the Fort Fairfield branch was a narrow gauge with little toy like engines that burned wood instead of coal. It is true that the route to the American markets was a long and roundabout way. and a person might still walk to Houlton about as quickly as he could go on the train, but the patient citizens had won, they had a railroad. Where were the gentlemen who had gobbled up a hundred townships of Aroostook's rich timber land for a song? Where was the "nigger" in th e woodpile? Smirking and smiling in his concealment. Things were going his way, and that way was toward the city of St. John. The Pike bill had been passed as per contract and the bay of Fundy was white with sails carrying Aroostook lumber, or any old kind, to the American ports, duty free. The little one horse road was a benefit rather than a hindrance. The Province lumbermen, whose fathers and grandfathers had stripped Aroostook of its pine, could now be brought up the river over this road when they came to the woods, for Province contractors generally cut the logs and preferred their own people for a lumber crew, as they were not so fussy as the Yankees about wages and board. The direct line of railroad across the big wood³ had apparently passed as a troubled dream; the ghost of the "wilderness route," the dream of W. S. Gilman, Daniel Stickney and J. W. Hall had been laid and everything looked rosy to the select gang of robbers, alias the colored gentlemen. The rivers of Aroostook each spring were black with logs, and Aroostook was still feeding the old cow" while other parties milked her. Such was the condition of things in Aroostook in 1875.

But a change was coming. In the winter of 1876, I was in Woodstock. All freight over the narrow gauge, at this point, had to be transferred to the broad gauge cars. The station agent said to me, "That little road is doing a rushing business, the amount of potatoes; starch, pressed hay, ties etc, that comes from that little Aroostook branch is astonishing. I knew they had some good farming land around Houlton. but I have understood that the up country territory was all swamp land. The company made a mistake in not building a broad gauge road."

So we may judge by that how much well informed people 50 miles away knew about the Aroostook Valley at that time; the wild land owners had done their work well; the truth had been side tracked and covered, and Aroostook was hidden by dark clouds of falsehood and slander; but truth is mighty and will prevail.

I regret to say that the next year, 1876. when the citizens of Caribou made a tirade with the NB RR to extend its line to that place, the planet with violent opposition from many of the leading citizens of Fort Fairfield. It was hoped that by making the latter town the terminus of the road that a great volume of trade would come to the town and make it an important trade centre.

But in the war of words and law that followed, the Fort Fairfield people were beaten and the road continued on its way up the river. Caribou was at that time a little one horse village, on the wrong side of the river and at least half a mile from it. The east side of the river where the road stopped, was at that time about as lonely a place as could be found in the country; but in

ten years time the Village had crawled down to the river and across it Long rows of potato houses were built along the track and Caribou was doing its full share toward burying the little narrow, gauge with freight.

When the trouble arose about extending the road beyond the Fort, a change was made in the officers of the company. In fact the former corporation was dissolved and another took its place. W. T. Sleeper was elected president, Hon. L. R. King vice president) and a board of directors were chosen. The company was called the Aroostook River R. R. Co. The road was built to a point opposite the town late in the fall of 1876. Caribou, like Fort Fairfield, furnished the money to build the road and secured the right of way.

This little road would hardly be called a railroad at the present day; the road bed was narrow, the grades were steep, the track was crooked, so crooked that sometimes it curved around a big pine stump. The engines burned wood supplied by the farmers, who were clearing land, and on the passenger train one man acted as conductor, brakeman and baggage master, while the engineer tended his own fire. But it was an accommodating little road and everybody was pleased with it. If a man standing beside the track waved his hat, the conductor would stop and take him on; or if the train had passed and a man or woman came running behind, and it chanced to be on a downgrade and the sprinter was losing ground, the train would stop and wait for the panting pedestrian. At the Station, the agents sometimes took sheep pelts, cow hides, oats and buckwheat in exchange for tickets.

In 1881 the road was extended from Caribou southerly to Presque Isle. The town raised \$21,000 to grade the road which was built close to the river on the intervals and did not need much grading. From the start, the freight traffic was enormous. Where it all came from was something of a surprise. The saw mills were enlarged and now began to ship finished lumber. A great plant had been built at Stevensville, near Fort Fairfield, and men went far up the river to cut logs which were sawed and seasoned and shipped to Boston.

How about the deep snows and terrible Arctic winters of Aroostook? The little narrow gauge ran its trains every day regardless of snow or blow and great was the surprise of Bangor and other outside cities. Now, we have seen that this little road was a paying investment, not only to the Aroostook towns, but to the NB RR. Co. to which it really belonged. Other Aroostook towns now stood ready to raise money and have the road come to them. Why did it stop at Presque Isle? Why did it not go to Houlton where it had a branch and form a great loop in the richest land on earth? Why did it not keep on up the Aroostook river? It came to Presque Isle and froze there and the company rejected all offers to extend it. Did the "nigger in the woodpile" have anything to do with it? Did money or powerful influence cause the period? Some well informed people think so.

It was this way, large quantities of long and short lumber was now manufactured in Aroostook mills and shipped through New Brunswick, in bond, to the American markets. This was taking a limited supply of the rich milk the old cow gave right out of the mouths of the American syndicate at St. John. If the railroad should extend and those industrious

Aroostookites should keep on, the time might come when "outside" capital might be attracted and a direct line be built through the big woods. This railroad must stop at Presque Isle. And it did, but the shingles and clapboards that were shipped out of the county over that road, in the next 12 years would cover the walls and roofs of a large city. St. John was losing a lot of trade.

As time passed and the freight traffic increased the cry went up for a broad gauge road, and one day the Canadian Pacific, the greatest railroad system on the continent, leased the New Brunswick railway for 99 years and engaged an enterprising young Yankee named Cram to superintend that division. There was soon a crew at work on the Aroostook branch. The road was straightened, new rails and ties were strewn the entire length and the gauge was widened in a day. One Saturday night a train came up loaded with workmen and the little narrow gauge train that brought them went wheezing and rattling down the road for the last time. All day Sunday from Aroostook Junction to Presque Isle the road was black with men widening the road, and by Monday morning the change had been made. The road was now the standard gauge and a car of freight might be sent from Presque Isle to San Francisco without being unloaded.

Now this Frank W. Cram who at that time had charge of the eastern division of the CP RR, was not only a skillful railroad manager, but one of the shrewdest men in the east. He noted the immense freight traffic over the two little spurs which came out of Aroostook. He saw township after township of Aroostook's best land lying undeveloped for want of transportation facilities; he saw the great forest heavily timbered and swarming with game, the great water power, the great lakes, the fertile soil, which produced more per acre than any land he had ever seen, and longed to build a railroad over the soil of Maine to the garden land. But Mr. Cram was poor. The CP RR of course, would fight such a scheme. Capitalists had long ago heard the current lies about the "frozen land" and would not advance a dollar and the wild land owners would fight the scheme to the bitter end, or at least the bulk of them would; those who owned the saw mills at Fredericton and St. John. But there were some men who owned timber land in Aroostook so far back from the rivers and streams that they could not sell the stumpage. Those men, on the sly, indicated their willingness to have a road come providing it passed near or through their lands.

Meanwhile Mr. Cram parted company with the CP RR and went to Bangor, where he became interested in the Bangor & Piscataquis road. So after he commenced to talk of a railroad to Aroostook. He visited the country and talked with influential men; he knew the opposition that existed and favored the "Burleigh Plan" as the only way a road could be built. Mr. Burleigh, a Houlton gentleman, suggested that the county issue bonds and sell them to get money to build the road and take the chance of the road earning money enough to redeem the bonds. The county had to pay the interest on the money so raised until the Railroad Co. got able to walk alone. If the road was a failure financially the county would have the bonds to pay when they became due.

When the legislature again met a charter was asked for and granted. Town meetings were called and the county voted by a large majority to give its bonds for about three quarters of

a million dollars. Surveyors were put on and a route was being selected through the big woods from Brownville to Houlton. Old citizens who had seen scheme after scheme fall through, shook their heads and said "It's another steal. The county will have bonds to pay but the road will never come." But it: did come and no influence could stop it, for Aroostook was furnishing money to build its own road. It is true that an effort was made to discourage the sale of the bonds and stock, but when Aroostook farmers and businessmen began to buy others took courage and the necessary funds came.

In 1893, the; new line, known as the Bangor & Aroostook was built from Brownville to Houlton. In 1894, it was extended from Houlton to Caribou and a branch built to Fort Fairfield. In 1895, the Ashland branch from Oakfield to Ashland was constructed through a dense and howling wilderness. In 1899, the standard gauge and a car of road was extended from Caribou to Van Buren and a branch was built to Limestone, and in 1902 the Ashland branch was extended from Ashland to Fort Kent.

Never in the history of New England has a railroad done the freight business this road has done since it came to Aroostook. Saw mills were built all along the line on both branches and the amount of manufactured lumber that goes out of Aroostook each day, is astonishing, to say nothing of the vast quantities of farm produce, pulp wood, tan bark etc. The little hamlets along the line in ten years became thriving villages; real estate quickly doubled in value and the fertile soil, which farming land jumped from \$10 to \$100 per acre. The great drive of saw logs that each spring covered the bosom of the Aroostook river on their way to a foreign market, are now manufactured on our own soil by our own people and a very large percentage of the logs cut on the St. John waters are now manufactured at Van Buren and the lumber sent to market over the B&A road. And the time is close at hand when all the logs cut in Aroostook territory, for the railroad did not stop at Van Buren and Fort Kent but has been extended to the extreme frontier of the county, and soon no doubt, train after train will go thundering up the Allagash river and again cross the big woods of Maine. Then all the Aroostook lumber will be manufactured in Aroostook. And here let me add that this Bangor and Aroostook road is one of the best in New England. President Cram had faith in the county and built the road for heavy work. Every rod of the road is well graded and ballasted, with heavy steel rails and first class rolling stock. Mr. Cram also caused books well illustrated to be printed and circulated for the purpose of advertising Aroostook. Since the Maine Press Association came in the 50s no one had spoken a good word for Aroostook and it had almost lost its place on the map, but with the coming of the B&A it came out of its obscurity and now stands in the front row with the banner counties of the United States.

Chapter 55¹⁰³

¹⁰³ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19110105_english_6&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

In the summer of 1909, without aid from the state or county, the B&A built a very important section of road. It is some 48 miles in length and extends from Stockholm on the Van Buren branch to Squa Pan on the Ashland branch. It is known as the "Stockholm cutoff," and passes through the towns and plantations of NewSweden, Perham, Westmanland, Washburn, Wade, Mapleton, Chapman and Squa Pan, and joins the Fort Kent division between Ashland and Masardis. This route passes through a heavily wooded country and opens up a large tract of fine farming land. Early in May the same year, two other extensions were commenced, one at Van Buren and another at Fort Kent, both extending up the St. John river. The Fort Kent extension went as far as the St. Francis is some 17 miles, and the Van Buren extension went as far as St. David about 15 miles above Van Buren; but in the summer of 1910 it was finished up river to Fort Kent. This, with the St. Francis extension, completes an American road on the American side of the St. John from Van Buren to St. Francis, where the great river sweeps off into Maine and ceases to be a boundary line. Beyond St. Francis the country is still a wild and woolly wilderness. Late in the summer a road was commenced between Presque Isle and Mapleton; it is some 10 miles in length and is known as the "Mapleton Link." It unites with the Stockholm cut off in the village of Mapleton.

Early in the year, the Aroostook Valley RR secured a charter and right of way between Presque Isle and Washburn. This road had been talked of for some time but for obvious reasons was not built until the summer of 1909. I have said that Mr. Cram was a shrewd man. When a charter was given the B&A road the legislature was asked to insert a clause forbidding any other company to build a road into the territory parallel within a distance of 20 miles for a long term of years. As the Aroostook delegation in the legislature wanted a road badly, and Mr. Cram refused to have anything to do with the scheme unless this was granted, the Aroostook representatives made no objections; Now, when A. R. Gould, the man who harnessed the Aroostook Falls, got ready to build his road the B&A, now a powerful company, objected. To be sure it was not a steam road, but the charter gave it the privilege of hauling freight and the grade was to be level, the voltage heavy, and the steel rails as heavy as those on the B&A, but the state RR commissioners sustained Mr. Gould and his road and in the spring of 1910 large quantities of freight came over this road, the first of its kind in Aroostook, and was delivered to the CP RR. It is hinted, by those who pretend to know, that the great CP RR Co. is backing the enterprise with funds, and that in a few years this electric system will be extended hundreds of miles. The power comes from the Aroostook Falls. So strong is the belief among outside people that the snow is from 10 to 20 feet deep here every winter, that many of them are predicting an electric road cannot be kept open, but there is a disappointment in store for them.

We have seen that as late as 1893 there were only 32 miles of railroad in the county, while now there are 430 miles, and the end is not yet.

And where were the gentlemen all this time who wore the diamonds, owned the big mills at St. John and milked the "old cow?" Bound hand and foot, Aroostook had financed the road and Frank W. Cram was at the wheel. The docile old cow now kicked and switched her tail and finally swung her hindquarters onto Aroostook soil, the "nigger in the woodpile" was almost

skunked; but he had one more card to play, and he played it with fear and trembling, but the result is not yet known. Let us have a look at that card.

The International Commission

One of the chief events of 1909 in Maine was the appointing of an international commission to determine the rights of the United States and Canada on the St John river.

When David Webster and Lord Ashburtoth signed the famous treaty of 1842, it will be remembered that all of the disputed territory was given to the United States. It will also be remembered that New Brunswick vigorously protested at this being shut off by land from Canada and a trade was made in which the U. S. was given Canadian territory, on the Great Lakes for the disputed territory north of the St. John River. While neither Maine or New Brunswick had a word to say about the matter, the British government generously gave the acquired territory to New Brunswick. While the United States gave the territory received in exchange to other states. By this trade the St. John river became the dividing line between Maine and Canada for a distance of about 75 miles. A clause was then inserted in the treaty stating definitely that neither nation should place obstructions in the river to deter or hinder navigation. What was meant by "navigation," above the Grand Falls lies at the bottom of the present dispute. It is true that a little steam boat made weekly trips between Grand Falls and Fort Kent when the water was high, and rafts of birch timber and shingles were sometimes run down to the Falls where they were taken out and re rafted but the coming of the railroads banished both boats and rafts. From 1820 to 1905, not a word of complaint was heard by either nation, and the great river was used to float the products of the Aroostook forests to the St. John markets.

Away back in the seventies, a Wisconsin man, one Levi Pond, invented a wonderful boom. It was so simple in its construction that the wonder is that someone never thought of it before. This boom is provided with fins and when fastened to a tree or rock on the shore, the current will swing it into the river at an angle of about 45 degrees and hold it there. If long enough it will go across the widest river. On the inside of this boom sheers are fastened and logs floating down river will run along the boom to the end. As a sorting boom it has no equal, for men on the boom with poles can slightly sink the logs they wish to go through and they will scoot under the boom. About the year 1878, Mr. Pond came to the St. John river and its tributaries and introduced his boom, and in a few years they were strung from Fredericton to the headquarters of all the rivers of the St. John system, and on the strip of river that forms the international boundary, they were hung on both sides of the river and on the islands, carrying the logs by all the lagoons and ledges and were counted great labor savers by all. Nothing was heard for 25 years about any obstruction to navigation for the logs from the Aroostook forests were still running down the big river.

With the coming of the railroads, the American began to build great modern mills and ship the manufactured lumber by rail. The first of those great mills was built near Ashland and was soon after burned, whether by accident or design I cannot say. It was soon rebuilt, however,

better and bigger than before. Two of those great mills were also built at Van Buren. When their logs began to come in the spring their sorting booms were hung on the New Brunswick side of the river and steered the logs into pockets above the mills. Now all logs are plainly marked and if other logs are running those mill companies have the booms black with men poking the strange logs under the boom, for they do not want to pay a big price for other people's logs. As a rule those booms are only out a few days for the mill company's drives are hurried in and then the booms are taken out of the way. It is generally supposed that when the American mill owners at St. John saw their business going to destruction, they played their last card, or in other words, it looks as though they moulded the ball and the New Brunswick government fired it.

The mills had hardly started at Van Buren when a growl came from St. John that the booms of the American mill owners at Van Buren were obstructing the navigation of the river. In the spring of 1905, Levi Pond, the boom inventor, had charge of a corporation drive on the St. John River. The Van Buren lumber company's boom had just been hung out to catch their logs, when Mr. Pond coming up the river with a boat load of men, dynamited the boom, claiming it was an obstruction to navigation. The boom was quickly replaced by the company and desperate lumbermen, armed with repeating rifles, guarded it night and day till the logs were safely in the mill pockets.

Another grievance was dug up. Chamberlain lake is on the waters of the Allagash river, a tributary of the St. John. In 1844, the Dwinalls of Bangor secured a charter from the Maine legislature to construct a dam at the foot of chamberlain lake and dig the Telos canal. At that time the terms of the treaty were fresh in the minds of all. So far as can be ascertained, no objections were made at the time by the St. John river lumbermen to dam or canal. After the pine was gone the dam went to decay, but about 1895 the dam was rebuilt and a strenuous objection then came from the St. John river men. Did those American mill owners at St. John have anything to do with it? Did they want the logs on those waters to come to St. John instead of Bangor? The dam and canal did in the forties just what they are doing today; if it diverts the natural waters of the river in the twentieth century, it did so in the nineteenth, but there was no kick then.

The Van Buren trouble, arising from Pond destroying the boom, occurred on the New Brunswick side. Soon after Mr. Pond died and the case was referred to the two nations, Canada and the United States, for settlement.

In the spring of 1909, the following commission was appointed to investigate the trouble. Hon. George E. Murchie of Calais, ME, and Hon. Peter Charles Keegan of Van Buren ME were appointed as American commissioners and A.P. Barnhill, K.C. and John Keffree of St. John NB were appointed by the Canadian government. Hon. A.P. Barnhill was chosen as chairman and Hon. C.P. Keegan as secretary of the commission; Hon. Osar F. Fellows of Bucksport ME, W.P. Jones of Woodstock NB and H.A. McKeown of St. John NB were appointed as counselors. The people along the border on both sides thought the trouble would be adjusted in a few weeks

and the commissioners would report, but a year and a half has passed and the commission has not reported yet.

The New Brunswick people evidently became aware after the commission had met a few times that there was two sides to the question; one who has read the Webster Ashburton treaty cannot fail to be amused while reading the communications from St. John lumbermen to the St. John Press regarding the terrible violations of the treaty by Maine lumbermen. But it is alleged that the St. Lumber gang themselves are the violators. They hang booms where they please on both sides of the river just as the Americans do. At present, three Province companies or corporations are driving logs on the river. No lumberman at Buren can drive a single log down the river to his mill without paying toll to one or the other of these companies, and so far the Van Buren mill owners have paid the toll to keep peace tefche family. This is alleged by the American lawyer to be a violation of the treaty. The treaty says that the river, meaning that section which lies between the two countries, must be free to navigation for all. This means that no company can be given a charter carrying a right to collect toll on logs or anything else; that neither the legislature of New Brunswick or Maine, or the Canadian Parliament nor the United States Congress can grant such a right.

The commission has already taken a vast amount of evidence; already it numbers thousands of pages of typewritten copy and the end is not in sight. One man, H. Gregory Fraiser of St. John was on the witness stand for nearly two weeks. His cross examination by Hon. Oscar F. Fellows, counsel for the United States, lasted four days.

But we will let the commission settle the unpleasantness but those who are not blind may see it as a blow struck at the Aroostook lumber industry. If the commission decides that the booms must go, the Van Buren men must raft their logs to the mills. In the dispute, the Americans have the advantage, as most of the standing lumber is on the American soil, and there will be a way to prevent it from going to St. John. The day has passed when the products of the Aroostook forest shall go to build up the New Brunswick cities. For nearly a century the New Brunswick lumbermen have been stripping the county; they must now stop. We have no doubt but the decision of the commission will be just and fair to all parties concerned, and the vexed question will soon be settled without bloodshed.

The Line Stores

No history of Aroostook would be complete without mention of the so-called "line stores". What are those so called stores anyway? Well, to use plain English, they are nothing more nor less than rum shops built to accommodate the thirsty citizens along the American border; and during the past 60 years hundreds of thousands of dollars of good Aroostook money has passed over the polished bars of these saloons and gone into the pockets of New Brunswick dealers.

Now the people of Aroostook, we will assume, are as good as they are anywhere, but there are no liquor agencies in Aroostook and under the present Maine law, which is enroced

with a vengeance up in this county, a person cannot legally obtain paint of alcohol to moisten the face of a corpse. The druggists dare not sell it, or even¹⁰⁴ keep it in their store, and the doctors and dentists who use liquor for medical purposes, have a hard time to get it when they want it. Now here is where the line stores come in handy, and while I have said that Aroostook is the healthiest place in the world; it is surprising how many of our citizens visit those shops to get medicine to either cure or prevent a cold.

Aroostook has 260 miles bordering on New Brunswick and Canada; and to guard this vast stretch of frontier, has only 16 customs officials all told. Now these men are efficient officers every one of them, and keep a sharp watch on those people who attempt to smuggle over farm products; or livestock, but it is impossible for this small body of men to stop everybody who go to the line to buy liquor, and if they did succeed in arresting them all, there would not be jails and lockups enough in the county to hold them overnight. Consequently when a businessman or farmer feels blue or sick and takes a notion to visit a line store jahd returns in a quiet mood, minding his own business as a sick man should, the deputy on duty seldom sees him, but let a pocket peddler or anyone bringing liquor across to sell, and it is surprising how quickly he will be caught.

There are two kinds of line stores doing business on the border: One class carry a government license, and the other class sells without a license. Why they are allowed to do so I do not know, as I am not acquainted with the laws of New Brunswick, but with the exception of the licensed saloon keepers, there appears to be very little complaint made. Those saloons are scattered along the border from St. Francis to Grand Lake. By the laws of New Brunswick each man who holds a license to sell liquor must have hotel accommodations for man and beast, but it must be admitted that some of them have limited accommodations but a big stock of wet goods. In former days many of those buildings were built on the line, part of the shop being in Maine, but when the line was resurveyed a few years ago and the granite pillars erected, the surveyors ordered the owners to move those buildings, as the treaty was being violated and they would soon be destroyed unless removed, consequently many of them have disappeared.

Come with me and let us enter one of those places that the good people call a "gilded palace of sin;" one of those so called "clans of infamy," where the foolish Yankee and his money part company. Do not be afraid, no one will force you to drink unless you want to; I have been in those places hundreds of times and always escaped unhurt; in fact I have been in about every saloon on the border and I'm still alive. You see I am subject to a cough and have to take a little gin and glycerine occasionally to keep from going into a decline. When they are out of glycerine, which is quite often, I have to take the gin clear.

Here we are; everything is clean and neat and the floor is as clean as soap and water can make it, even the cuspidors are clean and bright. See the long rows of bottles with their bright labels on the shelves behind the bar, and those pretty cut glass decanters and tapering

¹⁰⁴ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19110105_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMSWVJuY

colored wine glasses, and the polished mahogany bar with a nickel beer pump near the window. In the cellar is a place excavated on the American side of the line. The pump stands only two inches on the Canadian side and if you want a big drink of American lager beer you may get it there, for in some mysterious manner, the pipe between the keg and the pump crosses the international boundary. Read that sign printed in big blue letters on the wall; it says, "This is a licensed house and all females, minors, habitual drunkards and Indians are forbidden by law to enter this room. No intoxicating liquors will be sold or given to this class on any pretense whatever. This room is closed at 9 PM each night." That bay window on the east and a narrow strip of this bar room are in Maine. Beneath the window are boxes of American cigars and kegs of fine old Kentucky whiskey, but the proprietor says they are not for sale. I suppose he keeps them to look at. See those glistening slot machines; there are three of them, one for half dollars, one for quarters and one for nickels. They are made in the US and will take nothing but American money but they are standing just a few inches over on the New Brunswick side and the Maine laws cannot interfere with them. If they were in Maine they would be quickly seized and smashed open and the money in them would be divided among the good people who caused the law to be enforced. There is a man approaching one of them now; he is a drummer for a Boston wholesale house and has crossed the state of Maine without seeing one of them; he knows the thing is a gambling device for he has monkeyed with them before. He also knows that he is 21 years old and the money in his pocket is his own and thinks he has a right to do what he chooses with it. See him drop the bright half dollar into the slot and presses the lever; whiz z z! The machine stops and he gets nothing. He tries again and loses his money; once more he puts in a half dollar. The machine whizes spitefully, stops and a second later a double handful of silver drops into the tray; he has won ten dollars. Will he stop now or keep on til he loses all he has won? He gathers up the coins and going over to a bartender asks him if he will exchange some paper currency for silver. The bar tender grins as he dumps the silver into the cash register and gives the drummer \$10 in crisp American bank notes. Now the drummer buys a cigar, lights it and starts to go but "bar keeps" says, "Here! Don't go off mad. Come back and have a drink!" and the drummer obeys.

On these machines some win and more lose and in the long run the machines come out ahead for that is what they are there for. If one's funds are low and the money comes hard he is foolish to go near a slot machine. Hello! Here comes Dr. Blank; he has probably been called across the border to attend a patient. Now look sharp. See him shove the grip in behind the bar? Now he goes into the smoking room to light a cigar and chat a moment. Now see that bartender stoop down with a long bottle wrapped in yellow paper in each hand. He may be putting them in the grip. He has done something with them anyway and is again polishing the glasses with a face as long as a deacon. Here comes the doctor. He catches up the grip and hurries away. Apparently the bartenders have never noticed him.

Let us take a peek into the smoking room. Why there is Judge B. and lawyer C and farmer D and Capt. E and some other citizens from over town. They have probably just driven over to read the Province papers and get some empty whiskey barrels to salt pork in. We appear to disturb them and make them uneasy. Let us go.

Years ago there was a saloon doing a thriving business which was built on the line with half of the building in Maine and half in New Brunswick. On a brass plate embedded in the polished counter was a mark running north and south made there by a prominent surveyor and pronounced by him the line between the two countries. The gables of the building faced east and west and there was a door in each end of the building, one opening into New Brunswick and the other into Maine. Behind the long counter on the side of the building was a well equipped saloon. The shelves were built on a huge partition that rolled on trucks like a great barn door. A track was hung the entire length of the building, the saloon was, of course, on the province side, but when occasion requested it could be quickly rolled over into Maine. It took but half a minute to transfer bottles, kegs, decanters, polished mirrors and the whole outfit from one country to the other.

For years the proprietor carried a license, but if a boy or a drunkard, or Indian, or a woman came in and wanted to buy liquor, he would bid him stand on the American side of the brass plate in the bar and put their pay on the counter. He would then set the liquor on the province side and let the customer reach over and take it and claim he had broken no law, as he had sold no liquor to those forbidden subjects in New Brunswick. He was finally refused a license but still kept at the business. The New Brunswick officials finally decided to raid the store and seize the stock. They came one morning but before they got their horse tied and got in the entire outfit had been rolled to the American side of the line. Then, to use a slang phrase, the American and Provincial officers put up a job on the wet goods dealer. The officers agreed on a certain day at a certain hour to meet there together. One beautiful June morning an Aroostook customs deputy drove into the yard, while close behind came a man with a team attached to a jigger wagon on which to haul the seized goods back providing they got them. While the deputy was hitching his horse, four rough men sprang out of a shed nearby and quickly bound and gagged him and put him in a horse stall. One of them went down the road and met the man with the team. He was told that the deputy said for him to go back as the Provincial officers had raided the store. A few minutes later the New Brunswick officers came in, but the saloon and proprietor were on the American side. They waited an hour and when no American officers came they went home disgusted. The saloon was then rolled back under the protection of the British flag. A few moments later the proprietor strolled into his horse shed on the American side and was much surprised and pained, apparently, to find a man bound and gagged. He quickly released him and said, "Mr. D. I am sorry for you, come in and have a drink!" And the story goes that the deputy went and swallowed a beer glass full of old rye. This saloon was burned several years ago. The one that was built to replace it is on the New Brunswick side of the iron pin and the granite pillar.

A few years ago one of those big line stores had the license revoked because the bar was kept open nights. But the proprietor still kept selling much to the disgust of a man who had a license and was doing business a few rods away. The saloon, in question, is built on both sides of the line. The owner was on his way up the Tobique river on a hunting trip, when he was overtaken by a boy who told him the Provincial officers were getting ready to go over and seize his stock. He hastened to the nearest telephone and instructed his clerks to move the goods over to the American side of the store as quickly as possible. This was done and the steaming

clerks had just finished their task when an American deputy and a U.S. Marshal walked in and seized everything but the American goods. The goods which weighed over four tons were quickly hauled away.

At Fort Kent, a few years ago, an enterprising Acadian got permission from the government of Maine and New Brunswick to build a footbridge across the St. John river. There was no bridge between the town and the village of Clairs on the Canadian side, and so the generous gentleman was to build the bridge at his own expense. The citizens on both sides of the river were delighted. It would be much nicer than the clumsy ferry which was costly and at times dangerous, for the bridge was to be free to all. Well, the bridge was built and given to the public, and then a big saloon was built on the Canadian side right at the end of the bridge, and the generous gentleman with half a dozen clerks, stands behind the glittering bar, smiling and ready to serve his American friends with anything from champagne to John De Kyper gin. The river is narrow at this point and Fort Kent has a first class saloon close at hand and the laws of Maine cannot touch it, and the naughty citizens of Fort Kent cross the river at least three times a day.

Rum shops that have no license are quite numerous along the border. They are allowed to exist because they take a class of customers that the licensed houses do not want around, and nobody in New Brunswick appears to care how much poor rum is sold to the Yankees. In fact, it leaves more money to circulate in the Province, for very little of it ever gets back to Maine. Those unlicensed shops may be a discarded logging camp, a cheap shack or farm house, or a well fitted saloon, where the inspector, for some reason, has refused to grant or has suspended a license, but has given the proprietor leave to dispose of his stock in a respectable manner and if he wants a future license he will govern himself accordingly. Under the Scott Act in New Brunswick those dives would not be allowed in a town, but away on the frontier they do very little damage to anyone but the citizens of Aroostook.

Chapter 56¹⁰⁵

Many of those dens are the home of the pocket peddler. Here, through the day daring young men will sleep, but when night comes they will harness spirited old horses to rickety wagons and with a load of cheap liquor they will drive on back roads and across fields to the nearest Aroostook town, and in some shady street or dilapidated shed, they will meet a confederate, dispose of their load, and return. In the side ventures they more than double their money. Sometimes they are caught and sent to Portland, where they either pay a fine or serve a term in jail, but most of them escape.

¹⁰⁵ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19110112_english_7&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

Many people think Aroostook is sort of a temperance eden, but I will venture to say there is as much money spent for strong drink each year as there is for bread. Large quantities of intoxicating liquor comes from other states by express, New Brunswick does not furnish it all. And who drinks it? That's easy, but who doesn't drink it? A story has recently been told to me of a deputy sheriff and a rabid temperance man who got into a dispute just before the last election, about who drank liquor and who didn't. The sheriff contended that half of the men in the town would take a drink, while the other said that not one out of ten would touch it. Finally the sheriff proposed that they get a gallon of whisky and start out into the country and offer each man they met, who lived in the town, a free drink. If more than half of the male citizens took a drink the temperance man was to pay for the booze; if less than half drank the sheriff must foot the bills. The good man agreed; the sheriff dug up the whiskey, which was good and cost \$4.50, and the next morning they started with a jug and tin dipper to drink from. Great was the surprise of the temperance man to find that about all the farmers either had either a cold or a chili, a touch of the asthma, or some other distemperance excuse for taking a big drink. When they had visited 51 men, 39 of them had taken a drink and some of them begged for just another little sip as the visitors were driving away. Now a tin dipper is not a good vessel to give away whiskey in and when the 39th man had taken a big drink, the sheriff shook the jug and allowed there was only enough left for him before dinner, and they drove back to the village.

I might tell you lots of ways in which liquor is smuggled across the border. Sometimes it is brought over in bags of grain that comes to the Aroostook mills to be ground. This grain is allowed to come to the mills unmolested. Sometimes innocent looking women bring it across in pails of strawberries or garden truck, men on foot carry it across in grips and bags. They do not always travel the roads but take to the woods and fields at night, and where the St. John river is the boundary, it is sometimes brought across fastened to the underside of a saw log with a man or boy on the log. I once knew of a case when a big circus came to a certain town, the customs officers gave notice that they would on that day search all teams coming from New Brunswick and seize all liquors found and a deputy was stationed on the road and searched all of the teams coming from the direction of the line store, but he found no intoxicating liquor. Nevertheless, by noon the town was full of drunks and the police were having a strenuous time. Where, or how the liquor came the officers did not know at the time. It happened thus: A big coil of small lead pipe lay near one of the line stores that was to be used for an aqueduct. This was uncoiled and passed through growing fields of grass and grain, through a culvert under a road, through a grove of bushes to a clump of alders on the American side of the line where a trusty man filled hundreds of bottles from the end of the pipe, while others went forth and sold them to the thirsty crowd. The route from the saloon to the circus ground was all down hill.

Just across from all the border villages and hamlets of Aroostook are flourishing saloons, some are licensed and some are dens, dives and dog holes. They have been there more than half a century and will probably be a rushing business as long as Maine is a prohibition state. That those line houses take vast sums of money out of the county I think none will deny.

Some Notes

Gen. Trafton was the first collector of customs for northern Aroostook. He came from Bangor with his family soon after the Treaty of 1842 and was located at Fort Fairfield. He had charge of the territory between Bridgewater and Violet Brook, now Van Buren. In those days it appears that customs officers were not very strict, for it was many years, we are told, before the customs collected, paid the officer's salary.

Soil Survey

I have said elsewhere, that before the B&A RR came into the county, there was, apparently, little room for it on the map, but when that road published the report of the carloads of freight taken out of the county from the beginning of 1901 to the close of 1904, the agricultural department at Washington began to take notice. In the summer of 1908, men were sent here to make a soil survey. This was done by boring into the soil of thousands of places. The soil, taken from those borings, was bottled up and labeled and sent away to be analyzed. This survey covered an area of 530 square miles in the potato belt of Aroostook, and was named the Caribou area. In 1910, a report was published and sent broadcast all over the United States and Canada, and Aroostook now stands in the front rank with the best agricultural counties in this great Union.

Aroostook County

Again let me say that Aroostook County was incorporated March 16, 1839. It was originally a part of Penobscot and Washington Counties. Enlarged March 21, 1843, by additions from Penobscot, and March 12, 1844 by additions from Piscataquis and Somerset Counties; In 1840 it had a population of 9,413. The census of 1910 gives it a population of nearly 74,000. Only two counties in the state, Penobscot and Cumberland, stand ahead of it in population, and probably in the next decade it will forge ahead of Penobscot. Bounded on the north by New Brunswick and Canada, east by New Brunswick, south by Washington, Penobscot, Piscataquis and Somerset counties, and west by Penobscot and Piscataquis counties and Canada. It has an area of 6408 square mile of which only a fraction is under cultivation.

Flour Mills

In all the villages of any size are modern flour mills to convert the native wheat into flour. By this, I don't mean the ordinary grist mill with burr stones, but the western patented, machinery with sets of bright steel rollers and equipment that are capable of producing a superior grade of flour from the fine wheat which is raised annually on Aroostook's soil. What other county in Maine or in New England has those mills?

Telephones

The telegraph and telephone came with the railroads or a little before the advent of the B&A road. As early as 1890, some wires were strung in the larger villages, and soon after the towns of Houlton, Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield and Caribou were connected, but there was no

central offices and the volume of business done at that time was very small. Ten years later, lines began to extend out into the country and today ninety percent of the farmers have phones in their dwellings. The Aroostook Tel. & Tel. Co. has over thirty of the Aroostook towns and plantations connected, also a few towns near the border in Penobscot and Washington counties. At this writing we are told they have over 5000 subscribers. A long distance wire connects with the system and a farmer can now step to his phone and call up a commission merchant in any of the cities of New England.

Rural Free Delivery

About the year 1900, the cross roads post offices began to be discontinued and R.F.D. routes established. The county is now almost covered by the Rural Free Delivery. Nearly everybody today takes daily papers and keeps posted on the events of the nation and the world. The mail comes every week day, holidays, excepted. There are a few people still living in northern Aroostook who can remember when David Bubar used to carry the mail on foot between Houlton and Fort Fairfield, making the trip once in two weeks.

Log Cabin

The log cabin which was used as the "Maine Building" at the World's Fair at St. Louis, was furnished by a Houlton contractor and cut in the Aroostook forest, but it did not represent Maine nor even Aroostook, for the days of the log cabin are passed and photographers have to go a long distance to find one. Many of the logging camps are now built of boards.

Our Citizens

The population of Aroostook is cosmopolitan and somewhat mixed. We find the first settlers, the Acadian French, who settled in the extreme northern part of the county, now scattered all over the county, now scattered all over the county. They have married in with other races. They still retain their names and their religion, but many of them do not and some of them cannot speak French.

The next settlers were the descendants of the Puritans who settled at Houlton. Then came the descendants of the loyalists from New Brunswick to the Aroostook Valley, closely followed by a colony of Irish from across the sea. In the 40s many so-called Yankees came from the southern part of the state, and in 1870 came the Swedes. Then came the Hebrew and Syrian peddlers; those gentlemen as a rule, the first year go on foot from house to house carrying large packs filled with goods. The next year they rent a small store. The third year they buy a big block in the business part of the town and pay spot cash for it. They do not intermarry with other races. Many Danes and Scotch from the colonies in New Brunswick have recently come to Aroostook and bought farms or gone into business in the villages and the natives of the Canadian provinces are coming every day, and yet there is room.

Tough Times of the Past

In 1859, in the month of April, Freeman L. Ball and Reuben A Huse came from Hallowell ME to No. 12 R3 since Mapleton to build a saw mill. They had been here the summer before and selected a location in the southern part of the township on the Presque Isle stream. The state was still giving a mile square of wild land to all who cared to come onto any unoccupied privilege and build a mill and the site selected by those two men was in the midst of a dense and gloomy forest. They brought their families with them. When they left Hallowell there were three feet of snow on the ground and they expected to find at least six feet but when they got to Presque Isle there wasn't any. It cost them \$80 per ton to get their machinery and goods hauled to Presque Isle and they were still 14 miles from the mill site with no snow. Sleds had to be used, for much of the way was through the woods over a crooked old tote road.

Now these men had money but there were many times when money would not buy provision for it was not to be had in the country, and there were times before the mill was completed that there was hustling to get bread of any kind. Land was cleared as soon as possible and breadstuff raised from the soil. There was a little grist mill at Salmon Brook but no bridge across the river. One spring while the water was very high, breadstuff ran low in the Ball family and Mr. Ball sent the ox team to mill with a grist. The grain was taken across the river in a boat. While it was being ground, a man was drowned in the river and the boats were all taken to search for the body. The man with the grist did not get back for a day or two. Mr. Albert Ball, still living at Mapleton, says they fared pretty well at that time for they had some bran in the house and his mother made bran bread. The pretty village of Mapleton now clusters around "Ball's Mill" and the B&A railroad yard and depot are on the land where Freeman L. Ball and Reuban Huse raised their first crops.

Here is something from one of the first settlers of Masardis, "John Knowlen moved from Passadumkeag ME to No. 10, since Masardis, in January 1835, with wife and three children. He had an ox team and camped out three nights on the way. On their arrival they located on the St. Croix of the Aroostook. Three other families came about the same time, Samuel Leavett, Thomas Goss and Mr. Freeman. Mr. Knowlton took with him two years' provision for himself and family, but did not succeed in raising a crop for three years.

In April 1836, another boy was born, Roswell T. Knowlen, who now lives at Norridgewock, ME. In the spring of 1838, Mr. Knowlen and Eben Bolsridge went to Fairbank's Mills, now Presque Isle, to get summer supplies from Fairbanks, but found none there. When he left home he intended to be back in three days. They then went to the Fitzherbert place, now Fort Fairfield, hoping to get some from the lumbermen, but there was none there. From there they went to Tobique NB where Mr. Knowlen bought one barrel of flour for \$22.00, one barrel of salt herring for \$19.00, four pounds of tea for \$4.00, four gallons of molasses at \$1.50 per gallon, 6 pounds of tobacco for \$1.50 per pound. To keep his family alive during his absence he had left six quarts of corn meal, half a bushel of potatoes. They also got a little milk from the cow then nearly dry. Mr. Knowlen's brother, a boy of thirteen lived with the family. He caught fish and picked fiddleheads but this fare did not agree with baby Roswell and he fell seriously ill.

On his way down the river Knowlen met a cobbler, a Mr. Cowpertwaite, who had been on a trip down the St. John river mending footwear and taking his pay in pork, meal, butter or any old thing he could eat. He was a widower and had no family. His canoe was laden to the brim with provisions. Knowlen asked him to go up the river and¹⁰⁶ take provisions to his starving family. He did so without delay getting there, no doubt, just in time to save the baby's life.

Soon after Joseph Pollard of Oldtown came and built a grist mill and opened a store. Sanford Noble came soon after from Patten ME. He moved his household goods on a handle thirty six miles and his wife walked behind most of the way on snowshoes. Lumbering was the chief industry. It was the big pines that called those settlers to endure the hardships of the Aroostook wilderness.

The following story is told of Thomas Goss, who is said to be the first settler. In the summer of 1833, he and an Indian crossed from the Penobscot waters to the headwaters of the St. Croix to the Aroostook. Here they made a canoe from a pine tree and floated down the river on an exploring trip. The first night they camped, the Indian stole all the provisions, Goss's gun and everything else he could carry and fled through the woods toward Mattawamkeag. He even threw the axes and paddles far out into the stream and left Goss to die in the woods. Goss dug: a few clams and roasted them over the embers of the campfire for his breakfast, got into the canoe and floated down the stream, hoping to make his way down river to the settlements. It was a beautiful June morning and the fish were jumping in the sparkling water. Soon a 20 pound salmon jumped and fell into the canoe. Then a four pound trout attempted to jump over but fell in also, and all the morning trout, salmon and chubs kept jumping into the boat. Goss always declared the fish were attracted by his red flannel shirt. By noon the canoe was so full of fish that it began to take in water and Goss had to jump out and swim and push the canoe ahead of him toward the shore, but he came near losing his life in the attempt. The river was so full of fish that they crawled up the legs of his buckskin breeches and filled them full. He finally got to where he could wade and exhausted and half drowned he managed to push the boat onto the beach and crawl up the bank.

Now the top button on Mr. Goss's trousers was a musket ball fastened on by having a hole drilled through it. When he arose to his feet the great mess of squirming trout in his pants caused this button to fly off and go whizzing toward the river. It chanced that a big mink was just then peeking over the bank at the stranger and the button struck it in his head and killed it. "This is the country for me," said Goss. He managed to get back to his home in Danville, picked up his traps and set out for the mouth of the St. Croix in No. 10. On the way back he ran onto the Indian who played him the mean trick and gave him a good licking.

A Double Murder and a Lynching

¹⁰⁶ http://marshall.advantagepreservation.com/viewer/?k=history%20bridgewater&i=f&d=0101190904201929&m=between&ord=k1&fn=mars_hill_news_usa_maine_blaine_19110112_english_8&df=1&dt=10&fbclid=IwAR0ObyJsxKVA5M8xyloh4Vn_fnCINfz2GL86aUPSHdEyN1nvxodMS WVJuY

In the spring of 1873, a Mr. Sanbeck of Mapleton was making shingles in a camp on Chapman plantation and had assisting him a man who had recently moved from New Brunswick named James Cullen and a boy named Bird. Cullen was a big powerful man. At one time he went where some men were framing a barn and lifted by the middle a green spruce log, this is a good lift for two strong men. He was also a bit quarrelsome.

Hon. David Dudley of Presque Isle had bought from Ball and Huse the mill and store at Mapleton. One night late in April, someone broke into the store and stole some of the goods. There had been a flurry of snow during the night and boot tracks with patches, or taps on the soles were traced from the store to Cullen's house. Soon after Cullen came into the store and the manager told him he was going to make him a present of a pair of boots. Cullen selected the boots and put them on and the clerk picked up the old boots and carried them up stairs and hid them. This aroused Cullen's suspicion and he asked for his old boots, but after some threats he left the store without them and returned to the shingle camp, some six miles away.

Granville Hayden of Presque Isle was at that time deputy sheriff and also master of Trinity Lodge No. 130 F&AM. Mr. Hayden was a very fine man and had many friends. A warrant was procured and placed in his hands for the arrest of Cullen. A new road had been cut through the woods from the so called Ball's Mill to Presque Isle, which at this time of year was in a very bad condition. Hayden took this road. Little did he know that he would never travel it again. It was late when he got to the Mills and the shingle camp was still six miles away in a gloomy swamp. He was warned that Cullen was a treacherous, ignorant giant, and asked to stay at the mill all night and take daylight to go in and arrest the giant. He had instructions to inform Cullen that if he would pay for the missing goods the suit would be dropped and he anticipated no trouble. He, however, took with him as a guide, a strong young man who had come to the new settlement from St. Albans, ME. On snowshoes, in a drizzling rain, they crossed the soft snow of the swamps in the gathering darkness. It was their last night on earth.

It was late when they arrived at the camp, the little crew had been to supper and were sitting around the big open fire. Hayden immediately stated his business and Cullen cheerfully agreed to go with him in the morning and settle up the affair. Then all crawled under the blankets and went to sleep. No, not at all. Jim Cullen lay awake till the others were asleep and then crawled stealthily from his bunk, took down his sharp ax and chopped the sleeping strangers to mince meat. Swanbeck and Bird were awakened by the roars of the mad man and by the groans of the dying and managed to get out and escape. Cullen then dragged the bodies of his victims up to the fire and piled on wood and shingle billets till they were consumed.

Cullen came out the next forenoon. His clothes were covered with blood and he was wet to the waist. He did not go home but to the house of a friend, where he asked if he might hide in the cellar. He said nothing about the murder, but young Bird had arrived at daylight and every soul in the little hamlet knew of it. The man who went with Hayden was a neighbor of Cullen and had many friends in the little village.

It soon leaked out where Cullen was hiding and half a dozen men went to the house. They had with them a small new rope known in those days as a "bed cord". This was uncoiled and cut in proper lengths. The men approached the house and one of them entered. He went to the cellar door and told Cullen to come out as he wanted to talk with him. Cullen came up and extended his hand to shake hands. His hand was taken and held in an iron grip. The door burst open and the others rushed in and the big man was thrown to the floor and after a desperate struggle was securely bound hand and foot with the stout new cord.

Young Bird was brought in and told the story of the murder. Cullen admitted it and said he was sorry he had not been able to kill them all. A messenger was then sent to Presque Isle to notify the authorities that Cullen was in custody, and two men were sent to the camp to bring out the remains of the slain men. They returned soon after noon and brought with them all that remained of the two victims wrapped up in a square of brown paper. A few pieces of bones, a few pieces of metal from their knives and Hayden's watch was all they could find. These were shown to Cullen who gnashed his teeth and tugged at his bonds, and raged and swore. The remains were then put in a cigar box and sealed up pending an inquest.

There was no telephone in those days and at that time the roads were in a horrid condition, but by 3 o'clock strangers commenced to arrive in the little town. Those who knew, said they were businessmen and well to do farmers from Fort Fairfield and Presque Isle. They stood around in little groups and talked in whispers. A deputy sheriff had arrived to take Cullen to Presque Isle to have his hearing and a stout express wagon had been hired from Mr. Ball in which to convey the prisoner and his guards but for some reason the procession did not start. As darkness approached, the strangers commenced to leave the town; many of them were on horseback, but some of them had wagons. Soon after the prisoner was lifted into the wagon, and guarded by four men was conducted toward Presque Isle over the new road. This was the last night of April 1873.

The next morning Mr. Ball's wagon sat in his yard. When he went out to run it undercover he was surprised to find in the bottom of the wagon a rope in which was a hangman's noose, and sticking to the noose was a double handful of dark brown whiskers. He harnessed his horse and started toward Presque Isle. At the edge of a clearing where there was still a drift of snow, and a tree leaned over the road he found many tracks and other big bunches of whiskers. He kept on toward Presque Isle, When he arrived at the village he found some excitement. The dead body of a big strange man had been found in the night on the new Mapleton road and had been brought into town and was now lying on a big box in a shed. But the merchants and businessmen apparently took no interest in the matter and some of them had not heard of it.

Mr. Ball went to the shed. There in the midst of a vulgar, gaping crowd lay the remains of Jim Cullen. He was still bound hand and foot with the strong cords; his short, fat neck was stretched to twice its natural length. His head was canted to one side, there was a big purple spot under one ear, his tongue was protruding from his mouth and his eyes were starting from

his head and had a glassy stare of death. One look told Albert Ball what had happened. Cullen had been lynched.

What became of the body the writer does not know. He has been told that a Frenchman was given a bag of buckwheat meal to take it and bury it in a swamp. And that a letter was written to Cullen's father, who three weeks later came to Presque Isle and said: "I'm d___d sorry they killed Jim fer he was the best boy I ever riz" And that two years later some hogs rooted out the dead man's skull and it was found by some boys who were fishing and brought to the village, and that Prof. L. C. Bateman of Auburn, ME who was lecturing in Aroostook at that time, procured the skull and still has it. These stories may or may not be true. No attempt was ever made to discover any of the lynching party, and the secret has been well kept. by those who did it. As all this happened nearly 40 years ago, the majority of those avengers must have crossed to the unknown shore.

In closing this work I have this to say to those who have read it. I have done the best I could under the circumstances. Years hence, when others take up the pen to write the history of "The Garden Land" they will find, as I have, great difficulty in getting the facts and dates of the early events of the settling of the county, for few of them were written down. I am aware that this work contains errors, for some of them have been pointed out to me after it was too late to correct them. Errors have also crept in in setting the type from my copy. Some incidents connected with the early history of the county, prior to the Aroostook war, I have left out entirely because I was unable to get correct information on the Subjects.

Thanking the compositors, editor and readers for their patience, I will close with the following homespun poetry:

Of Aroostook might I have tried to write
Fairland in a northern clime
A border land snatched from Britain's hand
The Garden of Maine sublime.
Tis a garden land and a forest land,
'Tis a land of health and cheer,
'Tis a land of show, where the cold winds blow,
Yet we flourish and prosper here.
When the snow flies fast and the gale roars past
O'er the hills and forests white,
In our buildings warm we defy the storm
Let it come by day or night.
When the winds retreat with sullen beat
We get out our sleek fat teams
And the roads are plowed by a merry crowd
Then our produce to market streams.
Early we rise while the amber skies
Are a gleam with points of light

Ere the sun has kissed the frost and mist
That shrouds the hiss at night.
When the city dude, tho he calls us rude
Is asleep in his costly lair
We are out in the snow where the zephyrs blow
Ozone on the morning air
But the summer time in this sunbright clime
Is the fairest on God's green earth;
'Tis a glorious theme for the artist's dream
This fruitful land of the north
The sap then stirs in the spruce and firs
Beside each rippling stream,
And each lake and rill and dark green hill
is as fair as a lover's dream.
And deep within our forests dim
The trout in the deep pools play
And the winter tailed deer through the alders veer
As the traveler on his way.
Above and below where the waters flow
Young cities spring anew,
And the fertile fields rich harvests yield
Where once the forests grew
In this new northeast neither man nor beast
The pangs of hunger fear
For this fertile soil with a little toil
Gives abundant crops each year.
We send lumber and hay and potatoes each day
Where the busy city stands
While the bright steel rails and white winged sails,
Steer our products to southern lands.
Forest and field their wealth shall yield,
And the spoils from our fertile soil
Shall descend like rain from the Garden of Maine.
To where millions sport and toil.
Snug and trim on the border rim
Of Canada's wild domain,
We hold the key of a great state free.
We are proud of grand Old Maine.
Like a Sentry grand doth Aroostook stand
On New England's far frontier
No threatening foe shall pass below
We are watching and waiting here.
Loyal and true to the red, white and blue.
Are our citizens true and brave.

While proud on high in the northeast sky
Shall the star, spangled banner wave.
(The End)